

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS

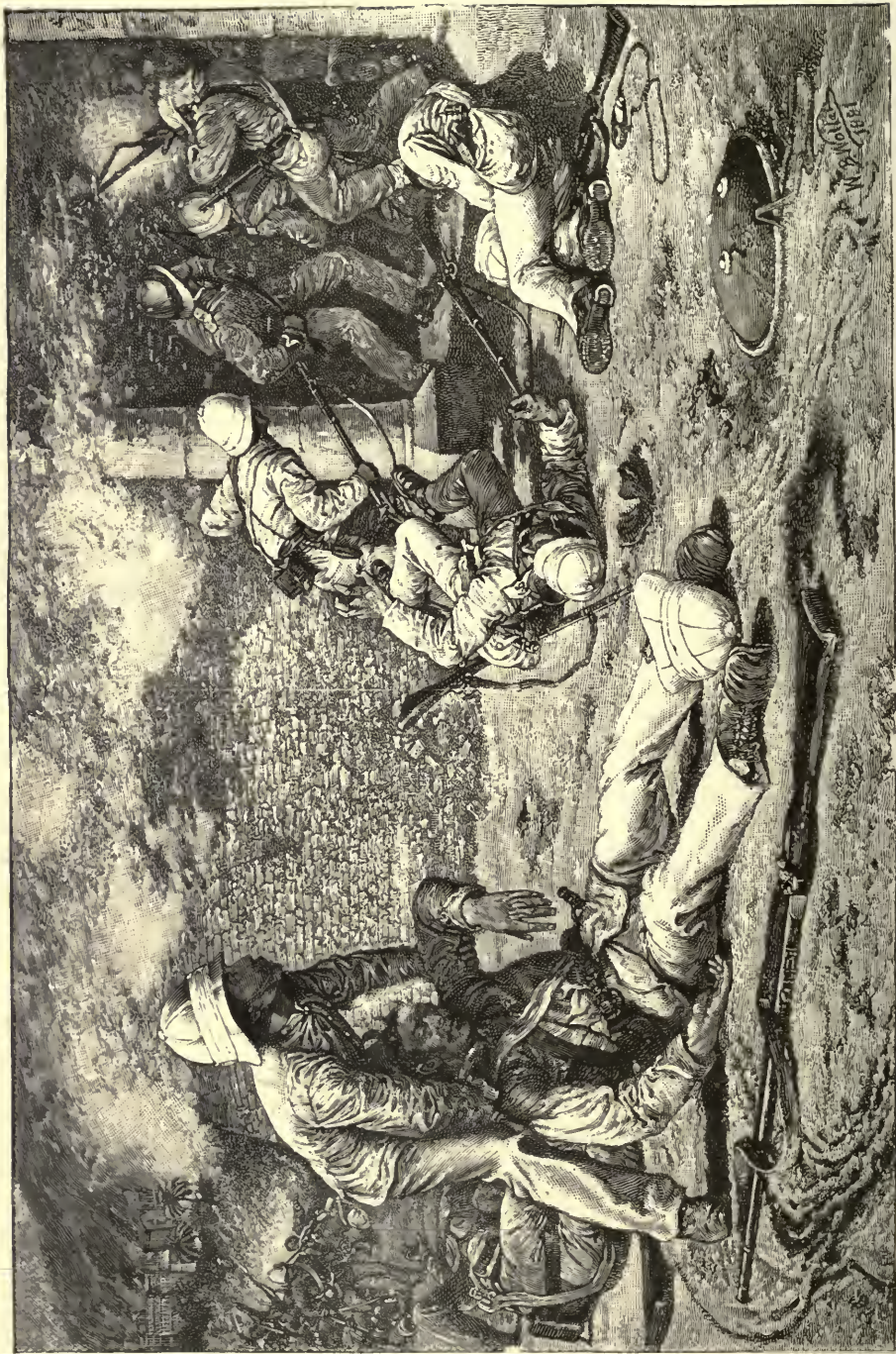


By HARRY HOW.



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ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.



CAPTAIN WOLSELEY AT LUCKNOW.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.

• BY
HARRY HOW.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. MR. W. S. GILBERT	I
<i>Illustrations by John Gülich, R. Jones, Miss Mabel D. Hardy, and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	
2. CARDINAL MANNING	17
<i>Illustrations by W. H. J. Boot, R.B.A., and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	
3. SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.	29
<i>Illustrations from Studies by Sir Frederick Leighton, and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	
4. MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD	46
<i>Illustrations by W. Dewar and R. Jones, and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	
5. MADAME ALBANI	67
<i>Illustrations by W. B. Wollen, R.I., and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	
6. MR. F. C. BURNAND	81
<i>Illustrations from Drawings by John Leech, John Tenniel, Fred Walker, and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry and others.</i>	
7. MR. HENRY IRVING	98
<i>Illustrations by John Gülich, and from Photographs by Miss Ellen Terry and Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	
8. MISS ELLEN TERRY	116
<i>Illustrations by W. F. Young, and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry and Messrs. Window & Grove.</i>	
9. PROFESSOR BLACKIE	137
<i>Illustrations from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	

	PAGE
10. LORD WOLSELEY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., ETC.	154
<i>Illustrations from Drawings by W. B. Wollen, R.I., and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	
11. MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA	181
<i>Illustrations from Drawings by Mr. Sala and John Gülich, and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry and Le Lieure, Rome.</i>	
12. THE LATE SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.	198
<i>Illustrations by Paul Hardy, and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	
13. THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON	213
<i>Illustrations by John Gülich, and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	
14. MR. HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.....	233
<i>Illustrations by H. Stacy Marks, R.A., and W. S. Stacey, and from a Painting by P. H. Calderon, R.A., and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	
15. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON	248
<i>Illustrations from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	
16. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D.	267
<i>Illustrations by Colonel Colville and the late Captain Swaaby, and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	
17. MR. HARRY FURNISS	290
<i>Illustrations by Harry Furniss, and from Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.</i>	

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.

I.

MR. W. S. GILBERT.



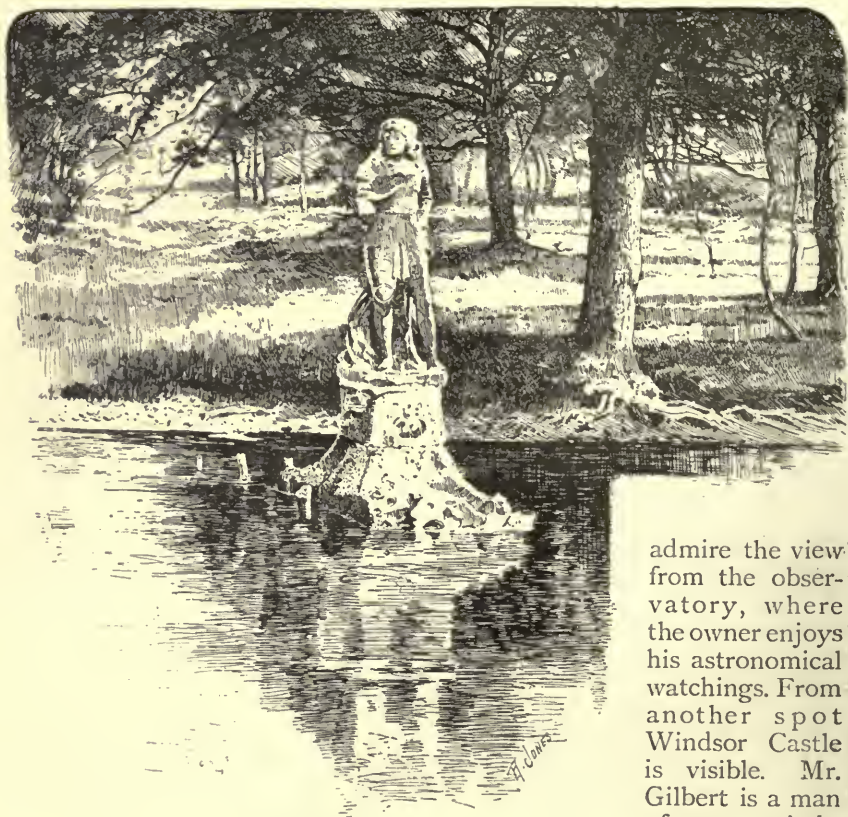
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GRÆME'S DYKE.

[Elliott & Fry.



R. GILBERT lives in a little land of his own. There is nothing wanting to complete his miniature kingdom at Græme's Dyke, Harrow Weald. With a hundred and ten acres at his disposal, the most brilliant writer of irresistible satire of the day has laid down a healthy two miles of paths, which wend their way through banks of moss and ferns, avenues of chestnut trees, and secluded valleys. You turn out of one pathway only to enter a diminutive forest; again, and you are standing by the rushes and water weeds by the side of the old Dyke, which has run its course for two thousand years and more, spanned by rustic bridges; and in one part, near the bathing-house, is a statue of Charles II., which originally stood, years ago, in Soho Square. You may wander along a walk of roses and sweetbrier, or



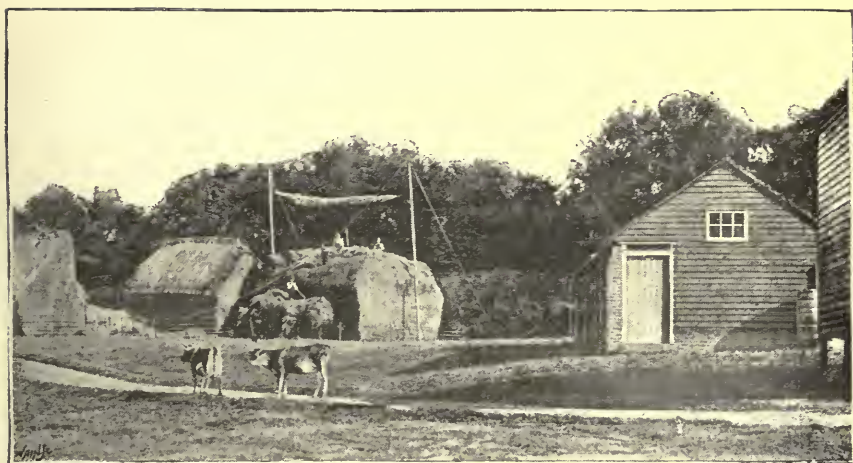
IN THE GROUNDS.

admire the view from the observatory, where the owner enjoys his astronomical watchings. From another spot Windsor Castle is visible. Mr. Gilbert is a man of many minds.

The verse or

comic opera does not prevent him from watching the interests of his thoroughbred Jerseys—for there is a perfect home farm on the Gilbertian land. The hayricks look rich, the horses, the fowls, and the pigs seem “at home,” and the pigeons—I am assured by Mr. Gilbert that he is using the utmost efforts to induce his feathered friends to adopt, as their permanent address, the fine and lofty house he has erected for them. The roofs of the vineries are heavy with great bunches, the peaches and nectarines are fast assuming an appearance calling for a hasty “bite”; flowers—flowers are everywhere, and the bee-hives—green little wooden dwellings with the bees crowding in and out—are pointed out by their owner as looking very much like small country theatres doing a “tremendous booking.”

The house was built for Mr. Goodall, R.A., from designs by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., and is from every aspect architecturally very fine. Many portions of it are entirely covered with ivy—the entrance porch is surrounded by the clinging tendrils. Here I met Mr. Gilbert. He is tall, stalwart, and handsome. He appears strong, and he is; he looks determined. He frankly admits that this characteristic has



From a Photo. by]

THE FARM.

[Elliott & Fry.

led success to him and him to success. His hair is grey, but the vigour of a young man is there. To hear him talk is to listen to the merry stream of satire which runs through his verse and lyrics. Imagine him declaring that he considers the butcher boy in the gallery the king of the theatre—the blue-smocked youth who, by incessant whistling and repeated requests to “speak up,” revels in upsetting the managerial apple-cart. Then try and realize Mr. Gilbert assuring one that what he writes is nothing more nor less than “rump



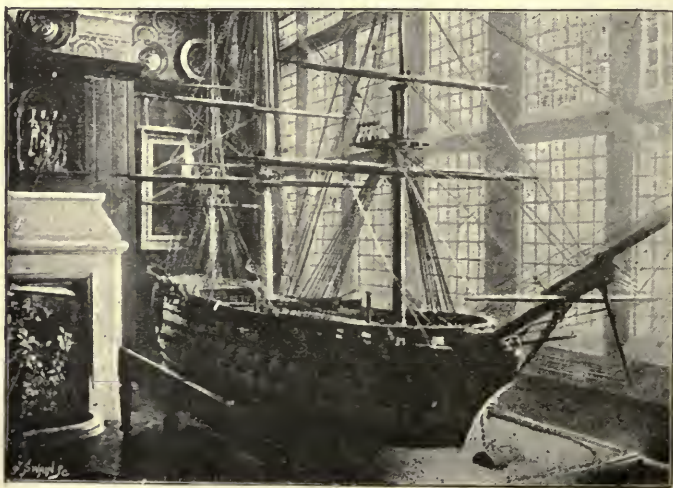
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AT THE PORCH.

[Elliott & Fry.

steak and onions!"—a palatable concoction of satisfying and seasoning ingredients which is good enough to please the man of refinement in the stalls, and not too refined for the butcher boy in the gallery. "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates," "The Mikado," and the lily-loving *Bunthorne* and æsthetically-inclined young maidens in "Patience" rump steak and onions! He has not—save at rehearsals—seen one of his own plays acted for seventeen years. Report says that, on "first nights," he wanders about muffled up, with his hat over his eyes, along the Thames Embankment, casting occasional glances in the direction of the water, and mentally measuring the height of Waterloo Bridge. Nothing of the kind. He goes to his club and smokes a cigar, and looks in at the theatre about eleven to see if there is a "call"; and he is seldom disappointed in the object of his visit. He is quite content to look in at the theatre and see that everything is safe for the curtain to rise, goes away, and returns at the finish. He is wise in believing that the presence of the author at such a time upsets the players and deteriorates the action.

We are in the entrance-hall. Over the mantelpiece is a fine specimen of fourteenth century alabaster. By the window is a model of a man-of-war, sixteen feet in length. It is perfect in every detail, and a portion of it was specially constructed as a model of the set of the scene in "H.M.S. Pinafore." Mr. Gilbert, who is an enthusiastic yachtsman, had the remaining forepart built when it was no longer



MODEL OF "H.M.S. PINAFORE" IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.
From a Photo. by [Elliott & Fry.]

wanted for theatrical purposes. The parrot in the corner is considered to be the finest talker in England. It can whistle a hornpipe, and, if put to the test, could probably rattle off one of its master's patter songs.

"The other parrot, who is a novice," points out Mr. Gilbert, "belongs to Dr. Playfair. He is reading up with my bird, who takes pupils."



"THE FINEST TALKER IN ENGLAND."

Passing up the oaken staircase, the solidity of which is relieved by many a grand palm, a peep into the billiard-room reveals on one side of the wall photos of all the characters which have from time to time appeared in his operas. Over a long oak bookcase is a run of photos unique of their kind, including those of J. S. Clarke, Mrs. Stirling, Buckstone, Compton, Chippendale, Hermann Vezin, Henry J. Byron, and Irving and Hare, taken seventeen years ago. A little statuette of Thackeray, by Boehm, is near at hand, and here is another of the dramatist's great friends, T. W. Robertson, the writer of "Caste," "School," "Society," and other plays inseparable from his name.

The drawing-room was Mr. Goodall's studio. It is a



From a Photo, by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

magnificent apartment, rich in old china, great vases 200 years old, antique cabinets, and treasured knick-knacks innumerable—for the present owner is a great lover of curios, and is an inveterate “hunter”—and exquisitely furnished. The fireplaces are crowded with ferns and flowers. Near the corner, where Mr. Goodall was one time wont to sit and paint sunsets, is a curious old musical clock, which plays twelve airs. It is 150 years old. Mr. Gilbert sets the hands going, and to a musical tick—tick—tick a regiment of cavalry pass over the bridge, boats row along the water, and ducks swim about. Frank Holl’s picture of the dramatist is here, and several by Duncan, the famous water-colour painter, whose brush was only responsible for a single example in oils, possessed by Mr. Gilbert; others by Boughton, Mr. and Mrs. Perugini, and Adrian Stokes. Here is, also, an early example of Tenniel. It was bought unfinished. Mr. Gilbert met the artist one day, and described it to him. He remembered it, though drawn half a century previous. Tenniel took it back, and finished his work only a few months ago. This little satinwood cabinet came from Carlton House, and there is a curious story regarding the manufacture of a fine Japanese cabinet of 200 years ago. In those days, whenever a child was born to a wealthy Jap an order was given for a cabinet to be made. It took fifteen years to manufacture, so fine was the workmanship, and it was presented to the child on his fifteenth birthday.

Under a glass case are a pair of marble hands joined together, by Boehm. They are those of Mrs. Crutchley, who danced in the Guards’ burlesque at Chelsea some time ago, modelled when she was eight years old. Mr. Gilbert handles a fifteenth century carved ivory tankard. It is



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

five inches in diameter, and carved out of a solid tusk. Unfortunately it is broken. When Miss Julia Neilson was making her first appearance in "Comedy and Tragedy," a tankard was wanted. It had been overlooked at the theatre. Mr. Gilbert was present, rushed off in a cab to Kensington, where he was then living, and got back in time. Miss Neilson so entered into her part (and small blame to her) that, quite forgetting the valuable goblet she had in her hand, she brought it down with a bang on the table, with this result.

The dining-room contains some fine work in oak. A massive Charles I. sideboard, dated 1631, was made for Sir Thomas Holt, a Cavalier, who murdered his own cook in a fit of passion. He was charged "that he tooke a cleever and hytt hys cooke with the same



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Elliott & Fry.

upon ye hedde, and so clave hys hedde that one syde thereof fell uppone one of his shoulders and the other side on ye other shoulder." It was, however, ingeniously argued that, although the indictment stated that the halves of the cook's head had fallen on either shoulder, it was not charged against him that the cook had been killed, and on this technicality Sir Thomas escaped. There are some valuable oil paintings here, too—a fine example of C. Van Everdingen. The only other work of his in England is in the mess-room of the Honourable Artillery Company. There are also fine works by Giorgione, Van der Kappelle, Tintoretto, Maes, and others.

The library—where we sat together talking—has one distinctive curiosity. It opens out on to the lawn, and its white enamel bookcases contain close upon four thousand volumes out of a compact stock of some five thousand works scattered about the house. All

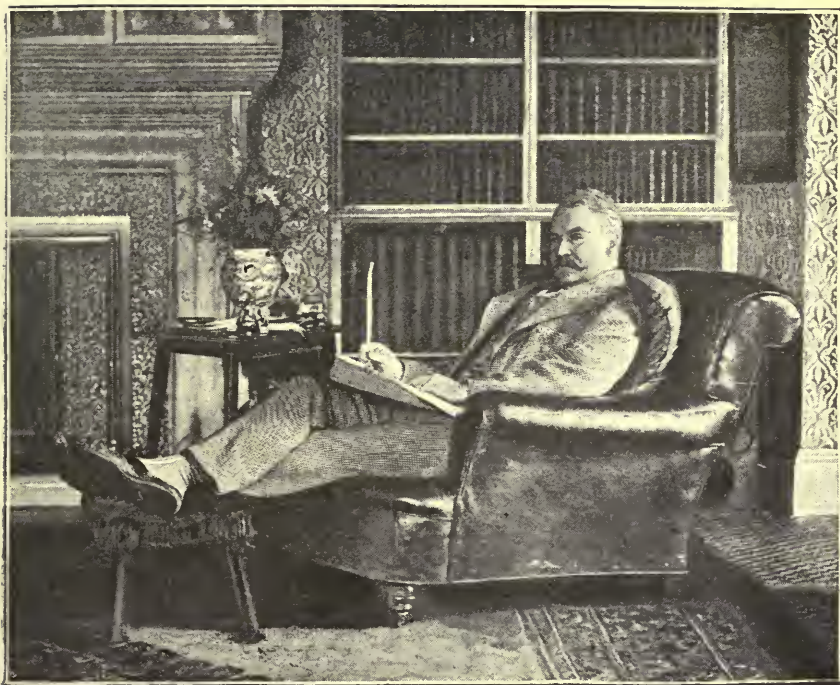
round the apartment are drawings by A. Caracci, Watteau, Lancret, Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Andrea del Sarto, and others, and on top of the bookcases are arranged seventy heads, representing all sorts and conditions of character typical of India. They are made of papier-maché, and were brought home from India by Mr. Gilbert, whither he had wandered in search of new pastures for plot and fresh ideas, so that, should he ever write an Indian opera, the company engaged would find an excellent guide to making up their faces from the figures. On the table—in the centre of the room—amongst the flowers, are portraits of some of the dramatist's *protégés*, so to speak. No man is more far-seeing than he. He can single out talent, and, having found it, he encourages the possessor. No one has been asked more frequently, "Should I go on the stage?" He calls for a sample of the applicant's abilities, pronounces judgment, and those who have heard his "Don't!" were as wise in refraining from seeking for fame from Thespis as those who welcomed his "Go!" and have acted on his advice. Among many who made their first appearances in his pieces are Mrs. Bernard Beere, Mr. Wyatt, Miss Jessie Bond, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Miss Leonora Braham, Miss Brandram, Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Alma Murray, and Mr. George Grossmith.

"Grossmith," said Mr. Gilbert, "applied to Sir Arthur Sullivan first. Sullivan was pleased, thought him the very man for the part of *John Wellington Wells* in 'The Sorcerer,' and so did I. You see, when making an engagement, the composer tests the applicant vocally, whilst I try him histrionically. Previous to that Grossmith had done nothing, save in the way of entertainments at young men's societies and mechanics' institutes. He didn't want to offend them—what would I advise? 'Go on the stage,' I said, 'and you'll make such a success as to render yourself quite independent of them.' I think he has.

"Then in the 'Trial by Jury'—one of my early works, which I consider one of my best, and in which the *Judge* was played by Sir Arthur Sullivan's brother Fred, now dead—the foreman of the jury was played by a gentleman who only had a couple of lines to sing. But whenever he opened his mouth the audience roared. The estimable foreman of the twelve good men and true on that occasion was Mr. W. S. Penley. Just a moment."

It is post time, and on the day of my visit he had just finished the libretto of his new comic opera. He weighs the great blue envelope in his hand, and, after the servant has left the room, flings himself into his favourite chair, and suggestively remarks, "There goes something that will either bring me in twenty thousand pounds or twenty thousand pence!" And a favourite chair with Mr. Gilbert is an article of furniture not to be despised. It is of red leather, and he has used the same size and pattern for a quarter of a century. He takes it with him wherever he goes, for he never writes at a desk. When working he sits here with a stool exactly the same height, and stretching himself on these, he writes on a pad on his lap.

I asked him if he would write me a few original verses for publication in this article. "Thank you, very much," said he, "but



From a Photo. by]

AT WORK.

[Elliott & Fry.

I'm afraid I must ask you to excuse me. When I have just finished a piece I feel for a few days that I am absolutely incapable of further effort. I always feel that I am quite 'written out.' At first this impression used to distress me seriously—however, I have learnt by experience to regard it as a 'bogie,' which will yield to exorcism. This, however, is quite at your service"; and he crossed to a recess by the window, and from a heap of papers took out a sheet. It was a couple of delightful verses, left over from "*The Gondoliers*," written in his best style, and seen by no one till this moment. *Tessa* was to have sung them in the ear of the *Grand Inquisitor*, when he commands the two kings of *Barataria*—one of whom the fair *Tessa* loves—to leave their lovers and rule their kingdoms. The following are the verses, the second being given in fac-simile :—

Good sir, I wish to speak politely—
 Forgive me if my words are crude—
 I find it hard to put it rightly
 Without appearing to be rude.
 I mean to say,—you're old and wrinkled—
 It's rather blunt, but it's the truth—
 With wintry snow your hair is sprinkled :
 What *can* you know of Love and Youth?
 Indeed I wish to speak politely ;
 But, pray forgive me, truth is truth :
 You're old and—pardon me—unsightly,
 What can you know of Love and Youth !

You are too good to remember

That withered bosoms seekest glow;

Dead is the old romantic Eucher

That warmed your life-blood years ago.

If from our meethearts we are parted

(Old euen know nothing of such pain) o

Two maidens will be broken-hearted

And quite heart-broken lovers too!

How poor, for possums' sake, remember

Like us desire to be uncounted;

But we are pine & yours December—

What can you know of love & youth!

FAC-SIMILE OF MS. OF TESSA'S SONG.

"My life? Date of birth, November 18, 1836. Birthplace, 17, Southampton Street, Strand, in the house of my grandfather, who had known Johnson, Garrick, and Reynolds, and who was the last man in London, I believe, who wore Hessian boots and a pig-tail. I went to school at Ealing, presided over by Dr. Nicholas—a pedagogue who appears more than once in Thackeray's pages as 'Dr. Tickle-us of Great Ealing School.' I was always writing plays for home performance, and at eighteen wrote a burlesque in eighteen scenes. This was offered to every manager in London, and unanimously rejected. I couldn't understand why at the time—I do now. I was intended for the Royal Artillery, and read up during the Crimean War. Of course, it came to an end just as I was prepared

to go up for examination. No more officers were required, and further examinations were indefinitely postponed until I was over age. I was offered a line commission, but declined; but eventually, in 1868, I was appointed Captain of the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders (Militia), a post I held for sixteen years. I was clerk in the Privy Council for five miserable years, took my B.A. degree at the London University, and was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1863. I was at the Bar four years, and am now very deservedly raised to the Bench—but only as a Justice of the Peace.

"I was not fortunate in my clients. I well remember my first brief, which was purely honorary. I am a tolerably good French scholar, and was employed to interpret and translate the conversations and letters between attorney, leading counsel, and client—a Parisian. It was at Westminster. The Frenchman, who was a short, stout man, won his case, and he looked upon me as having done it all. He met me in the hall, and, rushing up to me, threw his arms round my neck, and kissed me on both cheeks. That was my first fee.



"MY FIRST FEE."

"On another occasion I defended an old lady who was accused of picking pockets. On the conclusion of my impassioned speech for the defence, she took off a heavy boot and threw it at my head. That was my second fee. By the way, I subsequently introduced the incident into an article, 'My Maiden Brief,' which appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*.

"I joined the Northern Circuit, and attended assizes and sessions at Liverpool and Manchester. I received perhaps a dozen guinea briefs, but nothing substantial. The circumstances attending my initial brief on circuit I am not likely to forget. I was to make my maiden speech in the prosecution of an old Irishwoman for stealing a coat.



"MY MAIDEN SPEECH."

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and the members of the Prince of Wales's company, then on tour, were present on the Bench, and, I am sorry to say, at my invitation. No sooner had I got up than the old dame, who seemed to realize that I was against her, began shouting, 'Ah, ye divil, sit down! Don't listen to him, yer honner! He's known in all the slums of Liverpool! Sit down, ye spalpeen! He's as drunk as a lord, yer honner—begging your lordship's pardon!' Whenever I attempted to resume my speech, I was flooded by the torrent of the old lady's eloquence, and I had at last to throw myself on the protection of the Recorder, who was too convulsed with laughter to interfere. Mrs. Bancroft says in her memoirs that I never got that maiden speech off, but in that she is mistaken. The old lady had three months.

"My first lines appeared in *Fun*—Henry J. Byron was the editor then. He asked me to send him a column of stuff with a half-page block every week. Well, I did not think it possible to get fresh ideas week by week; but I accepted it, and continued writing and illustrating for six years, though at the end of every seven days I always felt written out for life, just as I do now. My first play was 'Dulcamara,' produced at the St. James's Theatre by Miss Herbert. Tom Robertson and I were great chums, and he, being unable to write her the Christmas piece, was good enough to say he knew the very man for it and recommended me. I wrote it in ten days, rehearsed it a week; it ran five months, and has been twice revived. No arrangement was made about the price to be paid, and after it had been produced Mr. Emden, Miss Herbert's acting manager, asked me how much I expected to receive for the piece. I reckoned it out as ten days' work at three guineas a day, and replied 'Thirty guineas.'

"'Oh!' said Emden, 'we don't deal in guineas—say pounds.'

"I was quite satisfied with the price, took his cheque and gave a receipt. Then Emden quietly turned to me and said :—

"Take my advice as an old stager. *Never sell as good a piece as this for £30 again.*

"I took his advice ; I never have.

"Then I commenced to write for the Royalty and Old Queen's Theatres. 'La Vivandière' was one of these ; and at various times 'An Old Score,' 'Ages Ago,' 'Randall's Thumb,' and 'Creatures of Impulse' appeared. These were followed by 'The Palace of Truth' and 'The Wicked World.' 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' which took me six months to write, was produced in 1871. 'Sweethearts' came out in 1874, and 'Broken Hearts' two years later. I consider the two best plays I ever wrote were 'Broken Hearts' and a version of the Faust legend called 'Gretchen.' I took immense pains over my 'Gretchen,' but it only ran a fortnight. I wrote it to please myself, and not the public. It seems to be the fate of a good piece to run a couple of weeks, and a bad one a couple of years—at least, it is so with me. Here is an instance of it :—

"The Vagabond' was produced at the Olympic, with Henry Neville and Miss Marion Terry in the cast. I was behind during the first act, and everything went swimmingly—author, actors, and audience delighted. I remained during half of the second act, when Charles Reade put his hand on my shoulder, and exclaimed, 'Gilbert, its success is certain.' 'Ah, but,' said I, 'there's the third act to come !' 'The third act ?' said Reade, who had been present at my rehearsals. 'The third act's worthy of Congreve !' That was enough for me. Off I went to my club, and returned to the theatre at eleven ; as I passed through the stage-door, I heard one of the carpenters say to the hall-keeper, as he passed, 'Bloomin' failure, Bill.' He was quite right. The whole of the third act had been performed in dumb show ! That was fourteen years ago ; and yet, strange to say, only the other day I received a letter from young Mr. Wallack in New York, saying he had found the manuscript of a play called 'The Vagabond,' and, feeling sure that it would be extraordinarily successful, if produced, wanted to know what was my price for the piece. He knew nothing of its melancholy history.

"My operatic work has been singularly successful—owing largely, of course, to the invaluable co-operation of Sir Arthur Sullivan. When Sullivan and I first determined to work together, the burlesque stage was in a very unclean state. We made up our minds to do all in our power to wipe out the grosser element, never to let an offending word escape our characters, and never allow a man to appear as a woman, or *vice versâ*.

"My first meeting with Sullivan was rather amusing. I had written a piece with Fred Clay, called 'Ages Ago,' and was rehearsing it at the Old Gallery of Illustration. At the same time I was busy on my 'Palace of Truth,' in which there is a character, one *Zoram*, who is a musical impostor. Now, I am as unmusical as any man in England. I am quite incapable of whistling an air in tune, although I

have a singularly good ear for rhythm. I was bound to make *Zoram* express his musical ideas in technical language, so I took up my 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and, turning to the word 'Harmony,' selected a suitable sentence and turned it into sounding blank verse. Curious to know whether this would pass muster with a musician, I said to Sullivan (who happened to be present at rehearsal, and to whom I had just been introduced), 'I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Sullivan, because you will be able to settle a question which has just arisen between Mr. Clay and myself. My contention is that when a musician, who is master of many instruments, has a musical theme to express, he can express it as perfectly upon the



From a Photo. by]

MODEL STAGE OF MR. GILBERT'S NEW PLAY.—1.

[Elliott & Fry.

simple tetrachord of Mercury (in which there are, as we all know, no diatonic intervals whatever) as upon the more elaborate disdiapason (with the familiar four tetrachords and the redundant note) which, I need not remind you, embraces in its simple consonance all the single, double, and inverted chords.'

"He reflected for a moment, and asked me to oblige him by repeating my question. I did so, and he replied that it was a very nice point, and he would like to think it over before giving a definite reply. That took place about twenty years ago, and I believe he is still engaged in hammering it out."

Not the least interesting part of my day with Mr. Gilbert was in

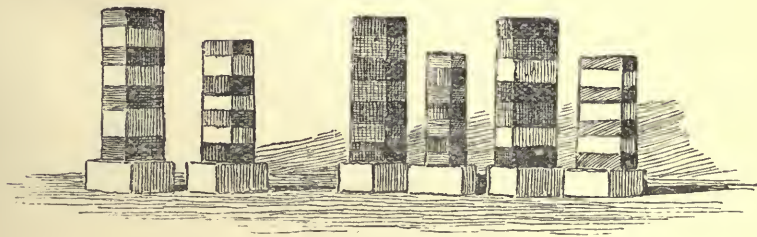


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MODEL STAGE OF MR. GILBERT'S NEW PLAY.—II.

[Ellis & Fry.

having his methods of working explained. Mr. Gilbert's tact and unequalled skill as a stage manager are well known, but he explained to me a decidedly novel secret which undoubtedly greatly assists him in his perfect arrangement of *mise-en-scène*. He has an exact model of the stage made to half-inch scale, showing every entrance and exit, exactly as the scene will appear at the theatre. Those shown in the illustrations represent the two sets which were seen at the Lyric Theatre in one of his recent operas. Little blocks of wood are made representing men and women—the men are three inches high, and the women two and a half inches. These blocks are painted in various colours to show the different voices. The green and white striped blocks may be "tenors"; the black and yellow "sopranos"; the red and green "contraltos"; and so on. With this before him, and a sheet of paper, Mr. Gilbert works out every single position of his



"CHARACTERS."

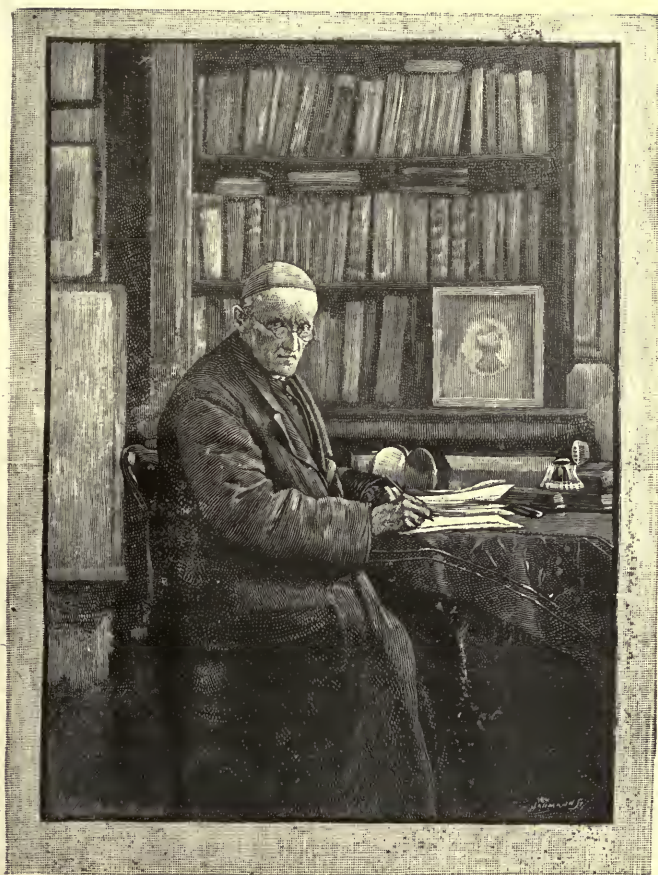
characters, giving them their proper places on the model stage, and he is thus enabled to go down to rehearsal prepared to indicate to every principal and chorister his proper place in the scene under consideration.

His subjects are often the outcome of pure accident. "The Mikado" was suggested by a huge Japanese executioner's sword which hung in his library—the identical sword which Mr. Grossmith used to carry on the stage as *Ko-Ko*. "The Yeoman of the Guard" was suggested by the beefeater who serves as an advertisement of the Tower Furnishing Company at Uxbridge Railway Station.

A rather curious and certainly unique fact in dramatic authorship, and one that is without precedent in the annals of the stage, is that Mr. Gilbert's name has appeared in the London play-bills without a single break for nearly twenty-four years. On July 1, 1891, the spell was broken by the termination of his connection with the Savoy.

II.

THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.



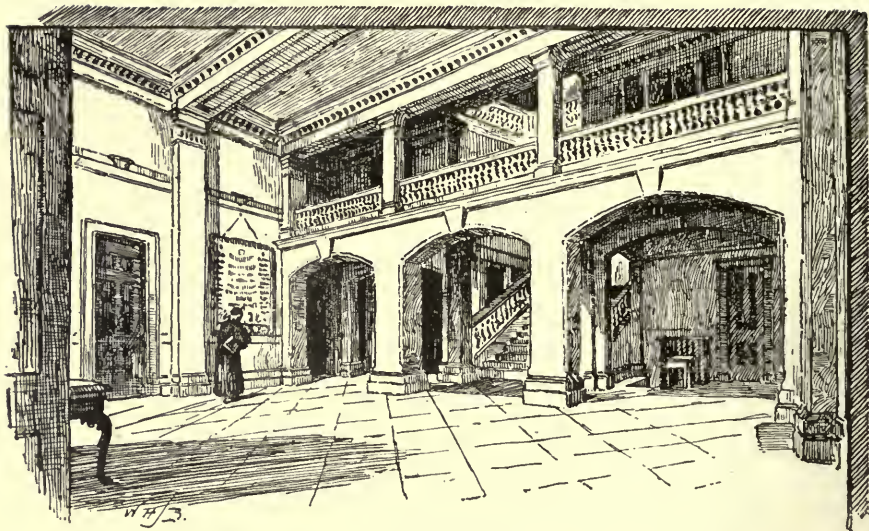
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CARDINAL MANNING IN HIS LIBRARY.

[Elliott & Fry.



WHEN the officers of the three regiments of Guards conceived the idea, some twenty-five years ago, to build an institute for their privates and non-commissioned officers, they little thought that the great square building at the corner of Carlisle Place, near Victoria Station, would one day be converted into the residence of the Archbishop of Westminster. It was destined to be so, however, and was purchased in



ENTRANCE-HALL.

March, 1873, for this purpose. It is hard to realize, as the door closes behind me, and with it shuts out the slightest noise of passing traffic, that His Eminence, Cardinal Manning, sleeps in a small corner of a great gallery, where a stage once stood, and where red-coats once danced to the strains of merry music; that the great reception-room was a few years ago fitted up with carpenters' benches, and Guardsmen so inclined could try their skill with plane and chisel. Not a vestige of their presence remains. Nothing could be quieter or more simple. There is an air of solemnity about the place—this home of Cardinal Manning.

I have just seen the Cardinal. The day is cold, and he wears over his black cassock, edged with the traditional red, a long overcoat. Around his neck is the gold chain and cross of the See, and on his finger a massive ring, set with a glorious sapphire, given to him by the late Pope. His still bright eyes, in a face typical of intense kindness, begin to twinkle merrily when I tell him I want to take his memory back to sixty or seventy years ago—his boyhood days. He is fond of children. He tells me that he has letters from them in the United States, Australia, Canada, and how on every birthday—he was born on July 15, 1808—bunches and bunches of flowers come, till the chapel and house are full of flowers. "But, go and see the house. In half an hour we will sit down and talk together."

There is the house dining-room, the windows of which look on to the street, interesting from the fact that it contains authentic portraits of the Vicars Apostolic from the time of James I., since the breach with Rome. On a pedestal near the window is a bust of Father Mathew, the great temperance advocate; and on the mantelpiece, on either side of the clock, are two small busts of Pius IX. and the

present Pope. The Cardinal takes all his meals alone, and is next-door to a vegetarian. The domestic chapel is in close proximity to the dining-room. Through a little ante-apartment, where the vestments are kept, and past a small confessional exquisitely carved in oak, the door of the chapel is opened, and the rays of light stream through the windows on to a simple altar. Here, in a glass case, is the mitre of white silk, to which the gold trimming still clings, worn by St. Thomas à Becket, whilst in residence at Sens. At another corner is a relic of St. Edmund. There are seats on the green baize benches for a dozen worshippers; the gilt chair once used by the Cardinal is in the centre, with a black knee cushion richly worked with flowers. The relics, one of the most precious collections in the kingdom, are preserved in a case at the far end. They are a sight of rare beauty—wonderfully carved specimens of Gothic work in ivory, elaborate gold, silver, and silver-gilt work. Amongst the most precious of them all, contained in a piece of crystal, is a fragment of the column against which our Lord was scourged; and set in a silver and enamelled shrine are three small pieces of dark wood, resembling ebony, round which are engraved the words: "Behold the wood of the cross on which our Saviour was hung."

Ascending the stone steps leading from the entrance-hall, I pass into an ante-room, where stands a life-size bust of the Cardinal's father, William Manning, a London merchant, a Governor of the Bank of England, and sometime member of Parliament for Evesham, and afterwards for Penrhyn. A very heavy statue of the Virgin Mary finds a place here. It was made from cannon taken at Sebastopol. The great reception-room, too, with its massive, heavy gilt chairs, its richly carved cabinets, whereon are set out numerous treasures, is a fine apartment. On the tables are huge volumes containing the countless testimonials presented from time to time. The latest of these tributes is on the wall near the door: that presented by the Jews on October 30, 1890, and bearing such names as Lord Rothschild, Joseph Sebag Montefiore, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Reuben and Albert Sassoon, and Sir Henry Isaacs. The Cardinal's biretta, given to him by the Pope, is under a glass case, as it is always the practice of Cardinals to keep the one so given when



THE CARDINAL'S FATHER.



THE CHAPEL.

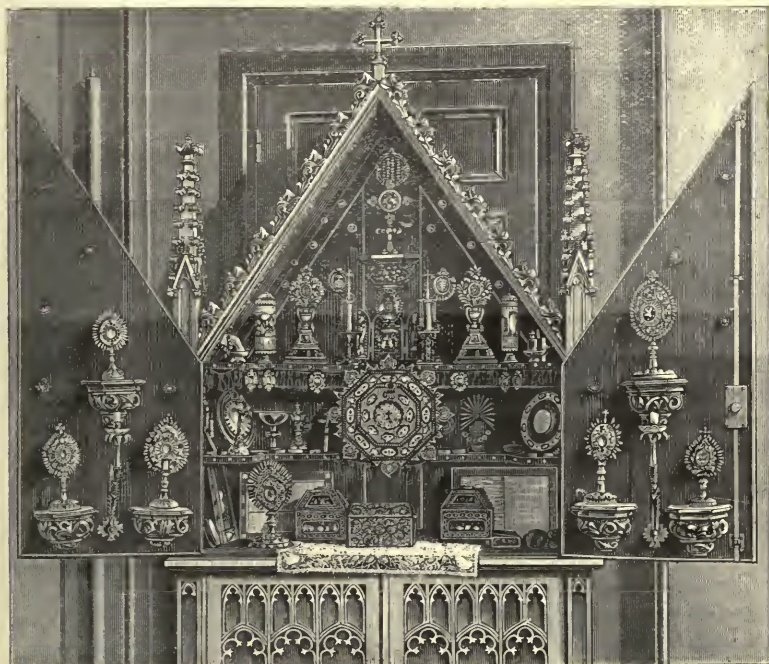
raised to this exalted position and never wear it. Amongst the works of art—including one of Savonarola—is a magnificent painting by Louis Haghe representing “High Mass in St. Peter’s, Rome, on Christmas Day.” The picture is peculiarly interesting, for the artist died before he had time to light the wicks of the candles on the altar.

The library is large, and the numerous book-shelves of black wood are well stocked with volumes. A portrait of the Duke of Norfolk, and an original oil painting of the late Cardinal Newman, rest against the wall. Many portraits of Cardinal Manning are scattered about, and there is a bust of himself and his predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman, side by side over the fireplace.

The Cardinal’s bedroom is at the top of the building. Here in a corner of the Guards’ ball-room, some seven or eight small apartments have been made—little square abodes, homely and simple to a degree. These rooms very much resemble, save that they are somewhat larger, the monks’ cells in the Convent Church of San Marco at Florence. The Cardinal has always slept in a camp bed. It is covered with a red eider-down quilt. Just a wardrobe, an arm-chair, a washstand, and on the dressing-table at the open window little nick-nacks of toilet are laid out with distinctive neatness. A door opens from the sleeping apartment to the Cardinal’s private oratory. Its almost quaint situation has secured for it the name of “The Noah’s

Ark." An altar, almost unadorned, has been set up here—very plain and unpretentious. Look where you will, it is all suggestive of the quiet and gentle disposition of a great man, and the illustration shows the sanctuary as it is when the Cardinal passes from his bedroom in the morning. Exactly opposite "The Noah's Ark" is another small oratory, a trifle more decorative perhaps, but still remarkably simple. This is used by the bishops when visiting His Eminence. Just then the butler tells me that the stipulated half-hour is past. This old family servant may be regarded with interest, for when he first ushered me into the presence of the Cardinal, His Eminence remarked that he had served him for over a quarter of a century. His coachman had been with him quite as long, for of all things he disliked it was changing servants.

Passing through the now ancient ball-room, round the walls of which are a plentiful supply of pails filled to the brim in case of fire, and descending the stone steps once more, a door leading from the library opens into the Cardinal's work-room. What a litter! It is full of baskets; papers and pamphlets are scattered all over the place. Letters bearing the postmark of every quarter of the globe lie in a heap, waiting to be opened. The Cardinal, who sits in a great blue arm-chair, and rests back upon a red velvet pillow, expresses sympathy in my astonishment. There are no fewer than eleven tables about, and he happily remarks, "You cannot count the chairs, for every one



THE RELIQUARY.

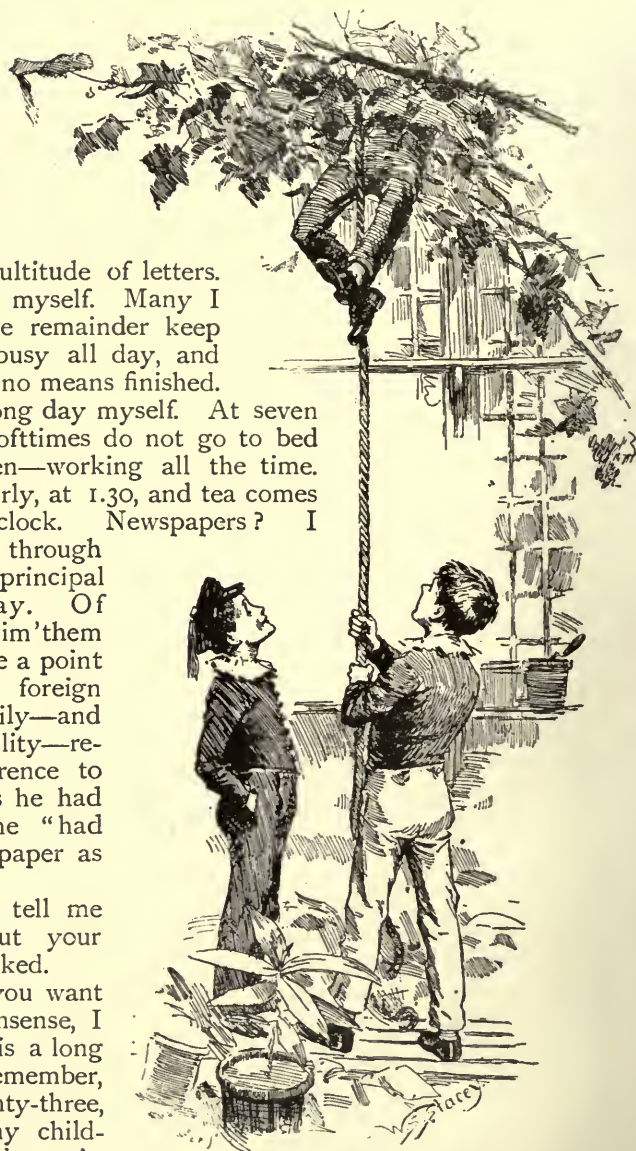
of them is a bookshelf."

Then in a voice of wonderful firmness, and remarkably clear, he invites me to sit close to him.

"Yes, every day brings a multitude of letters. I open them all myself. Many I reply to, and the remainder keep two secretaries busy all day, and then they are by no means finished. I have a long, long day myself. At seven I get up, and oftentimes do not go to bed until past eleven—working all the time. My dinner is early, at 1.30, and tea comes round at 7 o'clock. Newspapers? I manage to get through some of the principal ones every day. Of course, I only 'skim' them over, but I make a point of reading the foreign news." He merrily—and with great humility—remarked in reference to the many books he had written, that he "had spoilt as much paper as most people."

"Will you tell me something about your boyhood?" I asked.

"Well, if you want me to talk nonsense, I will say that it is a long way back to remember, for I am eighty-three, but I spent my childhood at Totteridge. As a boy at Coombe Bank, Christopher Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln, and Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, were my playfellows. I frankly admit I was very mischievous. The two Wordsworths and I conceived the wicked intention of robbing the vinery. The door was always kept locked, and there was nothing for it but to enter through the roof. There was a dinner party that day, *and there were no grapes.* This

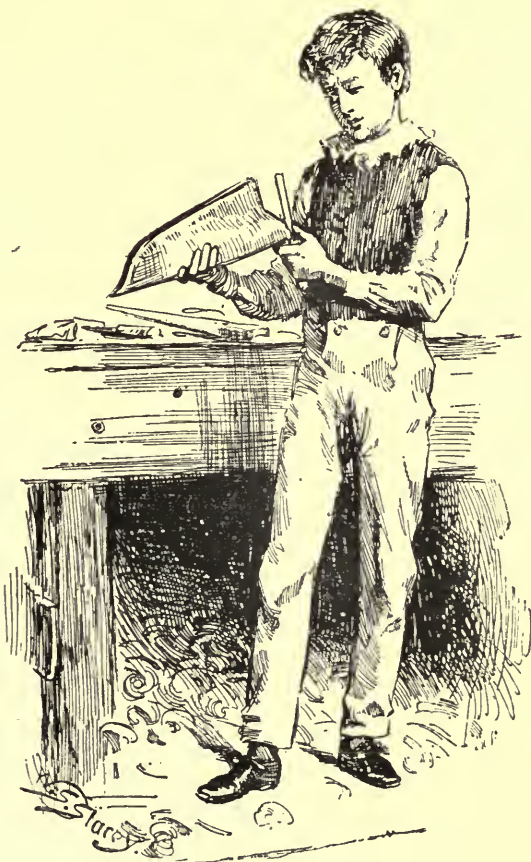


"LARCENY."

is probably the only case on record where three future Bishops were guilty of larceny. Were we punished? No, we were discreet. We gave ourselves up, and were forgiven.

"I was always fond of riding, shooting, boating and cricketing. I well remember that with the first shot from my gun I killed a hare. That shot was nearly the means of preventing me from ever becoming eighty-three. My father's gamekeeper was with me at the time, and he was a very tall, heavy fellow, with a tremendous hand. When he saw the hare fall, he brought that same huge hand down on my back with all his might, and a hearty 'Well done, Master Henry!' His enthusiasm nearly knocked me out of the world. My shooting inclinations, however, once nearly ruined the family coach—in those days, you know, we used to have great, cumbersome, uncomfortable vehicles. I had a battery of cannon, and my first target was the coach-house door. One of these formidable weapons carried a fairly weighty bullet. Well, I hit the door—the bullet went clean through, and nearly smashed the panel of the coach.

"I went to Harrow when I was fourteen, and remained there four years. I fear I can tell you but little about my cricketing days. I wish I could say that 'our side' won; but, alas! in the three matches I played in against Eton and Winchester at Lord's, we were beaten every time. I certainly scored some runs, but their total is forgotten. Then, as a boy, I was very fond of wood carving, and the principal articles of home manufacture were boats. I made many of them, and as a lad they used to constitute my birthday presents to my youthful companions. After I had reached manhood I found my stock



"I WAS VERY FOND OF CARVING BOATS."

of small river craft unexhausted, so I would give them away to my friends as small mementos of my boating days."

Just then the Cardinal had to reply to a letter brought in. He never uses a writing-table, but pens his missives on a pad resting on his knee, a practice he has followed for the last fifteen years. He has even written them with the note-paper placed in the palm of his hand. A few notes of his wonderful career are jotted down. From Harrow he went to Oxford.

The Cardinal became a Catholic in 1851, previous to which he had been Rector of Lavington and Graffham, in Sussex, since 1833,



From a Photo. by

THE RECEPTION-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

and Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840. On the death of Cardinal Wiseman in February, 1865, he was made Archbishop, and ten years later was raised to the dignity of Cardinal. He became a teetotaler in the autumn of 1868, and has been a firm adherent to teetotal principles ever since.

But the photographer is waiting. As the Cardinal sat down for a special picture for these pages he exclaimed, wittily, "Well, you look like assassins, waiting to 'take' me." He tells a photographic story, too, whilst the operator is changing one of the plates, as to how a member of his clergy was preaching in the open air in the East-end, and an itinerant photographer elbowed his way through the crowd and prepared to "catch" the cleric. The audience, however,

were so much interested in the discourse, that one of them shouted out, "Now, then, get out with that shooting gallery!"

My visit to the Cardinal, however, was not only for the purpose of gathering some delightful reminiscences, but to ask his opinion on one of the burning questions of the hour. The great affection he has always had for the welfare of children, and the thoughtful kindness he has ever directed towards parents, suggested "Free Education," and His Eminence said :—

"In the sense understood in America in their system of common schools, free for all classes and conditions, or in the sense understood in France, where the State pays for all degrees of education, I am as much opposed to free schools as possible. Lord Salisbury has spoken



THE GREAT GALLERY.

of assisted education, and I can attach to these words a sound meaning. Free schools display only a destructive part of State education."

"What do you mean by 'national' system?"

"I mean a system in which the nation educates itself. The education of children is a natural duty, or responsibility, of the people itself, in all its homes and in all its localities; and until parental duty has been fulfilled to the utmost, by the intelligence and energy of individuals, I believe the intervention of the State to be premature and mischievous, because it obstructs the fulfilment of parental and natural duty."

"Do you believe that a national system of education can ever exist without the assistance of the State?"

"No, unless it be in a very low and imperfect manner; but I believe that the whole greatness of the Empire, and all our world-wide



THE CARDINAL'S PRIVATE ORATORY.

commerce, and all our national character itself, is the creation not of the State, but of the intelligence, energy, and free will of individuals. This was the original principle from which it sprung. The State has come in to assist when the first foundations have been laid, and gives permanence and extension to the work of individual energy. It is said that 'trade follows the flag,' but there was no flag when trade first entered upon the foreign lands which have become our colonies. Individual energy goes first, and the State follows after. I apply this to what is termed the voluntary system of education in England. Individuals began educating themselves and others, before the State granted a halfpenny to their education, and I believe it ought always to maintain itself in the same subordinate position. I am not unconscious that people say, 'Where the voluntary system contributes hundreds of thousands the State contributes millions,' but the State can never contribute that which is of more value than all the millions in the Treasury—I mean the parental responsibility, the zeal, fidelity, patience and self-sacrifice of the body of teachers, and the docility and good conduct of children responding to those who treat them with love and care. This in the last twenty years has doubled the extent and the efficiency of the voluntary system, in spite of all poverty, which greatly burdens it, so that at this moment the poorest of the voluntary schools are running neck and neck with the Board schools, which are the richest in the land. I would refer in proof of this to Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham last April, and to Mr. Stanley's excellent and generous pamphlet upon the state of the schools at Preston."

"Do you not approve of what the Government has done since the year '35 or '36?"

"Very heartily; only I think that the Government down to 1870, when it authorized School Boards to put their hands in the pockets of the people, has behaved in an unequal way, and I hope that assisted education will show that the Government has risen to a full sense of its responsibility."

"Do you mean that the contributions of the parents or of the Department are sufficient for the voluntary system?"

"By no means; I believe that the responsibility of parents in every home creates a responsibility of localities in every community or parish in the land. It is an absolute duty of local administration that the heads of such administration should take care that every child within their limits is duly educated. I believe, however, that the contribution of parents and the local rates, with assistance from the Treasury, will suffice for a voluntary system of national education."

"Then, where are free schools?"

"I believe that every parent who is able to pay for the education of his children is bound to do so, but that others, the State included, are bound to pay for those who are unable to pay for themselves. In this sense, as a subordinate detail, I heartily accept free schools, but not the name."

"Does not contribution from local rates involve local management?"

"Without doubt, so far as to see that the local rates are honestly applied, but it is a universally established and admitted principle that neither grants from the Treasury nor rates from the locality can be applied to the teaching of religion. They are exclusively given for the secular education and efficient management of schools, outside the matter of religion, and therefore for that reason, and upon that broad principle, neither the inspectors of Government nor local managers, unless they be of the religion of the schools, have any right to make or meddle with any management except within the limits of the Government inspection."

"I have had long experience of the yearly inspection of the Home Office, the Education Department, of the Boards of Guardians of the Metropolitan District, and I can bear witness that their visits and comments have been fair, just, and useful, and of great service to us and to our schools."

"Have you any objection to the School Board system?"

"Many, too many to enumerate now, but four in chief:—

"First: They make us pay an education rate to maintain their schools, which we cannot conscientiously use, leaving us, at the same time, to maintain our own.

"Secondly: From the want of definition as to what are elementary or primary schools, the School Boards have in the last few years extended the curriculum of education up to the standard of Harrow and Eton, and have charged it upon the education rate paid by the poor. This was never intended by the Legislature in the year 1870.

" Thirdly : There is no practical limit to the amount of rate that may be charged, and, in my belief, no audit of its expenditure sufficient to control its unlimited outlay.

" Lastly, I have no confidence in undenominational religion, which means a 'shape that shape hath none.' "

" What, then—do you wish that they were extinguished? "

" It is too late for me to wish them anything better than a definite faith ; but I desire to see a new and higher legislation, under which the voluntary system and the Board schools shall find their place, and their action be controlled by a juster and more efficient administration."

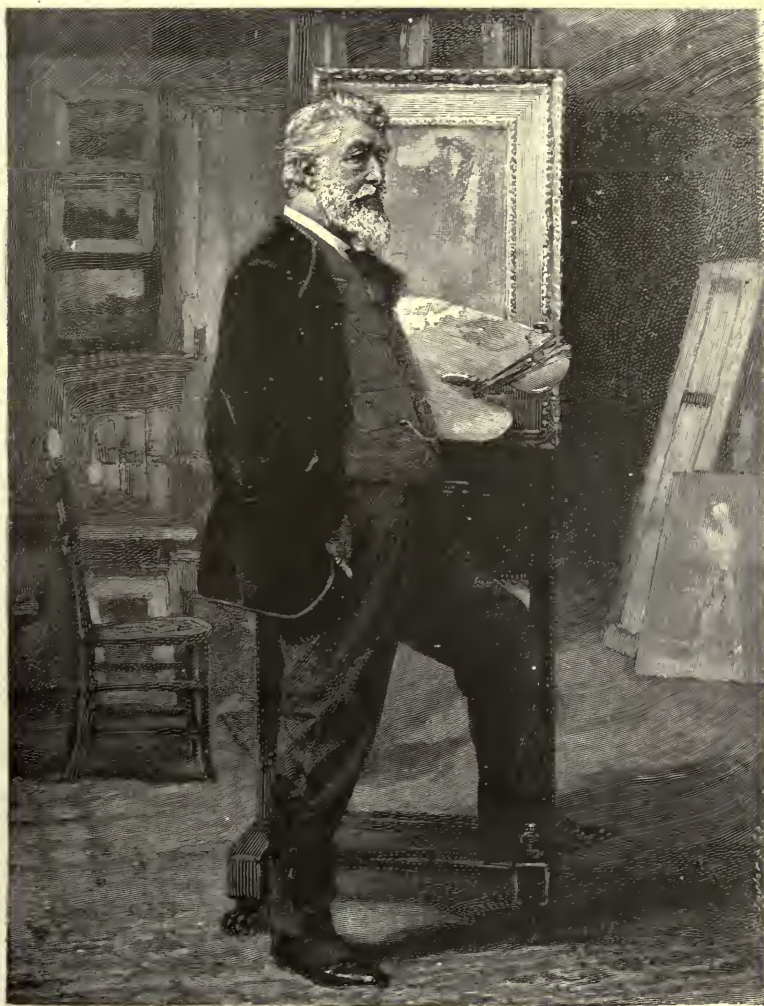


[From a Photo. by]

[Elliott & Fry.]

III.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.



From a Photo. by

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON AT HIS EASEL.

[Elliott & Fry.]



NOT a sound reaches me here, save the singing of the birds," said Sir Frederick Leighton, as we stood for a moment in the garden of his beautiful house in the Holland Park Road, Kensington. It seemed to be a little world of its own. There was nothing whatever to disturb one's thoughts on this day of sunshine, when the flowers about the lawn were looking their brightest and best,

the great trees and tiny trailing ivy greener to-day than ever before. We knew the children were playing in the street, a few yards away, but their merry shouts and happy laughter could not be heard. The surroundings of the home of the President of the Royal Academy almost suggested the secret of the peaceful effect which seems to come over one when looking at many of his pictures.

We crossed the lawn, walked down a long leafy passage covered with ivy, and once again entered the house. I do not think there is another home in the land so beautiful as Sir Frederick's. It is the home of an artist, who must needs have everything about the place to harmonize as the colours he lays upon his canvases.

Sir Frederick is justly proud of his house. He does not care even to look back upon his own life, a life which has been one of remarkable brilliancy, a life which he has lived with a purpose; he is to-day at the head of his profession, a profession for which he was destined on his first birthday. Not only has his genius been conveyed through the channel of his brush and palette, but as a scholar and a thinker he impresses to the highest degree those whose good fortune it is to enjoy his friendship or acquaintance. Neither will he criticise the efforts of his brother artists save in terms of praise; neither will he speak of the life which he personifies—Art—a subject too great, he says, to be faithfully treated in the space in which I was to chronicle the events of the day which I passed with him. He turns from his life, his brother artists, and art itself to his home. He loves his home. His house was not designed in a day or built in a year. It has been the work of years; bit by bit it has become more beautiful; its owner has watched it grow up almost as a father does his boy.

The house itself stands in a spot surrounded by many eminent painters: Luke Fildes, R.A., Val Prinsep, A.R.A., G. A. Watts, R.A.; whilst near at hand, in one of the studios adjoining, the younger Richmond, the eminent portrait painter, is working. Outside, the house, which is of red brick, is striking in its simplicity; it was built for Sir Frederick by Mr. Aitchison twenty-six years ago, and here the President of the Royal Academy has lived and worked ever since. Possibly the unimpressive aspect of the exterior was designed with a view of surprising the visitor when he once entered the place. The interior positively surpasses description. I had the great privilege of being taken from room to room by Sir Frederick Leighton; object after object was taken up and talked about, and it would be quite impossible to refer separately to all the artistic treasures of which he is the possessor, the beauties of which were most enthusiastically dilated upon.

Entering from the street, you find yourself in a small hall. Though of the most artistic design, this, too, I fancy, is yet another blind for what lies beyond. In this hall stands a bronze statuette of Icarus, by Mr. Gilbert, A.R.A., executed for Sir Frederick. A few steps more through a solid-looking black ebony door picked out with

gold (all the doors of the house are similar), and we enter the Arabian Court. Sir Frederick's Arabian Court is simply a creation ; one can only stand and listen to the splashing of the fountain falling beneath the golden dome at the far end of the court, and conjure up recollections of the fairest of scenes and grandest of palaces described in the "Arabian Nights."

We are in Kensington; but as one stands there it would not come as the least surprise if the court were suddenly crowded with the most beautiful of Eastern women reclining on the softest of silken cushions in the niches in the corners ; if the wildest and most fascinating dancers of the "Arabian Nights" were to come



From a Photo. by]

ARABIAN COURT ENTRANCE.

[Elliott & Fry.

tripping in, and to the sound of the sweetest of strains glide across the smooth plaques ; if Aladdin himself were to enter bearing on his back his burden of precious stones. It is the very spot to which you would come to find all this. Sir Frederick pointed out to me the Damascus, Persian, and Rhodian ware which is liberally scattered about. The delicate woodwork is from Cairo, the exquisite mosaics are by Walter Crane ; the blue tiles are among the first De Morgan ever did, and the capitals of the columns are carved with various birds by the late Sir Edgar Boehm. The only thing which has not been brought from some Eastern country is some very quaint candelabra exhibited in Old London at one of the South Kensington Exhibitions.

Walking down to the far end of this bewildering spot I stand beneath the great gilt dome, and the sun which is shining causes it to sparkle with a thousand gems. On looking up, the dome seems to lose itself far away, so delicate and ingenious is the construction and



From a Photo. by]

THE ARABIAN COURT.

[Ellis & Fry.]

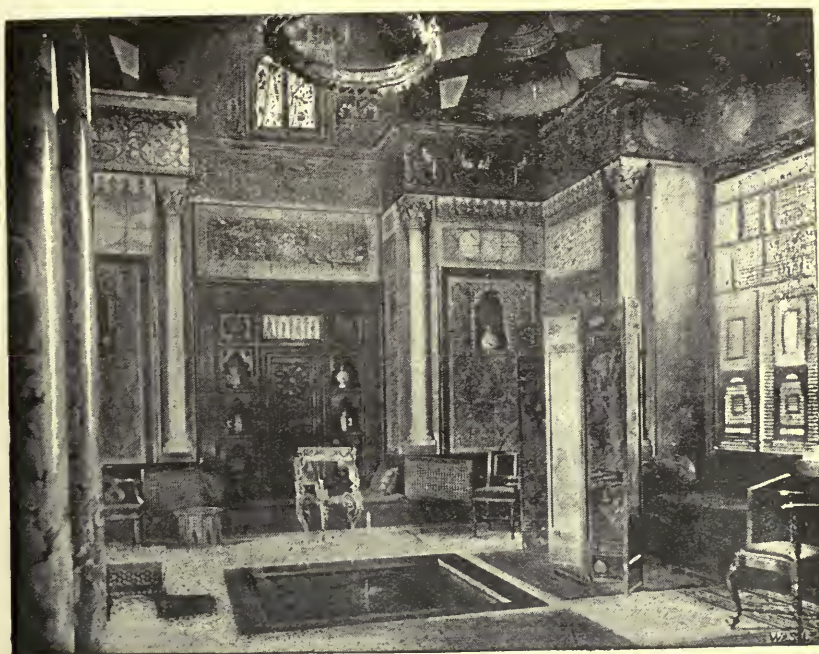
the colouring of it. It is a place in which to sit down and dream, for there is not a sound except the gentle splashing of the spray from the fountain. The fountain itself is hewn out of one solid block of black marble. It comes to one's memory that this spot has been more than once the scene of many amusing incidents. Sir Frederick's friends, in going through the court, frequently, when gazing at the beautiful ceiling, unconsciously walk into the water.

The study is to the left of the entrance-hall. Here on the walls hang some exquisite heads by Legros, drawings by Alfred Stevens, and a number of etchings; choice specimens of mediæval ware fill odd corners; and here, too, almost hidden away from view, is an engraving of Old Burlington House, showing very different surroundings to those of 1892—the fields are away in the distance, waggons drawn by half-a-dozen horses are passing, and coaches heavily laden are driving past.

The dining and drawing rooms are on the opposite side of the court. Both of them look out on the garden, and adjoin each other. The walls of the former are of dark Indian red. The

Rhodian and Damascus plates, which are set out in single file from the ceiling to the floor, are very numerous. A fine work by Schiavone hangs over the great oaken fireplace, and on either side of the hearth are a pair of quaint Arabian chairs ingeniously fitted with looking-glasses on their backs and arms.

The drawing-room is a very delightful apartment. The colour of the walls is of a delicate nut brown, while the ceiling is pure white. There is a recess which opens out on to the garden, and set in the ceiling of this is a magnificent study by Delacroix for a ceiling in the Palais Royal. More plates are upon the walls, and curios and priceless nick-nacks of all descriptions and from all countries are upon the tables. The pictures are all oil colours. Sir Frederick is pardonably proud of possessing four panels by Corot,



From a Photo. by

"BENEATH THE GREAT GILT DOME."

(Elliott & Fry.)

which he regards as the finest this artist ever painted. They hang in pairs, two on each side of the recess, and their subjects are "Morning," "Noon," "Evening," and "Night." "Wetley Rocks" is the title given to the first picture painted by George Mason after he settled in England. There is yet another Corot, a David Cox, and a couple of Constables. One of the Constables is the original palette-knife sketch for the "Hay-wain." The canvas—for which this was the first sketch—was sent to Paris, gaining a gold medal, and at the same time causing an immense sensation in the French capital.

Landscape painting at that period was not understood; heavy historical subjects were in fashion, and it was considered a daring thing for an artist to paint Nature in its simplicity, as seen in the green meadows and fields. Sir Frederick expressed the opinion that the simple little canvas of the "Hay-wain" revolutionized the French school of painting.

Passing again into the hall, one notices a stuffed peacock which figured in one of the great artist's pictures. The beautiful colouring



From a Photo. by

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.]

of the feathers of this bird led Sir Frederick to give it a prominent place in the most noticeable part of his house.

On the stairs leading to the studio many rare works of art are met with. Here hangs a copy of Michael Angelo's "Creation of Adam," while near it is an unfinished canvas by Sir Joshua Reynolds; though unfinished, it is, in reality, a very valuable possession, as it is a silent witness to the fact that Sir Joshua never outlined his figures with a pencil, but used the brush from the beginning. The picture represents Lord Rockingham with Burke, his secretary, and the face of the latter is barely suggested.

At the top of the staircase is a delightful little ante-chamber. Walking to the end of this you may look through a screen made of wood brought from Cairo, and see the fountain playing down below. This spot also affords a closer view of the exquisite workmanship which has been put into the dome. There are many fine works here, notably the original sketch for the "Needless Alarm," which Sir Frederick gave to Sir John Millais, who, in return, presented him with

that charming work, "Shelling Peas." Paolo Paruta, the Venetian historian, painted by Tintoretto, is also here, besides a head of Bassano and another example of Schiavone.

Now Sir Frederick leads the way into the great studio—his workshop. It is one of the biggest studios in London. It would take a dozen pages to chronicle everything that it contains. The walls are covered with tiny sketches done by the artist whilst travelling; scenes of Rome, the Nile, Rhodes, Jerusalem, Athens, Seville, Algiers, and other picturesque spots inviting to the artist all find their place, and



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

amongst the beautiful studies of the Continent are mingled the daintiest of views of the scenery of our own country: the valleys of Devonshire, the glorious green slopes of Ireland, the mountains of Scotland and of Wales.

On the south side of the studio, running along the top, is a portion of the famous Elgin frieze. Immediately opposite the entrance is the studio window, which is of large proportions and affords a magnificent light for painting. Set out in the recess of the window are objects every single one of which is worth noting. Here are studies for the "Daphnephoria"—the boy carrying the tripod, the man beating time to the music of the procession, and many other figures introduced into that most remarkable work; a sketch for the "Sluggard," and a tiny model in plaster of the trio of beautiful maidens which form the subject of one of his pictures for the Academy of 1892, "The Garden of the Hesperides."

I asked Sir Frederick to tell me something about his studies for his pictures. I learnt that they were numberless. He is constantly making little play-sketches—hundreds of them in the course of a year ; many of them may never be used, yet every one may come in



From a Photo. by

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

useful at some time. He carefully preserves all these studies—he still has stored away the little book in which he used to draw as a boy when he was nine years of age. He is continually finding little sketches he made years ago coming in for pictures to-day. Sir Frederick took from a portfolio some of these studies. They were done on pieces of brown paper ; one of these was for a Sibyl ; two others were the first studies for two of the maidens in the “Garden of the Hesperides,” and yet two more which were prominent figures in his famous work, “Andromache.” Some of them are reproduced in these pages.

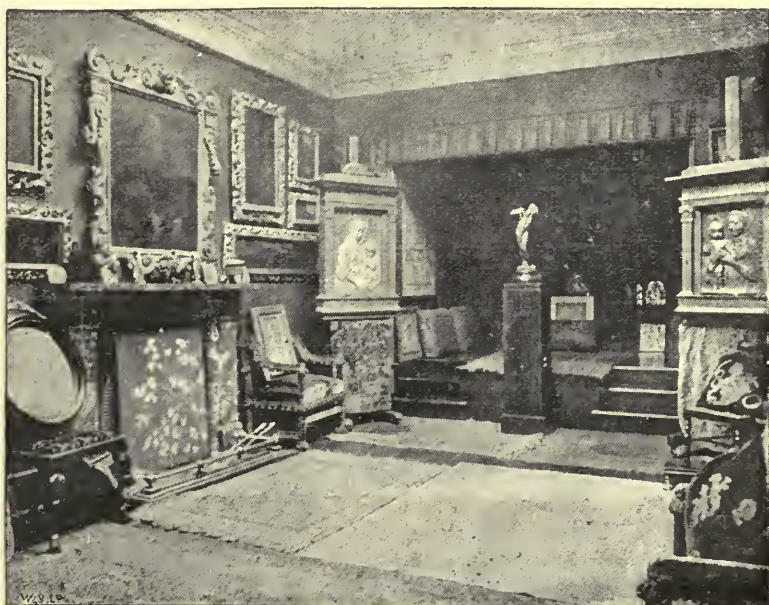
There are quite a number of easels about with works upon them which are still in progress.

“Here is a very beautiful drawing by Gainsborough,” said Sir Frederick, taking down from the wall one of the familiar Gainsborough women, with the equally familiar Gainsborough hat and feathers, which any modern woman would envy. “It was a study for a picture he painted for George III. called ‘The Mall.’ Gainsborough was walking along the Mall one day when he saw and was attracted by the lady in the picture. She perceived that the artist was attempting to draw her portrait, and very carefully walked to and fro in order

to give him every facility for making a likeness. Sir Thomas Lawrence used to come and look at this study when he was painting Miss Farren for Lord Derby."

We were now looking at a very old engraving of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1777; it bears the autograph of the Prince of Wales, who presented it to Sir Frederick. Sir Frederick merrily points out an inscription on it in Greek, which he translates, "Let no one enter who is not a lover of the Muse." "Rather curious, that inscription," he says; "for if you look at the picture you will see two dogs coming in at the door! The engraving represents Sir Joshua Reynolds, as President of the Royal Academy, showing the Prince of Wales and the Royal Family through the great room of the Exhibition. I may tell you that it is customary for the President to take any members of the Royal Family round when they signify their intention of visiting Burlington House. His Royal Highness saw this picture in Paris, and immediately said, pointing to the figure of Sir Joshua, 'Why, that is Leighton showing me round the Royal Academy.' So he graciously gave me the engraving."

Passing from the great studio through a small corridor furnished with ebony book-shelves and large pieces of canvas, and drawing the



From a Photo. by)

THE ANTE-CHAMBER.

(Elliott & Fry.

great plush curtains on one side, we enter the winter studio. Here the great artist paints when the light of the larger room is not sufficiently strong. A magnificent Persian carpet hangs on the wall. Here, too, is the picture, already referred to, of a girl shelling peas, the inscription

on which reads, "To Sir Frederick Leighton from John Edward Millais, March 7, 1889." A great cross of wood near at hand tells that Sir Frederick will shortly be engaged on a work suggestive of the Crucifixion.

In a corner of the room, set out on a black ebony table, are great jars from far-off lands crowded with brushes. Many artistic "props" lie in this little studio. Here I found a tiny wreath of everlasting flowers, a golden lyre, tamboureens, and many other things. The golden lyre is the one seen in the "Garden of the Hesperides"; the tambour and wreath of flowers figure in another of the Academy pictures, whilst here is a pretty little stuffed antelope, which formed a part of another work in 1892's Royal Academy Exhibition.



From a Photo. by

UNDER THE STUDIO WINDOW.

[Llitt & Fry,

Together we returned to the great studio, and, sitting down, Sir Frederick recalled many interesting reminiscences in his career.

The appearance of the President of the Royal Academy is familiar to all. In spite of his sixty odd years, he is still one of the handsomest of men. His hair is quite silver, and his features are as perfect and as distinctive as those in his own pictures. He speaks very softly, with combined gentleness and deliberation. His heart is evidently in every subject upon which he converses. When we remember the numerous duties attached to the office of the Presidentship of the Royal Academy, he may almost be regarded as one of the hardest worked men in London. He is in his studio by half-past eight every morning, and previous to that hour he has had his first

breakfast, glanced through the *Times*, opened his letters, and read for three-quarters of an hour besides. He works on his Academy pictures up to the very last moment, and when painting wears a pair of large spectacles with divided glasses, the upper part of the glasses being used for seeing his model at a distance, and the lower for painting. These he has worn for the last ten years, although there is practically nothing the matter with his eyes. He is a most accomplished linguist, and at his Sunday "At Homes," where there are sometimes representatives of many nationalities and tongues at his house, he will converse with them all one after the other in their own language. His kindness of heart is proverbial; he never fails to encourage; and he is refined geniality itself. As an instance of his



From a Photo. by]

THE CORRIDOR.

[Elliott & Fry.

kindly spirit for everybody, a capital story is told: On the occasion of a Royal Academy Exhibition the President was walking down the stairs of his house in full dress, on which two medals were displayed, to his carriage, when, wishing to enter a small room in the vicinity, he found that the door was locked. It seems that his housekeeper, who had only been with him a few days, had hid herself in the little room with a view to catching sight of Sir Frederick departing for the Royal Academy. On opening the door she nearly fell into his arms. Sir Frederick happily realized the situation, and in the most genial manner possible turned himself round and round, and laughingly asked his housekeeper what she thought of him.

Sir Frederick Leighton's birth took place at Scarborough on December 3, 1830. There seems to be some little doubt as to which

was the house in which this very interesting event took place. One thing is certain, that it was situated in Brunswick Terrace. A large private hotel and boarding-house has been erected on the old site. It seems that the old building was not entirely demolished, but the present one was built over it, the walls of several of the rooms being



From a Photo. by

THE STUDIO.

[Elliott & Fry.]

utilized as they stood. The lady who owns the hotel has stated that when her late husband purchased the place, they were given to understand that Sir Frederick was born in No. 1 room. The next-door neighbour, however, claimed for his house the honour of being connected with Sir Frederick. They determined to decide the dispute some years ago by an appeal to the great artist himself, and

wrote to him accordingly. He was, however, unable to definitely locate the place of his birth, and so both houses still claim the distinction.

At a very early age the future President of the Royal Academy evinced a strong talent for painting. It is a curious fact that whilst both his father and grandfather were doctors, and many other members of his family were talented in music, with the one exception of his mother's brother none of his relations showed any aptitude for drawing. His parents never for a moment doubted his qualifications for an artist, even at this early age; they simply declined to trust their own judgment in allowing their boy to follow art as a profession. Still, little Leighton never lost an opportunity of using his pencil. Every facility was given to him to follow out his inclinations, and his father, being a medical man, naturally saw that his son was well instructed in anatomy. At ten years of age his family went to Rome, and Sir Frederick began taking lessons from Signor Meli, but it was not until he was fourteen, when in Florence, that his future career was decided upon. His father said to him:—

"Now, Fred, give me a number of your designs, and I will take them to Mr. Powers," referring to Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor. "If he says that you will be a distinguished artist, all well and good. If not, you must give up the idea."

His father took some sketches, including a great battle-scene suggested by one of Macaulay's poems.

"And what is the verdict, Mr. Powers?" asked Mr. Leighton. "Shall I make him an artist?"

The reply was: "You can't help yourself, sir; Nature has done it for you."

"Will he be an eminent artist?" then asked Mr. Leighton.

The answer was: "Sir, your son can be as eminent as he pleases."

This settled the whole question, and the youthful artist from that day was allowed free course in the matter.



DRAWING FOR THE PICTURE OF "ANDROMACHE."



STUDY FOR "ANDROMACHE."

"I have a slight recollection of my first drawing-master," said Sir Frederick. "While at Rome I remember saying to my father, 'I want to learn drawing.' 'Allright,' was the reply, 'go and get a master.' I made inquiries, obtained the address of a man, went to him and engaged him. I remember he was very much amused when he found that I knew how to write down his name and address; but he gave me most careful attention, and outline drawings to copy. He was very firm; if he did not like my copy he used to put three strokes across it, and make me do it again."

Young Leighton then studied in the Academy at Berlin, next at Frankfort-on-Main, and afterwards went to Brussels, where he painted his first important picture, representing Cimabue finding Giotto drawing in the fields. So years passed on in studying in Paris, copying pictures in the Louvre, and returning again to Frankfort. The first picture which told Englishmen of the genius of Sir Frederick was "Cimabue's Procession," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855.

"I shall never forget packing that picture up to send to England," said Sir Frederick: "I was in Rome at the time. I found some of the colours on the canvas were quite wet, but I risked it; and, taking some varnish with a brush, I went for my picture. It was still so wet that the paint came off by touching it with a handkerchief. However, it arrived in England as sound as a rock, and the Queen bought it immediately it was exhibited."

It was in Rome that Thackeray, whilst Leighton's name was barely

known in England, wrote to Millais and told him that he had met a "versatile young dog who will run you hard for the Presidentship one day." With the advent of "Cimabue's Procession" his fame was established and his genius at once recognised. He did not, however, come to England for four years after his first great success. From the time he settled in this country up to the present day every picture that he has painted has called for diligent study from the public. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1864, and an Academician in 1869. He became President in succession to Sir Francis Grant on November 13, 1878. In that year the French Exhibition was held, and he was made President of the British section there, and received the Legion of Honour.

"The first statue I did," said Sir Frederick, "was that of an athlete wrestling with a python. The little sketch for this I merely did casually. It took but a short time to model, and there was no question of exhibiting it. But one or two friends saw the model, amongst them Legros, who remarked, 'Why not carry it out on a larger scale?' I laughed, thinking I should not be able to manage it, but finally succeeded. It occupied a couple of years in completing, working on it occasionally. It was eventually bought under the Chantrey bequest, sent to Paris, and got a first-class gold medal and diploma. I also did the 'Sluggard' and 'Needless Alarm.'"

Seeing that Sir Frederick always declines to express himself on any great artistic subject in the haphazard way in which we were chatting together, I contented myself with asking him one or two questions on the very simple topics of canvases, colours, models, and methods of working.

"I never give my whole attention to one picture at



STUDY FOR A FIGURE IN "ANDROMACHE."

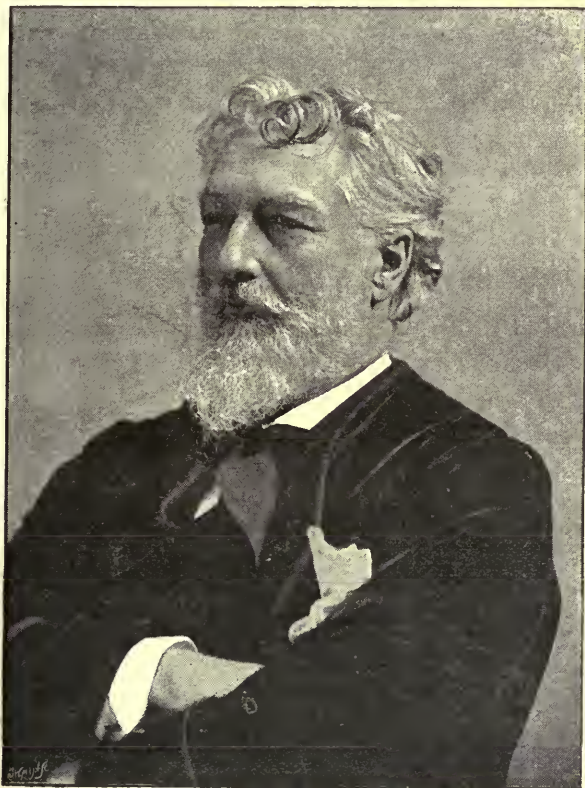
the same time," said Sir Frederick ; " I invariably have six or seven canvases going, and I find it gives me all the rest I need to go from one to the other, working a little bit here and a little bit there. By this means the eye is constantly refreshed ; I get through a good deal of work by this system. I have no special models, and there is no model who sits to me alone. Models are constantly ringing at my side door, anxious to become engaged, just as they do at the doors of other studios. The faces I paint are never the faces of my models ; what the artist puts on the canvas is the impression which the model



STUDY FOR A SIBYL.

produces upon him—what he feels inwardly, and not what he sees before him. Yes, I am very devoted to drapery, and invariably use a certain kind of muslin for dresses. In a picture the colour of a garment is an invention on the part of the artist, and not a copy of the colour of any fabric. It is quite a mistake to imagine that we take a garment out of a cupboard and paint it ; it is simply used for getting the form and folds ; the colour is conceived. I consider that the colours used to-day, if properly prepared, ought to be far better and much more durable than those of the past. In the days of Sir

Joshua Reynolds and Wilkie, during the reign of asphaltum, a colour used very largely then but now quite out of use, the pictures suffered very much. Although I have been painting in oils exactly fifty years, I have only had one single accident happen with a pigment."



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Sir Frederick Leighton seldom paints portraits. He considers it "fetters one down, as you are simply bound to satisfy your subject." He cannot work under restraint, neither can he use his brush whilst being watched; he could not touch a canvas with his most intimate friend by his side looking on. He likes to work with a large palette, and by preference with one of lemon-coloured wood.

IV.

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD.



From a Photo. by]

DITCHINGHAM HOUSE.

[Elliott & Fry.



DITCHINGHAM is a distinctly cosy Norfolk village, small and picturesque. Ditchingham House is a typical Norfolk home. It stands in the midst of a perfect shelter provided by the surrounding elms and beeches, for the winds which come across from the glorious valley of the Waveney, and over the Bath Hills, or the Earl's Vineyard, as it was once called—one of the prettiest hillsides in this part of Norfolk—are keen and cutting, and blow cold o' nights. Here Mr. Rider Haggard—barrister, justice of the peace, farmer and novelist—lives.

It is no easy matter to realize that he who wanders about a compact little farm of a hundred and fifty acres, and inquires of the bailiff as he critically looks into a pig pen—"Which of these pigs are you going to kill?"—or singles out a grand turkey with a view to its successful appearance on the Christmas dinner table, is the brilliant

writer of such fascinating works as "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," "Colonel Quaritch," "Cleopatra," "Eric Brighteyes," and the creator of that immortal woman, "She." There is positively little about Mr. Haggard—whom, perhaps, one might describe as a country gentleman



From a Photo. by]

ENTRANCE-HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

by profession and a novelist by accident—suggestive of the literary man. Literature! We talked of gardening and flowers over the dinner table; learnt how he had brought many of the ferns in his fern-house three thousand miles—carrying them on mules overland and in canoes down the rivers—from tropical Mexico. Some of these ferns are curious, by the way. There is one the leaves of which are five or six feet long, and a curious spotted species which grows on the ledges of rocks, in shape resembling a diminutive cart-wheel. He is passionately fond of gardening. Literature at the dinner table! It is interesting to hear him relate the most paying agricultural feat he ever accomplished, when, while on a visit to some property in South Africa, together with the assistance of his partner and a couple of Zulu Kaffirs and a mowing machine, he cut and sold hay to the value of nearly £300 in little more than a fortnight. Dinner over, we go into the drawing-room and play "Proverbs," and munch great Ribston pippins picked from the tree only an hour ago.

In appearance Mr. Haggard looks just his age—thirty-five. He is tall, somewhat slim, and wears a fair moustache. His kindness makes one happy, his modesty is impressive to a degree. He tells

you nothing but what is worth remembering ; his life has been one long chapter of adventure, and every nook and corner of the house, wherever you turn, has some reminder of a career which has been in many ways remarkable. I spent part of the evening in going from room to room and noting these. The entrance-hall and staircases are crowded with interesting and suggestive mementos. On the walls are Arabian shields and swords, lengthy spears, and ugly—though highly decorative—knives, many from various battlefields, ancient Egyptian bows and throwing-sticks ; and here is an ancient cedar rod believed to be similar to the one which Moses cast before Pharaoh. On a ledge is a fine row of ostrich eggs, and just by the entrance to an ante-room are two quaint chairs with footstools combined, made of ebony, without nails, and inlaid with ivory. These came from the East Coast of Africa. A lamp is supported on a wooden pedestal. It is made of the Royal red wood of Zululand. Only kings and princes were allowed to possess it ; for a commoner to carry it meant death. So precious was it deemed that it was cut up in small pieces and bestowed upon distinguished warriors—a sort of Zulu Victoria Cross.

The landings are lined with many portraits of Norfolk worthies ; the walls are decorated with African horns. This huge bull's head



From a Photo. by]

ENTRANCE-HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

belonged to an animal shot by Mr. Fred Jackson, the explorer. Here stands a quaint old cabinet. It is exquisitely carved, and was the property of Lady Smith, who inherited it in her youth, and died at



ON THE STAIRS.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

the age of a hundred and four. It is said to contain forty secret drawers, a score of which yet remain to be discovered. The billiard-room is exceptionally interesting. An oil-painting of Mrs. Haggard, by Kerr, hangs here, and on one side of the room are the original drawings by Greiffenhagen for an edition of the novelist's "World's Desire." Greiffenhagen's work is marvellously real.

His "She" pictures, which hang downstairs, are exceptionally striking black-and-whites. In a niche of the billiard-room—somewhat hidden from view—is a desk of Charles Dickens. It was bought at the Gad's Hill sale.

Close by is a little cabinet. The glass door is opened, and from a tiny silver Icelandic Communion cup a number of rings are put into my open hand. One of the most striking of these is a gold band, thousands of years old, with hieroglyphics en-

graved upon it signifying "Haggard" (as an Egyptian might have written it) "the Scribe makes an offering to the God of Dawn." Another gold ring is from the mummy of Queen Taia, the feminine Henry VIII. of Egypt, and one of the most fascinating and beautiful women that ever lived. Its inscription reads, "Ank Bes, Bes Ank" ("the living Bes, Bes the living"). It has been mended. Mr. Haggard wore it for a year, but unfortunately he broke it whilst getting out of a cab. Queen Taia must have worn it all her life, for it shows signs of constant use. Then Mr. Haggard takes from his finger a signet ring he always wears. It was found at Deir-el-Bahari. Its red stone is believed to chronicle the portrait of Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh of the Oppression, within whose coffin it was discovered.

Here is a Gnostic ring in mediæval lead setting, and yet another—a golden circlet—which will always be associated with his career. It is the scarab that figures in "She." It is a heavy ring, and bears the words, "Suten se Ra" ("Royal Son of the Sun").

A grand piece of oak carving, dated 1664, surrounds the fireplace in the dining-room. Here is an admirable portrait of the novelist by John Pettie, R.A. On either side of the window are paintings of two of the Hamiltons—ancestors of Mrs. Haggard—who were loyal to their King, Charles II. A story is told of the faithful Cavalier who hangs in the dining-room. No stauncher Royalist breathed, and he rode from London to Norwich in great glee with the news of the Restoration. Unfortunately, he got into a meeting of Roundheads, but so full of joy was he that he shouted the news to them as loudly as he could. They nearly killed him for his kindness. A Sir Joshua Reynolds hangs here—the portrait of a lady and her child. She was the wife of an officer who was called away to the French wars.



From a Photo. by]

THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

During his absence a little one was born, and the doting mother and loving wife, expecting him to return soon, had this picture painted for him. But he never came back again. The lady could not afford to pay for it, and the canvas remained in Sir Joshua's studio for some time until finally bought at his auction by Dr. Hamilton, of Lynn.

The drawing-room is a delightfully cosy apartment, with its white enamelled chimney-piece and its inviting cushioned corners. Nick-nacks in china fill the recesses; more curios from distant climes, amongst which is a little glass photo of a small child in a plaid frock—an early portrait of Rider Haggard. Mexican combs, exquisite embroidery and fans, are picturesquely scattered about, and freshly-plucked flowers fill the vases. Near the window—looking out on a



From a Photo. by]

CHARLES DICKENS'S DESK.

[Elliott & Fry.

stretch of lawn strewn with the fallen leaves from the trees — on an easel, is a picture of Mr. Haggard's mother, a photograph of Barrington Foote, and a charming oil-colour by Leon Little, "Dawn on the Thames."

The study is a perfect treasure-house of curios. An important resident of the working-room is Jack, a tame rat, who is liberally supplied with nuts, which he readily cracks. Just by the fireplace is the gun cupboard, designed by its owner. The drawer contains a thousand cartridges. A number of fishing-rods also find a convenient corner in it. It is impossible to chronicle every curio

—the Greek vases and ancient pottery, strings of beads from the necks of mummies, and Zulu battle-axes and assegais. A marvellous piece of embroidery lies on the table; it is of Mexican workmanship, some



QUEEN TAIA'S RING.



PHARAOH'S RING.



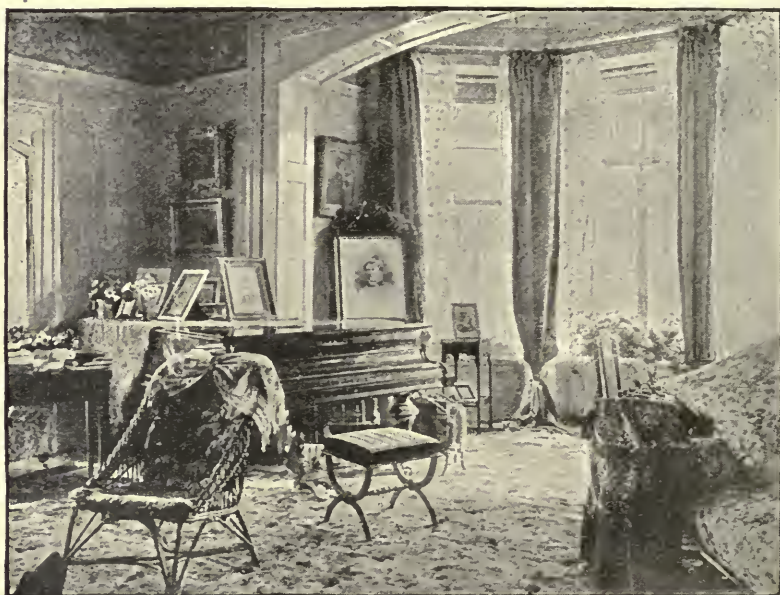
SCARAB IN "SHE."

IMPRESSIONS OF RINGS IN SEALING-WAX.

two hundred years old, evidently from a priest's cope. Here is a bronze jar from the tomb of an Etruscan monarch. Over the door is a Mexican idol in green jade; it once had eyes and teeth of

emeralds—alas! now extracted. It weighs thirty pounds, and its possessor, who declares it to be the best that ever came out of Mexico, owns to having smuggled it to England wrapped up in a dress. The tobacco-jar is a huge one; the pipes—a good score of them—are neatly arranged in a rack.

“These little things were picked up on the battlefield of Isandlwana,” said Mr. Haggard, taking a small bowl from the mantel-board. One by one we examined them—a sixpence dated 1859, a pair of eyeglasses (probably once belonging to an officer), a pair of nail scissors, a farrier’s hook, a pen. Every one of them seemed to speak!



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Edw. & Fry.

“Look at this!” cried Mr. Haggard, almost excitedly. “I never noticed that till this moment.”

It was an English revolver-cartridge that had *missed fire*! Some poor fellow had pinned his faith to it. The little piece of lead I now held in my hand probably meant—a life lost.

The shelves are well stocked with volumes; one of them is devoted to holding the bulky covers which contain the original MSS. of his works. Every one is marked with the time it took to write. A small shelf near the window is peculiarly interesting. The scores of paper volumes it supports are all pirated editions of his works issued in America. No author has suffered more than he in this respect. He has even had books published under his name in the States of which he never wrote a line. In the case of “Allan Quartermain,” some enterprising Americans got hold of a set of uncorrected proof-sheets and published them.

And so we passed the evening going through the house, and, when the morrow came, walked through the meadows and newly-planted orchards round the farm. Now Mr. Haggard appears in an easy knickerbocker suit, and carries a long Zulu stick surmounted with a huge knob, which has helped him over rough paths for many years. The Mexican ferns are flourishing, the chrysanthemum houses loaded with blossoms. "Poacher," a fine young dog, which follows in every step of its master, bounds up. Poacher has a family history. Its mother was a famous lurcher—a poacher's dog—and was known all over the West of Norfolk. It was set at Mr. Haggard's keeper one night by its master, and there was shooting. The dog was captured, and its owner was charged with attempted murder. The silent prisoner was condemned to be shot after the trial. Mr. Haggard begged for the poor creature, won her, and her offspring has instinctively turned out a faithful animal.

The fowls are running over tiny hillocks, and the turkeys are making their presence known by their own peculiar cackle. One of the labouring hands here is known to his familiars as "Young Sam." We met "Old Sam," his father—who was Mrs. Haggard's grandmother's coachman—just now in the lane. "Old Sam" cannot be many years off a centenarian; "Young Sam" is nearing seventy.



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

Your Norfolk folk are long-lived. A beautiful little Alderney calf of ten weeks wins admiration, and then we walk through the meadows, and the good points in some grand red-polls—the famous Norfolk breed of cattle—are discussed. It is as trim a farm as any for miles



From a Photo. by,

THE CONSERVATORY

[Elliott & Fry

round; the result of two years' labour has worked wonders with the land since Mr. Haggard took it "in hand." We cut some roses—still in bloom—wave a good-bye to Angela and Dorothy, his two little daughters—who are just off for a ride—and enter the house delightfully fresh and ready for work after our morning's walk.

We lit our pipes in the study.

Mr. Haggard was born on June 22, 1856. He comes of a Scandinavian family, and for some generations his ancestors have been Norfolk squires. His father is William M. Rider Haggard, J.P., D.L., of Bradenham Hall, Norfolk, where the novelist was born. His mother had literary

powers, and published some volumes of poems and songs. Mr. Haggard good-humouredly assures me that he was not an interesting infant. He passed his early years at Bradenham, then went abroad, and returned to England, when he entered the Grammar School at Ipswich. He was destined for the Foreign Office, but in 1875 was appointed secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, G.C.M.G., at Natal, and two years later fulfilled a similar position to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, K.C.M.G., then on a special mission to the Transvaal. He was there during the whole crisis surrounding the annexation of the Transvaal, and—then a young man only just out of his teens—hoisted the English flag in the Queen's name. A little photo of the party, as they appeared on this memorable morning, hangs in his room with that of the Union Jack.



From a Photo. by]

MR. HAGGARD'S RED-POLLS.

[Elliott & Fry.

"The real reason," said Mr. Haggard, "why the Transvaal was annexed was to prevent its inhabitants being wiped out of the world by Cetewayo. The Transvaal forces had been defeated, and Cetewayo

had massed his regiments to attack it. Sir Theophilus Shepstone knew that, unless the territory became Queen's land, Cetewayo would take it. I never saw Cetewayo."

Then the story of his life begins in real earnest. When he was twenty he was appointed Master of the High Court there, the first in the Transvaal, and probably the youngest ever known. As such he was guardian of all the orphans.

"The Boers were very litigious over the question of land, and would spend four times the value of a plot over a lawsuit. They



MRS. RIDER HAGGARD AND DAUGHTERS.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



SIR THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE AND HIS STAFF (1876-77) ABOUT TO HOIST THE UNION JACK AT THE ANNEXATION OF THE TRANSVAAL. MR. RIDER HAGGARD IN THE FOREGROUND.

From a Photograph.

were much in the hands of the lawyers. The scale of legal charges was simply wicked. A solicitor would open a bill of costs with a retaining fee of fifty guineas. When I was appointed Master of the Court I made a dead stand against this. The first bill presented to me was for £600. I knocked off a discount of £400. There was a tremendous agitation against me, but my superiors upheld me, and in the long run I triumphed. I used to go on circuit over hundreds of miles in an ox waggon.

"Yes, we often had murder trials. One of the most singular that I remember, because of the strange behaviour of the prisoner, was this: One night I was standing on the veranda of Government House. I heard a shot. Inquiries were made, and it transpired that a private in a regiment quartered in Pretoria had opened the canvas of his sergeant-major's tent—who was just then writing home to England—and shot him. The man then went away with the intention of killing his adjutant and colonel. He was arrested, brought up for trial, and a plea of insanity was put in. The trial ran into the night, and the large and crowded court was lit with six candles only, which gave it a peculiarly solemn appearance. The jury adjudged the prisoner 'Guilty.' I rose up and asked the man, in the formal words, and with my most dignified manner, if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. His reply, uttered

in a most jaunty voice, was, 'Nothing at all, thank you, sir.' There was a question about his sanity. At any rate, whilst his dead comrade was being given a soldier's funeral, and the band was playing 'The Dead March in Saul' past the gaol, the fellow was whistling merry English songs! In the end, his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. He escaped, and, so far as I know, was never recaptured.

"The Zulus are amongst the most courageous people in the world—they have no fear of death. There was a chief living in the Transvaal territory. He was a magnificent fellow in strength and stature. A magistrate of his district went to collect certain taxes. The chief refused to pay, and called on his tribesmen, who killed the magistrate and seven men. The chief was caught, his kinsmen were condemned to imprisonment, he to death. The morning of the execution arrived, and I went to the gaol and saw his hands tied behind his back. Through an interpreter he was asked whether he had anything to say. He cried out loudly:—

"'Why all this trouble—why this fuss? I do not fear death. If I am to be killed, kill me!'

"With these words he broke away, walked deliberately across the yard and on to the gallows. He examined the noose of twisted buffalo hide, and took his stand unflinchingly over the trap. The executioner was intoxicated, the High Sheriff was overcome with the scene and had to retire—I myself was obliged to push and exhort the executioner in order that he might perform the fearful task, and, at last, the brave Zulu fell. The whole thing lasted some minutes, but during this time the man never winced, nor showed the slightest emotion.

"I held office as Master of the High Court for two years, when I resigned. The Zulu War broke out in 1879. I was in South Africa then. I knew of the disaster at Isandlwana twenty hours before the express reached Pretoria. An old Hottentot woman told me. Her words were, 'The red-coats lay like leaves upon a plain.' How the news travelled over the plains in the time I cannot tell, for I was 200 miles from the scene of action. When there are hills they shout news from top to top, but there were none here. On receipt of this news a volunteer corps was raised to go to Zululand—a company of mounted gentlemen known as 'The Pretoria Horse'—who, though eventually much cut up, did excellent service in the Boer War. I was elected lieutenant and adjutant of this corps.

"Just previous to this I was nearly killed. I was on a mission for the Government to visit a chief in a distant mountainous district. I little dreamed that there was a plot to murder us. My love for moonlight scenery saved us. We had the option of two roads. I suggested the less frequently used one, where we could get a better view of the mountains in the moonlight; we took it. On the other path a party of natives were lying in ambush for us. In this way I believe that we escaped death and perhaps torture.

"The Pretoria Horse were ready to proceed to Zululand, but we



DYNAMITE !

were prevented by the sudden rising of the Boers. We were to have accompanied Colonel Weatherley's Horse. They were subsequently destroyed, with the exception of six men. Colonel Weatherley had two sons out there—the elder was my clerk in the High Court, and the other, little Rupert, who was very weakly, was a great favourite of his father. The poor little fellow accompanied his father everywhere, and in the fight of Slobane was assailed by the Zulus. The Colonel is believed to have died fighting over his poor boy's body. The other son—who is still in the Army—was coming into camp when he caught sight of a pretty pony passing his way. The saddle was empty. He caught it, and not knowing whose it was, rode into camp on its back. It had carried his little brother out that day.

"Englishmen were precious just then. I was sent out in command of a handful of men to watch the Boer camp. We had spies there. They would report to me every evening, and I sent despatches to Pretoria—about twenty-one miles away—as we had relays of horses all along the road, and could reach the town in an hour. The headquarters of the Boer camp were near an inn, where I was stationed with my men. One day, having got wind of the reason of our presence, the Boers came down on us in force, took possession of the inn, and threatened to kill us. I had a very smart sergeant there, whom I sent into the room where they were gathered, to keep a watch upon their movements. Needless to say, he knew Dutch. The Boers have a great horror of dynamite, and when things began to look serious my sergeant saw one of them light his pipe and fling the still-burning match on to the floor. Hurriedly, but with the utmost

caution, he picked it up, blew it out, and threw it away with a fervently-expressed 'Thank Heaven!'

"This attracted the attention of the Boers. 'Why had he done that—what did he mean?'

"'Don't you know?' the sergeant asked.

"'Know what?' said the Boers.

"'Why, the British Government store all their dynamite under this place. If I hadn't put out that match we should all have been blown into ten thousand atoms!'

"'Almighty!' said the Boers, and five minutes afterwards the place was clear.

"About this time there was an extraordinary panic in Pretoria. A Boer rode in to say that Cetewayo's 'impis' were within twenty miles of Pretoria, and would attack that night. My captain was sent out to ascertain the truth of this, and I was left in command of the corps. Only that morning horses had been served out to us. Orders came to saddle up and be ready. I marched the men into the yard where the horses were, and when we got there every man wanted the best horse. It was difficult to settle their claims, but I hit upon the idea of a scramble. I ordered the men to rush in together and each make for one. In ten minutes all were suited; but the trouble did not end here.

"'Mount!' I cried.

"The men did so—but only for an instant. The next moment the troop burst like a bombshell, nearly every horse bolted, and many men were thrown off. One poor fellow's foot caught in a stirrup and he was nearly kicked to death. I do not believe that any of those horses had ever been saddled before! The panic grew. In the midst of all a thunderstorm raged—the rain fell in sheets. Women and children were weeping, the men were burying their money. It transpired afterwards that the whole idea of an attack by Cetewayo was the invention of a mad Kaffir.

"I returned to England at the end of 1879, and married in the following year. I went back, however, to Africa with my wife, in order to look after some property I have in the Newcastle district of Natal. On our arrival I heard of the Boer rebellion. Whilst in Maritzburg my wife and I dined with Sir George Colley, the Governor of Natal—a party altogether of some twelve or fourteen people. It was a night or two before Sir George started up country to attack the Boers. Within a month the majority of those present had been killed, and I believe that at this moment Lady Colley, Mrs. Haggard, and myself are the sole survivors of that dinner party.

"I heard the action at Lang's Neck being fought. We went up country, believing that Sir George Colley would not attack the Boers with the men at his disposal. It was a terrible rough journey—we were nearly carried away by flooded streams, and the roads were cut into a slough by the guns. I arrived with my wife at my house, on the borders of Newcastle, and the following afternoon went out duck shooting. I heard the sound of distant heavy firing.

I listened intently. At that moment the disastrous action at Lang's Neck was being fought. Then came a period of great and terrible trouble—battles fought and battles lost. Reinforcements poured in. One Sunday afternoon, while I was sitting after luncheon on the veranda of my house, I thought that I heard the sound of guns. My wife and servants in the house believed it to be distant thunder. I saddled my horse, rode into Newcastle, a mile and a half away, and on the road called in at the telegraph office. The messages were just then passing through to England of the fearful defeat at Majuba. I rode on into the camp as fast as I could, but they had no news there, for troops were marching out towards Majuba as though nothing had happened. But the people at the telegraph office were right!

"The Boers came down and cut our communications. They burnt the next place to us, and for some weeks we lived in a state of anxiety, anticipating an attack at any moment. Zulu scouts were out every night; we slept with loaded rifles by our sides and six horses always saddled in the stables. Sometimes we sat up all night. Ultimately we were driven into laager by the Boers. Then came the news of the surrender of the English Government to the Boers, just when thousands of troops were advancing towards our relief. It was received with entire incredulity. I, for one, refused to believe it. When the truth became known, the most extraordinary scenes



"THAT'S FALSE!" I SAID.

occurred at Newcastle. It was crowded with thousands of refugees, natives, loyal Boers, and English people driven in from the Transvaal. The town went mad. Three or four thousand people were huddled together in the market square—drunk, crying, cursing—and every group ruined. The members of the English Government were burnt in effigy, and words were said which I do not care to repeat.

"I believe the English only hit three men at Majuba—one was killed, the Boers say, one badly wounded, and one man had his cheek grazed. This latter man thus described the action to me some weeks afterwards. 'At first,' he said, 'we were terribly afraid, but as we went up the mountain and we found that the English did not hit us, we gained heart and pushed on. They ran away. I sat on the rocks and shot them as they ran like bucks. They nearly killed me—look here,' pointing to his scarred cheek, 'but I paid them out for it. It was *alter lekker* (very nice). They tumbled over one another. We killed thousands of them.'

"'That's false!' I said; 'you haven't killed a thousand men during the whole war.'

"His reply was, 'Ah! well. You lie and I lie, but I say we killed thousands of them. But I bear no malice. *In future, if an Englishman touches his hat to me I shall acknowledge it!*'



MR. HAGGARD'S HOUSE, IN WHICH THE BOER CONVENTION WAS SIGNED.

"It was at my house that the convention with the Boers was signed. I myself was so overcome with the disgrace of the situation, that I abandoned South Africa and returned to England. I felt I could no longer live there as an Englishman—in those days Natal was no longer a country for Englishmen to live in. I arrived in the old country after being nearly shipwrecked. By-the-bye, I have been actually shipwrecked. It was whilst returning from Iceland.

"I determined then to go to the Bar, and I studied here at

Ditchingham. Whilst studying I began to write books. My first was an historical work, 'Cetewayo and His White Neighbours.' I lost £50 over it. Then I tried novel writing. My first story was 'Dawn.' It went the round of several publishers, but nobody would have it, so I re-wrote it and made it end up happily—the ending of the original was somewhat sad. I worked so hard at that book that my sight gave way, and I had to finish it in a darkened room. It was accepted and paid fairly well. I made £10 out of it as a start, but afterwards more. Then came 'The Witch's Head.' By that time, though this novel was something of a success, I thought I had had enough—that the game was not worth the candle. I was called to the Bar, and practised for about a year. I had read a good deal in the papers about boys' books, and I determined to write one. I did it in my spare evenings, chiefly for amusement. The title of it was 'King Solomon's Mines.' It was a big success, and remains so, though I never had a very high opinion of it myself."

I have just had put into my hand the bone with which the old Don in the famous romance used to write. There is ink on it still. Here, too, is the veritable chart itself—the original map of those wonderful mines. Shall I help to destroy its delightful romance if I tell how this curious piece of linen of three hundred years ago really came into existence? A sister-in-law of Mr. Haggard's ingeniously executed the whole thing, and those fearfully and wonderfully made characters were penned by her own hand with coloured pigments! Mr. Haggard tells a merry story of a little adventure he had one day with this map

He was taking it to be bound with the MS., and travelled on the Underground Railway. The frontispiece of "King Solomon's Mines" is an exact reproduction of the original map. An old lady got into the same compartment as the novelist, and opening a copy of this very work, at once became deeply interested in the frontispiece. She turned it this way and that way—all ways, but was more puzzled than ever. It was impossible for Mr. Haggard to resist the temptation. He took the *real* thing out of his pocket, put it on his knee, and began studying it too. It caught the innocent old lady's eye. She looked from book to author, from copy to original, and was perfectly bewildered. Mr. Haggard got out at the next station, and when the train left the platform there was the old lady staring at him out of the window with indescribable amazement still written on her face.

In connection with "King Solomon's Mines" he once received a letter from a girls' school in America, thanking him most gratefully for writing a book "without a woman in it"! He also received a round robin from the members of some great firm of electricians in Austria, acquainting him with the pleasure that same work had given them. It bore seven signatures, each writer of which was of a different nationality.

Then the manuscript volume of "She" is taken down from one of the shelves. It was written in six weeks, and a fortnight out of that time was occupied largely in doing a friend's work—reporting

cases in the Divorce Court for *The Times*. To write a novel in little more than four weeks is a truly remarkable undertaking, the brilliant result making it a still greater accomplishment. Mr. Haggard sat down to write it with a very slight idea of the plot, only with the great creative character in his mind—that of an immortal woman—a type. A story which a lady once wrote and told him—the story of a woman and a cave—helped him in writing “*She*.” The original sherd of “*She*” is over the mantelpiece.

Soon afterwards he left the Bar, finding that his reputation as an author was detrimental to his practice there. The success of “*King Solomon’s Mines*” and “*She*,” the rush now for his earlier works—comparatively little read—was sufficient inducement for him to go on. As one work succeeded the other, his reputation was strengthened, his genius as a writer of romance impressed every book lover, his descriptive powers were considered as marvellously real as they were in many cases brilliantly imaginative. He is a great traveller. He spends months in a country where the scene of his work is to be laid. His notes of the scenes, the people, and their manners are purely mental. The hardest travelling—in search of “scenes”—he ever had in his life was in Mexico. He characterizes the roads in the wilder parts as indescribable, the food worse; whilst, in the hot country, sleep



From a *Photo. by*

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.]

was most difficult to obtain, owing to the constant torment of venomous insects.

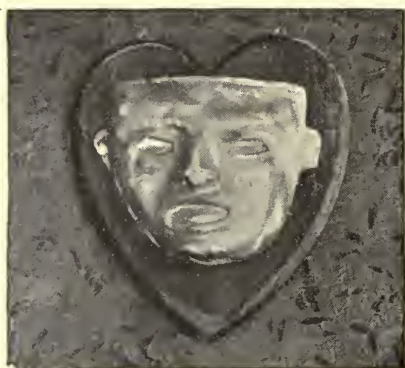
Before he wrote "Eric Brighteyes" he went to Iceland. He made his way to Bergthorskknoll, the residence of Njal, the hero in "The Story of Burnt Njal"—who was burnt to death in the house there. The irrepressible novelist, with that love of search which he possesses, commenced digging in the floor of the old hall, and there found traces of the burning after eight hundred years. He retains fragments of some of the charred beams in a small Egyptian jar in the study.

He says that he has been often charged with plagiarism, and gave me a most amusing instance of such charges, which are so easy to bring, and so recklessly made.

"I once wrote a skit called 'Mr. Meeson's Will,'" he said. "It was a little hit at the Court of Probate, where I practised. The heroine of the skit is supposed to have a will tattooed upon her shoulders. Now, it appears that there was a French novel—which I had never seen, read, heard, or dreamed of—in which there is a fair damsel who has a will tattooed on another part of her body. I was at once charged with appropriating this idea. Nothing of the kind. The real origin of my tattoo was a trick played upon an eminent Q.C. by his pupils, who sent in a set of papers to him for his consideration, in which the will propounded was supposed to be executed upon the human skin of somebody who was cast away on a desert island. The case interested our friend the Q.C. immensely, and he was so taken in as to give the matter a great deal of time, and actually gave a written opinion as to the validity of the document. This is a fair sample of the accuracy of these charges." Also he has been attacked because some of his tales are full of fights. "But," he says, "did reading of fighting, or even of the oppressions and cruelties of tyrants, ever harm any human creature? and are there, on the other hand, no virtues to be learned from stories of warriors faithful to the last, and of the heroic deaths of men? Is a boy, for instance, the worse for being taught that his hands were given him to defend his head; or, if need be, his cause and his country? I believe that there is more evil to be learned from what may be read in a week's issue of the daily papers than from all the books which deal with fighting and kindred adventures that are published in a generation. And while I hold this opinion I shall go on writing about such things, though sometimes I like to undertake an orthodox novel by way of a change. A man is not necessarily of a sanguinary mind because he tells stories of how people killed each other in past ages, or in the land of fable."

Mr. Haggard claims to create every character in his novels, and he considers six months a fair time to complete an important work. He takes no share in the arrangements for the publication of his books, which are managed by Mr. Watt, the literary agent, and never reads a review of them, unless it chances to appear in some paper which he takes in, because he says that, if the notice be favourable, it is apt to give an author too good an idea of himself; and, if the reverse, to

worry and discourage him, and to disgust him with his work. Moreover, he is of opinion that the writer of a book knows a great deal more of its strong and weak points than any reviewer, however impartial, which all reviewers are not ; and that Time is likely to be a better judge than either author or critics, all of whose individual opinions are, therefore, somewhat superfluous. He usually writes some three or four thousand words a day, sitting down at a great oaken writing table, with a liberal supply of foolscap paper, about half-past four, working on till dinner-time, and again resuming the thread of his story at night for an hour or two. In the morning the farm and his correspondence claim him. His favourite work, and the one he considers his best, is "Eric Brighteyes." "She" comes next. Amongst his own characters his love leans towards "Beatrice."



A MEXICAN IDOL.

MADAME ALBANI.



IN one of the prettiest corners of Kensington is a quiet spot known as The Boltons. No happier or more suggestive name could have been found for it than that bestowed by the famous singer's little boy. He calls it "Our Village," and you have only to look out from the windows of any of the surrounding houses, and there, in the midst of a wealth of green and trees, is the church ; whilst there is nothing to disturb the stillness save the singing of the birds, which are



From a Photo. by]

MADAME ALBANI.

[Kamzke.

piping here, there, and everywhere. In a large corner house, with great balconies which seem to suggest a trysting-place for Romeo and Juliet, resides Mrs. Ernest Gve, familiarly known the wide world over

as Madame Albani. It is an attractive spot to the passer-by, and a delighted open-air audience may often be found there in the morning, when the sounds of the artiste's voice are to be heard, practising the opera for the night, in the drawing-room.

I could not have called at a more opportune time. It was the afternoon following her last appearance at Covent Garden this season, and the place was a veritable garden of flowers—floral rewards bestowed upon the singer the previous night for her dramatic rendering of *Desdemona* in "Otello." Wherever the eye looked there were flowers—roses were springing out of every nook and corner, huge posies and heavy baskets; whilst leaning negligently against the wall of the drawing-room was a great A composed of white sweet-peas, and the tiny vases scattered about were brimming over with the blossoms. Some of them had to be conveyed home in a cab. for the carriage was already full.

Madame Albani's talents have won for her a precious collection of souvenirs, and the house is a store for them. After passing through the entrance-hall, where a moment before her clever dog "Chat" has kindly obliged by sitting for his picture, we come, on the immediate



From a Photo. by, THE ENTRANCE-HALL. [Elliott & Fry.

right, to Mr. Gye's study. On his table are set out homely photos of himself, his wife, and their only child, Ernest; and over the fireplace is a magnificent stag's head, a reminiscence of Scotland. In a niche in the hall by the window is a life-size statue of their son, by Prince Victor of Hohenlohe. The little fellow is in sailor's costume, and playing with a toy railway engine, his one great amusement when three or four years of age, when he could boast of a collection of engines and tenders which would make any child in the land pardonably envious. It is in the drawing-room where one realizes to what extent Madame Albani's talents have been acknowledged, so far as the bestowal of kindly gifts conveys appreciation. The apartment is richly



MASTER ERNEST GYE.

draped, and its walls are an agreeable symphony of amber and cream. The elaborately-worked cushions and foot-stools, the chairs, almost in miniature and exquisitely draped, the tables positively loaded with gifts, are innumerable. One table is set out with silver trinkets—silver ships, fishes, horses, scent-bottles, and even snuff-boxes. At the far end of the room is a cabinet filled with valuable pieces of china, and close by is a bust of Madame Albani by the same Royal sculptor who executed that of her son. Here, too, is a harp, for the singer is a brilliant harpist, and her fingers often run over the strings. The piano is a useful-looking one, and it need be, for its keys are

severely and incessantly worked. An interesting photo. stands here on a crimson plush easel. It is that of the Princess Frederica of Hanover, who, being desirous of being photographed as *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," borrowed the real costume in the shape of the identical cloak and veil worn by Madame Albani when singing in the character. An interesting gift, too, is that of a fine vase presented to her by the Empress Augusta of Germany. It shows the palace and the window where the old Emperor was wont to stand and salute the guard. In a glass case, by the window, is a silver wreath—a reminiscence of the terrible inundations in Belgium—presented by the Mayor of Brussels when the artiste sang in aid of a fund for the sufferers.

But what strikes one most of all are the almost countless photos of nearly every member of the Royal Family. Madame Albani may justly claim to be the favourite singer of the Queen. When the vocalist visited Berlin a few years ago the Queen sent a telegram to the Crown Princess, speaking in the highest terms of the great singer; and this telegram is here preserved. Once every year Her Majesty visits her favourite at Old Mar Lodge, and takes tea there, and many are the "private appearances" at Balmoral, when the Queen often listens to the delightful voice in many an old song and ballad of which she is so fond. It was when Her Majesty was paying her customary visit to the old hunting-lodge of the Duke of Fife that she

brought with her the Jubilee portrait of herself which hangs near the drawing-room mantel-board, framed in gold and surmounted with a crown. Look along the mantel-board—every photo. bears the autograph of the giver. The Prince and Princess of Wales are in



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

ivory frames, and near to them are the Duke and Duchess of Fife and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. Here, again, is the Queen with one of the Duke of Connaught's children, the old Emperor of Germany, and Princess Beatrice.

The dining-room is an apartment remarkable for its fine oak furniture—a beautifully carved sideboard and quaint, clerical-looking high-back chairs. The table—which for the moment is florally decorated with sweet-peas which have evidently strayed from the great A—is lighted by a trio of electric lights beneath an immense crimson shade. The room contains many fine oil paintings; and against a chair, presumably waiting to fill a place on the wall, is an engraving of the Jubilee picture of the scene in Westminster Abbey, showing Madame Albani standing next to Miss Ellen Terry. A fine water-colour shows a glen, with the smoke of Old Mar Lodge rising. This is the resting-place of Madame Albani for two months every year. It is a quaint old Scotch house, possessing a grand garden, where the singer frankly admits she spends her time in gathering flowers and eating raspberries. Here, too, her abilities as an amateur gardener and angler have full play. Every morning, after breakfast,

the beds have her close attention for one allotted hour, and then, with rod and line, she will sit on the banks of the Dee, and many a good trout and weighty salmon have responded to her silent invitation to take "a bite."

A little conservatory, sweet with fuchsias and gay with ferns and palms, where Miss Lajeunesse—Madame Albani's sister—is just now engaged in watering them, leads from the dining-room to the garden, with its beds and banks of ferns, marguerites, blue-bells, and scarlet geraniums. Beneath a leafy arch the singer, in our illustration, is seen standing.

Just then the clock in the dining-room chimes five—a suggestive warning that in the prettiest corner of the drawing-room a little table is laid out for tea; for it was during such an essentially Kensingtonian ceremony as "five o'clock tea" that I learnt from Madame Albani's lips the story of her life. It is no easy matter to describe the famous singer. She is a handsome woman, of unbounded vivacity, and speaks with a charming French accent. She accompanies her story with constant gesture, and is always smiling. She will look at you and speak most seriously, but her eyes are ever twinkling with merriment. She is a delightful woman, who has won her present position to-day by sheer hard work.

"What *am* I to tell you? What *am* I to tell you?" she exclaims, pouring out a cup of tea. "Shall I go back to many, many years



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

ago, when as a tiny mite of two and a half I used to watch my father's fingers on the violin, as I stood by his side and tried to sing each note? Well, I will. That was at Chambly, near Montreal, where I was born on November 1, 1851, in a little house that was so

small, that when they wanted to make some alterations in the neighbourhood, they lifted it up and moved it away bodily. But it is not destroyed. Another spot was found for it. My father was a professor of music and organist, and at that early age I commenced to study. I have heard him say that I sang before I talked. When I was four my mother also looked after my musical training, and a year later I was practising five and six hours every day. I often used to practise then two hours every morning before breakfast, and get through a hundred and fifty pages of music a day. When I was seven my mother died, and I can yet remember how one morning my father suddenly came into the room, and stood at the door with a surprised



[From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

look, as he listened to me singing my favourite little bits out of such operas as 'Lucrezia Borgia,' 'Martha,' and 'Norma.'

"One day my father and I were at a large store where I used to practise on the piano, and a Scotchman, who was giving concerts in Montreal, came in. I was eight years old at the time, and he persuaded my father to let me sing at a concert. I did, and I had to give three concerts, and every night the stage used to be strewn with flowers. Flowers! Why, do you know I once had a great floral trophy given to me that took three men to bring it on to the stage! It was all composed of roses, and was a gift from the ladies of Philadelphia.

"When I was nine I entered the convent of The Sacred Heart, at Sault-au-Recollet. I was organist there, and remained there several years, and after leaving we went to live at Albany. Ah! does that name strike you? Yes, you are quite correct. After studying in Paris, under Duprez, and afterwards with Lamperti, at Milan, I made

my *début* there in 1870, as *Amina*, in "Sonnambula," under the name of Albani, out of remembrance of the city, the people of which helped me so much, and where I think my future career was decided upon. You see, I just changed the last letter to i, and that gave me my operatic name. I well remember that first appearance. I had no friends in the house that night, but I was not nearly so nervous as I felt when I sang in 'Otello' for the first time, many years afterwards. When one is eighteen one has no fear. At the first rehearsal I trembled a little bit, for, you see, I was French-Canadian, and not Italian, but at the finish of my first song my brother and sister artistes took me up and almost carried me to my room.

"It was there—at Messina—that I very nearly made the acquaintance of a madman; at any rate, I am sorry to say that I was the means of sending him back to the lunatic asylum again. In Italy presents to artistes are very numerous, and people pay one all sorts of attentions. It was the morning after the opera, and I was just dressed. My maid came to me and said there was a gentleman who wanted to see me below on most important business. I dispatched my maid to say that I was very busy, when, a few minutes afterwards, she returned with a huge parcel wrapped up in a beautiful lace shawl. I opened it, and there, to my surprise, were all kinds of jewellery—chains, locket, diamond earrings, bracelets, brooches, and trinkets innumerable. I returned them at once, and it transpired that only the previous day the sender had been discharged from the asylum at Naples as quite cured. The same night he had come to the opera, and, I suppose, liked my singing. Where did the jewels come from? They belonged to his wife; he had stripped her jewel cases of everything. Poor fellow! He was sent back to Naples again.



From a Photo. by] THE CONSERVATORY STEPS. [Elliott & Fry.

"It was in Italy, too, that the opera-house came very near to being burnt down, and this little incident will just show you how calm the generally considered impetuous Italian can be in case of emergency. It was towards the end of the second act, when suddenly I saw one of the ballet dancers rush out of her room with her thin dress ablaze. The room where the dancers dressed was on fire. We had to pass it to get out into the street near the stage door. They covered me up in great shawls and carried me out to a café opposite. The fire was put out in twenty minutes. I returned to the theatre, we finished the opera, and everybody enjoyed it just as though nothing had happened.



"I WATCHED HIS FINGERS."

"I made my *début* in London at Covent Garden on April 2, 1872, in my favourite *Amina*, and I don't mind confessing that I attribute a great deal of my success that night to the sudden appearance of a big black cat. I am very superstitious. I always occupy the same room at the theatre—it is one of the largest in the house. Just as I was all ready, and preparing to go on to the stage, the door was slowly and silently pushed open, and one of the biggest black cats imaginable peeped in and looked up at me. Oh! how delighted I was! Yes, I don't wonder at your smiling, but a black cat has always been a lucky thing for me, and I would welcome one at any time"; and the gifted artiste laughs heartily as she tells me that she does not keep one specially in the house to insure good fortune entering at the front door. But she has "Chat," her pet terrier—a fine young fellow, who lies on the rug at the foot of the piano, and listens to every note whilst his mistress is practising. "Chat" is clever, too, and would be a distinct acquisition to any performing troupe.

For a moment Madame Albani rearranges some of the flowers in the room, and, as she handles a particularly fine bouquet of crimson roses, a smile comes over her face.

"It was just like that," she quietly remarks, with the smile still there, and weighing the bunch of flowers somewhat mischievously and meditatively in her hands. And then the recollection which had made her smile leaked out. The stage of Covent Garden Theatre was the scene. Amid intense excitement, amongst the flowers thrown over the footlights was a bouquet containing a bracelet. But, unfortunately for poor Madame Albani, the aim was not straight, the roses were not as soft as they are generally supposed to be, and the floral missile, instead of landing gracefully before her feet, struck her on the head. The artiste laughed most heartily as she remembered this little incident.

"Since I commenced my career I have sung in some strange places. One of my most remarkable experiences was in Russia, at the Royal marriage. In Russia the singers are all considered as servants. Well, it was most strange. We were all put in a sort of balcony which looked down upon the banqueting scene below, and

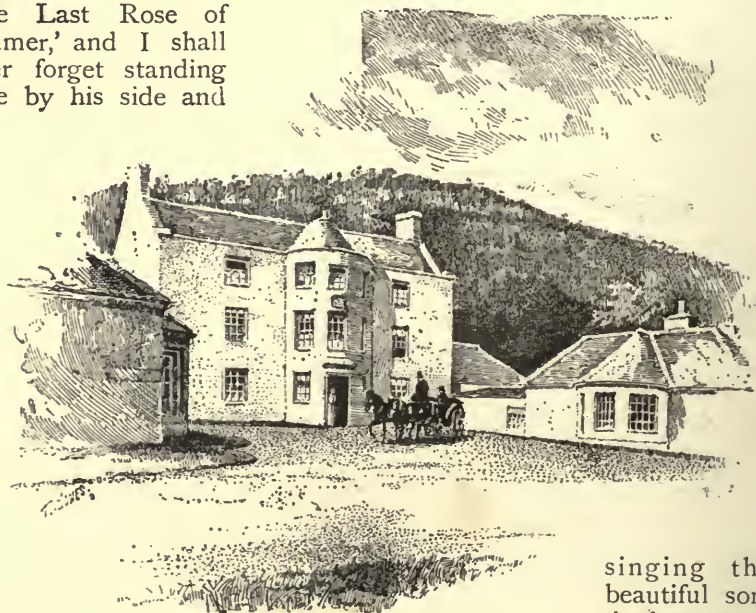


THE MADMAN'S GIFT.

as each of our turns came to sing, we went to a little opening and sang through it. What amused me was this: that all the time we were trying to sing our best, and produce our notes most effectively,

the clatter of knives and forks still went on, and to make all complete, the singer might be in a most impressive passage and right in the midst of it, when, quite regardless of the uncomplaining singers, there would be a flourish of trumpets, and somebody would get up and propose a toast. I was more fortunate than Madame Patti, for she was interrupted in the middle of her solo.

"Yes, I have often had requests to sing beside a death-bed or a person very ill. I sang to the old Bishop of Albany when he was suffering. The first festival I ever sang in was at Norwich, and when I returned to that place after six years, I had a letter from an old gentleman who heard me there, and who was now bedridden. He wanted to hear 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and I shall never forget standing there by his side and



OLD MAR LODGE.

singing that beautiful song. And many a time have I had

to convert the balcony of the hotel where I was staying into a temporary platform, and appear at midnight, long after the opera was over, and sing 'Home, sweet Home,' or some such popular ballad to the people waiting outside. That was the case at Dublin some few years ago, when the students there took the horses out of my carriage, and I was told that if I did not sing they would break the windows of the hotel. I stood on the balcony, wrapped up in great shawls, for it was a bitterly cold night, and it was no easy matter to sing 'The Last Rose of Summer' under those circumstances.

"I have sung, too, in the quiet little church at Braemar, in the choir, and it was there that I received what I have always considered one of my greatest compliments. The speaker was one of the

mountain folk, and had never even been to Edinburgh. When the service was over a friend of mine heard him say, 'I never thought anybody could have such control over one's voice.' That was all, but that is the whole secret of a singer's success—perfect control."

Then it was that I learned something about Madame Albani's method of studying. Like all great singers, she has one hard and fast rule which binds her household. When rehearsing nobody is ever allowed to disturb her. Her soul is in her work, just as earnestly in the drawing-room as on the stage. She is a remarkably quick study, a thing she attributes to her arduous though enjoyable



DRAWING-ROOM, OLD MAR LODGE.

training in her early childhood. Madame Albani studied and took the part of *Elsa* in a fortnight, and she has been equally rapid in gaining her knowledge of such lengthy studies as *Margherita*, *Ophelia*, *Mignon*, *Elisabetta*, *Lucia*, and other operatic characters which will always be associated with her name. When she is about to take up a new character, she will first of all sit down quietly in the wicker chair in the conservatory, or in some quiet and undisturbable corner about the house, and taking the score in her lap, run through the music. Then she devotes herself to the words. Having learnt these, she now sits down to the piano, and commences work in real earnest. Having learnt both words and music, the services of an accompanist are called in, and, as she plays, Madame Albani will take up her position in the room, and imagining the other characters about her, rehearse piece by piece. The morning preceding the



MADAME ALBANI AS "MARGHERITA" (*Faust*).
From a Photograph by Heath & Bullingham, Plymouth.

opera she will go through every note to be sung in the evening. After all this individual work it is possible that she may get three piano rehearsals at the theatre, two fully orchestral, and one for action and situations.

She likes "Otello" best of any opera. She learnt the music of it in a fortnight.

"But," once more resumes the artiste, "there is much more to think about besides words and music. I read my Shakespeare well,

and the operatic singer must realize the character to be 'sung,' just as much as the actor must realize the part he is to play. I design all my own dresses, and get most of my ideas from the South Kensington Museum. Sometimes I see a figure in a picture that strikes me, and I may borrow a sleeve from that, and a design for a bodice from another. These costumes when made up cost from 70 to 80 guineas, and some much more. I have dresses for twenty operas, and many operas require three or four distinct changes of costume. The expense of these does not include jewels? Oh! dear, no; the jewellery I wear on them would make them worth many, many hundreds of pounds. Will I show you my jewels? Just wait a moment."

She leaves the room, and quickly returns with a big bundle of letters and a great bag.

"These letters are all applications for my autograph. I get them from all parts of the world—India, Australia, New Zealand. When I have collected a couple of hundred of them, I just clear them all off at once, devoting a morning to the task." Then opening the bag, a score of cases are brought out, the lids of which when raised present to the view gifts from every Royal personage in Europe. One by one Madame Albani takes them out. Here is a cross of sparkling gems presented to her by the late Emperor of Russia, and a diamond star and a butterfly of jewels given by the sub-



MADAME ALBANI AS "ELSA" (*Lohengrin*).
From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

scribers to the opera at St. Petersburg and Moscow. In Russia, on the benefit night of a favourite artiste, the subscribers collect as much money as they can, and spend it in providing presents. The body of the butterfly—which I have in my hand—is one great emerald, and the wings are of rubies and diamonds. This is a gold medal from the old German Emperor, who appointed Madame Albani Court Singer the last year he was alive. It was struck to commemorate his 80th year in the army and the 90th year of his age, and was a reward to the artiste for having studied German in order to sing in 'Lohengrin' in the language of the Fatherland.

Many are the presents from the Queen—a gold cross set with emeralds and diamonds, and a glance at Madame Albani's wrist shows two magnificent bracelets which she always wears. They are both of gold; one is set with emeralds and diamonds, a gift from Her Majesty, and the other is of rubies and diamonds, from the Princess of Wales.

Again the clock is heard chiming, and the watchful "Chat" follows me to the top of the steps which lead into "Our Village." Again the sounds of the piano are heard; a voice—which has reached many a heart—is singing. As I hurry away I am inclined to envy those who often have to pass by the house I have just left.



From a]

"CHAT."

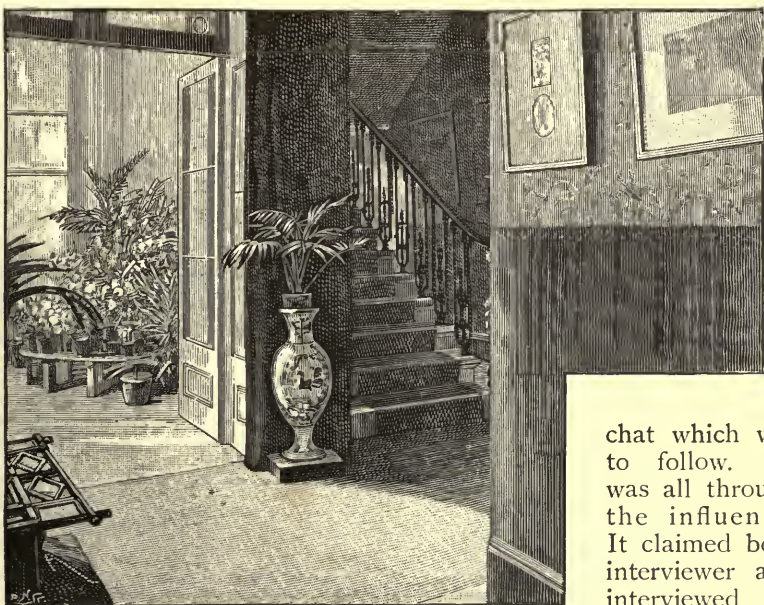
[Photograph

VI.

MR. F. C. BURNAND.



HIS is not the first time that a resident of The Boltons, Kensington, has "spoken" in these pages. On the last occasion of a visit to what Madame Albani's little boy happily refers to as "Our Village," it was to take tea and notes with the famous singer. About a dozen doors from Madame Albani's the figures 27 are painted on the portals of a large white house. No. 27 stands for the London residence of Mr. F. C. Burnand—Ramsgate, by-the-bye, is his country abode. A veritable volume of correspondence passed between Mr. Burnand and myself before we met—a budget of humour which prepared me for the



From a Photo. by]

THE ENTRANCE-HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

chat which was to follow. It was all through the influenza. It claimed both interviewer and interviewed for its own, fortunately only for

a limited period. But even influenza cannot overcome humorous instincts. Mr. Burnand cracked jokes and forwarded them under cover to me, even whilst he lay in bed—he couldn't help it—until at last he wound up the series of fun *à la* influenza by hoping that I

was, like Charles II. when he came back to the throne once again, "thoroughly restored!" Then he made the final appointment. He wrote—"How"—that's your affair; 'When'—Thursday next, 12 o'clock; 'Where'—27, The Boltons."

Thursday, 12 noon. Scene—27, The Boltons. I am discovered. Enter Mr. Burnand, followed by the household pet—a remarkably fine creature with a noteworthy tale; but I am requested to take no notice of the cat's tail, as it is the history of its owner—that is, of course, Mr. Burnand—I am there to learn. Mr. Burnand wears a lounge jacket and the familiar tie loosely hanging from the neck. He is of medium height, and strongly built. His hair is grey, and carefully parted down the middle. His face is ruddy and his expression happy, with an irresistible twinkle about the eyes. He is a merry man and cheerful companion—and as a teller of anecdote is probably unequalled, for he acts every one of his stories. Cigars and wax vestas—and a journalistic bailiff commences to take his customary inventory of the contents of the house.

The entrance-hall contains Chinese vases filled with palms. Over the fireplace is a very early oil painting of Mr. Burnand, with notebook and pencil in hand, by the late J. Prescott Knight, once secretary of the Royal Academy. Some of the pictures are particularly good. Just by the door is a pen-and-ink sketch on a sheet of writing paper by Sir John Gilbert, dated May, 1877. It is a Cavalier, "treated in a cavalier manner." Another clever drawing by the same artist, done a year later, represents an inn of the mediæval era, with the landlord rushing out with the bill, at his heels a dog "of the Middle Ages" barking, and a knight galloping away on horseback, with his fingers extended, and very rudely placed in close proximity to his nose. It is called "Tick." Sir John Gilbert writes underneath, "The artist, anxious to serve and please his employer, has given to the subject suggested the grandest and most thoughtful care. In truth, it is one which calls for the deepest consideration, principally because of the novelty of the subject: never before has a gallant knight been so depicted. Let it not be seen. Hide it; destroy it—the designer is ashamed of it." The explanation of it all is written on the picture by its present owner: "Sent to me by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., in consequence of my *Punch* notice about his 'Ready' picture in Royal Academy, 1878, wherein I suggested that his next subject should be *Tick*.—F. C. B." Just then a wire-haired fox-terrier, the property of one of Mr. Burnand's sons, rushes up as a reminder to note a couple of canine etchings by Harding Cox.

Nearer in the direction of the conservatory is a black and white of Miss Dorothy Dene, by Sir Frederick Leighton, a delightful little group of Dutch children by G. H. Boughton, and hard by a couple of pictures, reproduced in these pages. They are reminiscences of Mr. Burnand's famous burlesque of Douglas Jerrold's nautical drama, "Black-Eyed Susan," which had a run of over four hundred consecutive nights at the Royalty Theatre. The first is by Fred Walker, and shows Fred C. Dewar as *Captain Crosstree*, and Miss Patty Oliver

as the dark-eyed *Susan* (see next page). Their signatures are appended. In this burlesque a low-comedy actor, who was a marvellously clever dancer also, named Danvers, played *Dame Hatley*. His feet moved at such a rate that when John Tenniel went to see it



From a Sketch by]

DANVERS THE DANCER.

[John Tenniel.

he chronicled the effect of the dancer's feet, as seen in the above drawing, writing below it—

Decr. 15, 1875.

Dear F. C. B.,

The sketch you see
Of *Dame Hatley*
In your *comédie*
Burlesq—u—e
Was sketch'd by me
From memorie.

Haste,

Yours,

J. T.

The drawing room is a quiet, pretty apartment, lighted by a huge chandelier suspended in the centre. The walls are of cream and amber. The mirrors are many, some in white enamelled frames, others in crimson plush. The windows are draped with lace and



rose - coloured curtains. The portraits are not numerous — these pictorial reminders of friends are for the most part at Ramsgate — but one notes an excellent likeness of the Pope, an early cabinet



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

of the owner of the house, and another of Mr. Toole as *Paw Claudian*. On a table is a great album containing reproductions of some of the works of art in the collection of Theophilus Burnand, Esq., uncle of Mr. F. C. There are some grand examples by Goodall, Cooper, Cooke, Horsley, Sant, etc., including Roberts's great work of the "Interior of Milan Cathedral."

The dining-room looks on the garden, where the trees are just shooting out their first welcome to the return of spring. The walls of this room are of a calm pale blue. Silver cups and tankards are set out on the oaken sideboard, flowers—the tiny narcissus and yellow lily—fill the vases on the mantelpiece, and the "latest out" in books are lying about. Over one of the bookcases are a trio of sketches by Linley Sambourne, the centre of which shows Mr. Burnand smoking



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

a cigar with Bismarck, a little drawing of peculiar interest. Mr. Burnand went to Aix-la-Chapelle, and this was sent to him by Mr. Sambourne in remembrance thereof. As a matter of fact, the two B's never met, but for all that the picture is a very "happy thought." An etching by Professor Hubert Herkomer of Mr. J. S. Forbes, the chairman of the L. C. and D. Railway, hangs on the walls, and considerable space is taken up by the same accomplished artist's striking life-size picture of Mr. F. C. Burnand. Just beneath this is a crayon drawing of Mr. Burnand's mother at the age of fifteen, which we here reproduce. Upstairs in Mr. Burnand's dressing-room is a delightful painting of the same lady by A. E. Chalon, R.A., done in 1834. I could not help looking upon this room and the adjoining bedroom with some con-



[Sketch by]

THE TWO E'S.

[Linley Sambourne.]



[From a]

MR. BURNAND'S MOTHER.

[Painting.]

siderable curiosity. Mr. Burnand has only been an occupant of the house for a few months. This room was once occupied by Miss Elliott, who afterwards became Mrs. Osborne.

The study is to the left of the entrance-hall, and is made bright by a small glass conservatory in the window. The writing table is a large one. The letter-clips are suggestive. One takes the shape of a huge silver "B," the other is a silver anchor twined round with golden ropes. On this table a double row of books are set out—the back row comprising a dozen or more standard dictionaries.

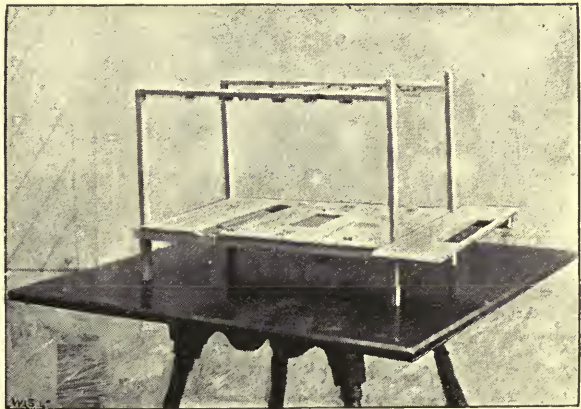


From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

The chair occupied by Mr. Burnand when writing is of black ebony—when reading, a distinctly comfortable-looking brown leather easy-chair. The wooden stage which stands close by is five-and-twenty years old. It is an exact model of the stage of the old *Royalty*, with only one trap-door, which was used for everything, from the unexpected appearance of a sprite to the sudden disappearance of a banquet. To-day Mr. Burnand works out all his situations on it when play-writing. He uses figures for his characters, just as Mr. W. S. Gilbert does, and, in the old "*New Royalty*" days, Patty Oliver would often have these wooden characters dressed up in diminutive silks and satins. I counted a dozen pipes on the mantel-board—from a small meerschaum to a weighty cherrywood. All round the apartment are bookshelves, with convenient cupboards below.



From a Photo. by]

MR. BURNAND'S MODEL STAGE.

[Elliott & Fry.

"Ah! that snuff-box," exclaimed Mr. Burnand, as I took up an old gold Empire box, on the lid of which was a bouquet of diamonds. "It was a legacy. It belonged to an old friend on whom I was constantly playing practical jokes when stopping at his house. He had a habit of always keeping the box by the side of him at the head of the table, to which his hand used to wander in search of it continually. On the occasion of a dinner party I hid the box. Dinner proceeded. My host's fingers wandered to the customary place—he was in a great fidget—the box not there, of course. He appealed to us, but we knew nothing about it. He left the room in search of it—it was nowhere to be found. Just as I was leaving I drew him on one side and said quietly, 'My dear old chap, just a little testimonial I want to present to you!' and put the snuff-box in his hand.

"Ah!" he chuckled, 'you seem very fond of that snuff-box.' He must have gone to his room that very night and made an addition to his will, for many years passed before he died, and—he left me the snuff-box."

A set of boxing-gloves and single-sticks are picturesquely arranged on one of the book-cases. Mr. Burnand is as fond to-day of a fencing bout or a little "play" with the gloves as he was when at Eton, where he was taught to become useful in this direction by a Corporal Munday.

Mr. Burnand began life as a baby just seven months before Her Gracious Majesty



MR. BURNAND AS "POPPLE."

ascended the throne. The latter event was in June, 1837, and the former in November, 1836. Mr. Burnand claims to be a "cockney"—he was born somewhere within the sound of Bow Bells, and was christened Francis Cowley. He was sent to school when barely seven years old, and at his third school, at Paul's Cray, Kent, he shared a bedroom with a schoolfellow who had a

marvellous memory, and when lights went out they would lie awake together whilst the youth would whisper to little Francis plot after plot of Scott's novels. Francis used to dramatize them and act them. His first real dramatic effort, however, was at Eton.

"I went to Eton," said Mr. Burnand, "soon after I was thirteen. I did my fagging very well. Fagging! an excellent thing. It cannot fail to give a boy a vast amount of respect for his superiors. I well remember the pain I felt when I had to expend five shillings in the purchase of my own birch. I wish I had kept that birch—it would have been an excellent reminder. I lived in the Rev. Gifford Cooksley's house. He was a very funny fellow. He was wonderfully kind-hearted—so kind-hearted, indeed, that if he had a fellow birched he would not see him for a couple of days afterwards. Cooksley was very fond of theatricals. He often took a party of us—some seven or eight—to the old Windsor theatre. He paid all expenses—seats in the dress circle, and a supper afterwards. After the performance we would go on the stage and chat with the actors. If there were any children playing he always had sixpence for them. Well, I wrote a play called 'Guy Fawkes Day,' and it was produced in Gifford Cooksley's own room. This same piece was also played for one night only at the Worthing Theatre soon afterwards. The manager was to have a benefit, and he called on a relative of mine asking for his patronage. The condition of granting it was that 'Guy Fawkes Day' should be produced. It was.

"I went to Trinity College, Cambridge, when I was seventeen, and remained there until twenty, when I took my B.A. degree."

I shall probably be correct in saying that though studies were not forgotten acting was ever remembered. It was there that he started the famous Amateur Dramatic Company, of which he is still a member, and only recently the Honourable James Lowther set a



MR. BURNAND AS "RUMTIFOOZLE."

movement on foot for the painting of the founder's portrait, a commission having been given to Mr. C. M. Newton, the artist. At Cambridge Mr Burnand wrote some of the brightest and merriest farces ever conceived. They had the true ring of humour about them. He hands me a little volume. It contains some of the many pieces he wrote whilst at Cambridge. "Villikins and his Dinah" was the first,



MR. BURNAND AS "MEPHISTOPHELES."

in which the author played *Gruffin*; another was "In for a Holyday," in which Mr. Burnand played *Mr. Gustavus Popple*, a young gentleman retained between ten and three by Government; "Romance under Difficulties," in which the author appeared as *Timothy Diggles*; and "Alonzo the Brave, or Faust and the Fayre Imogene," in which Mr. Burnand acted a prominent part. Through this little volume are scattered criticisms in ink and pencil. Here are some suggestive remarks made on the fly-leaf respecting "St. George and the Dragon! An historical-comical-but-still-slightly-mythical burlesque":—

"Wednesday, the 20th February, 1855.

"First night of the burlesque. Alf Thompson obliged to throw up the *King*, on account of being ordered off instanter to the Crimea on the 19th. (3 p.m.) Thornhill took the part. The first act, with the exception of *St. George's* speech, song — Tuftee's song — and the last chorus, hung fire; Kelly utterly forgetting his part, and the prompter being among the chorus he (Kelly) was a 'gone coon.' Act II. *Zara* took, but the duets between *Zara* and

Dragon went flatly. 'Oh diddle do' encored *dubiously*. The Bones dance encored *dubiously*. *Fanny Frail*, great success. Scene 2nd, very fair. 'Cheap Chesterfield.' Scene 1st, Act III. *poor*, and Mr. F. C. Burnand *slightly forgot his tag which* —." It is chronicled that the second night of the burlesque was better. "Mr. Kelly got on very well, and having discovered the jokes in the daytime they were taken in the evening."

Mr. Burnand told with great gusto of his interview with the Vice-Chancellor for permission for the first performance.

"The worthy Vice-Chancellor was in a hurry, as he had to attend a "meeting of the Heads." Was it a Greek play? Good gracious, no; it was "Box and Cox." After the query as to the Greek drama, young Burnand was afraid to tell him the title, and therefore merely said, "We are thinking of playing a little piece by Mr. Maddison Morton."

"Fellow of Trinity?" asked the Vice-Chancellor.

He was not.

"Um! And you propose acting a play written by Mr. Morton, who is *not* a Fellow of Trinity? What is the name?"

"*Box and Cox*," replied the undergrad.

Fortunately time prevented the Vice-Chancellor from asking if Box and Cox were Fellows of Trinity, and he went forth and laid the matter before "the Heads." The permission was denied. But Mr. Burnand and his fellow Thespians were not to be put down by the Heads. They got a couple of rooms at "The Hoop Hotel," and after having ladders placed handy for escape in case the college authorities got wind of the occurrence, a start was made. From that day the club has remained one of the most successful of all amateur societies. Here is the first programme:—

A.D.C.

This evening will be presented

A FAST TRAIN! HIGH PRESSURE!! EXPRESS!!!

<i>Colonel Jack Delaware</i>	Mr. G. Seymour
<i>Griffin</i>	Mr. Tom Pierce.
<i>Biffin</i>	Mr. A. Herbert.

To be followed by

DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?

<i>Chesterfield Honeybun</i>	Mr. Tom Pierce.
<i>Crank</i>	Mr. W. Smith.
<i>Mrs. Houghton</i>	Mr. C. Digby.
<i>Mrs. Crank</i>	Mr. T. King.
<i>Mrs. Jewell</i>	Mr. R. Johnson.

To conclude with the Burlesque Tragic Opera,

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

<i>Artaxominous (King of Utopia)</i>	Mr. Tom Pierce.
<i>Fusbos</i>	Mr. T. King.
<i>General Bombastes</i>	Mr. James Beale.
<i>Distaffina</i>	Mr. C. Digby.

Army, Courtiers, &c.

Acting Manager—Tom Pierce, Esq.

Stage Manager—N. Yates, Esq.

Prompter—J. Shepherd, Esq.

Scenery and Appointments by S. J. E. Jones, Esq.

Many of these names were *noms de théâtre*. Mr. A. Herbert was General Fitz-Gerald, whilst Mr. Tom Pierce was Mr. F. C. Burnand. It was under the name of "Tom Pierce" that he wrote many successful plays. The portraits reproduced in these pages show Mr. Burnand in many of the characters which he played at Cambridge—



QUINTON TWISS AS "BENJAMIN BOBBIN."

MR. BURNAND AS THE "EX-CHICKEN."

as *Popple*, in "In for a Holyday"; as *Mephistopheles*, in "Alonzo the Brave"; as *Jumbo*, in "Turkish Waters"; as *Rumtifoosle*; and as the *Ex-Chicken*, with Mr. Quinton Twiss—a celebrated amateur—as *Benjamin Bobbin*, in "B. B.," a farce written by Mr. F. C. Burnand in conjunction with the late Mr. Montagu Williams. Mr. Burnand still has the MS. of the original plot of "Alonzo the Brave," produced at Cambridge.

"Well," Mr. Burnand continued, in his happiest mood, "I took my degree, and left Cambridge. I may tell you that during my last year at Cambridge I determined to adopt the Church as my profession, and an uncle of mine promised me a good country living, which was at that time in his gift. My studies were commenced under Dr. Harold Brown, and continued at Cuddesdon College, under the Rev. H. P. Liddon—subsequently Canon Liddon. However, I finally found myself in the Seminary of the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater, of which community Dr. Henry Edward Manning—the late Cardinal—was the head. I have seen Cardinal Manning—remember, I am speaking of the days when I was at Bayswater—put up his fists and spar and hit out most scientifically with all the fun imaginable. In his quiet way he would say, as he 'let go' his left at an imaginary foe, 'Ah! I think I could do it.' I must confess to commencing a play even whilst I was studying there. I finished my reading, and left. Previous to doing so, I went to see Dr. Manning.

"'Well, well,' he said, 'and what are you going to do?'"

"‘I’m not quite sure, Dr. Manning,’ was my reply.

"‘Ah!’ said the Doctor, ‘I’m afraid you have no vocation for the priesthood.’

"‘No,’ I said, ‘I have no vocation—at least, not for the priesthood.’

"‘I don’t understand,’ the Doctor exclaimed, ‘what you mean by a vocation for anything else. This is a great question, and one concerning the soul.’

"Then I went straight at it. ‘Well, Doctor,’ I said, ‘I rather thought of going on the stage.’

"‘Why, you might as well call cobbling a vocation,’ the Doctor said, surprised.

"‘Yes,’ I replied, quietly, ‘there would be more *sole* in it, wouldn’t there?’

"I can see him now laughing. He let me go.

"Shortly after that I went to Edinburgh, where I met my old Etonian school friend, Mr. Montagu Williams, and acted at Mr. Wyndham’s — Robert Wyndham, not Charles—theatre. Then I stayed a good time at Esher with George Meredith. He had just written his first book, ‘Richard Feverell’—a work never beaten by himself. I have a first edition of it. I came to London, and went to the Bar—not with success. I did a little at the Clerkenwell Sessions. Why did I give up the Bar? The following is the reason: I made a fearful hash of a case of forgery in which the wife was committed with her husband. I had to defend the wife; Besley was for the prosecution. It will show you how much I knew about the ways of the court when I tell you that I actually asked Besley what to do. He wrote back on a slip of paper, ‘Just get up and say, “Coercion by husband.”’ I did. Russell Gurney, the Recorder, at once discharged her. The ungrateful woman was so cross at being separated from her husband that she took off her boot and threw it at me. With the throwing of the boot I threw up the Bar.



MR. BURNAND AS "JUMBO."

"I was then play-writing. My first piece was produced at the St. James's, under the direction of Chatterton and Miss Wyndham. It ran a hundred nights—a very considerable run in those days. I got £25 down, and £2 a night for it. How did I get my first commission? I will tell you. At one time of great distress and difficulty I had to sell all my books. I thought to myself, 'I've got four plays printed, why should they not bring me a little coin?' I called on Mr. Lacy in the Strand, and he gave me £8 for them. I had a MS. of 'Dido,' which I had shown to Mr. W. B. Donne, the Licensor of Plays. He advised me to show it to Robson. Robson had just produced a burlesque on 'Medea,' so could not manage it. I gave the MS. to Lacy to look over. Shortly afterwards I had a letter from him asking me to come down to his shop. It seems a Mr. Chas. Young had been struck by the piece. Young was an Australian comedian. He liked one of the parts, and promised to show it to Chatterton, one of the then lessees of the St. James's. Chatterton accepted it. At this time I did not know a soul in the literary world. Then I wrote 'B. B.' with Montagu Williams, another piece—'The Isle of St. Tropez'—with him for the Wigans, and I was writing burlesques pretty frequently for the Olympic.

"Robson was unequalled as a comedian. He was a great study, with wonderful flashes of real wit at rehearsal. He played in 'B. B.,' and I may tell you that it was his personality which suggested the part to Montagu Williams and myself. At rehearsal Robson used to make us laugh so much that we couldn't get on, and a farce taking forty minutes to play would often take three hours with him to rehearse. In the midst of a passage he would shout, 'Oh! oh! I've thought of such a funny thing! Now supposing,' addressing a brother actor, 'I put my left hand on your shoulder just in that part. Now let's run through that little bit again!'

"We did as he requested, and at the situation Robson would put his *right* hand on the other actor's shoulder, which, of course, reversed the positions. When we remonstrated with him it was always, 'Oh, the other wouldn't have done at all!'"

It will be a surprise to many to know that Mr. Burnand's connection with *Punch*—of which paper he was destined, years after, to become the Editor—commenced when he was at college. He was a capital draughtsman, and recorded his impressions pictorially on the fly-leaf of any book he could lay his pencil on. There are, in Vol. xxviii. of *Punch*, a couple of pictures, with no signatures, drawn by Leech, the original drawings for which were sent to Mark Lemon—then the Editor—by Mr. Burnand whilst at Cambridge. One is on page 28 of the volume. This is entitled, "Friendly, but Very Unpleasant":—

Lively Party (charging elderly gentleman with his umbrella): "Halloa, Jones!"

Disgust of Elderly Party, whose name is Smith.

The "Elderly Party's" face is just as Mr. Burnand drew it; the other is Leech's own, and, therefore, all the more remarkable. The

second picture, here given, is still more interesting. Though Mr. Burnand knew neither Leech nor Mark Lemon, when he sent the drawing he requested John Leech to be kind enough to copy the Dean



Dean. "WELL, SIR!"

Small University Man (under the impression that he has irritated the DEAN by his conspicuous moustaches). "I BELIEVE YOU WANTED TO SPEAK TO ME, SIR, ABOUT—ABOUT—MY MOUSTACHIOS!"

Dean. "SOME MISTAKE, SIR! I DIDN'T PERCEIVE THAT YOU HAD ANY!"

MR. BURNAND AND THE DEAN.

By kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

and Mr. W. S. Gilbert on *Fun*. Tom Hood was Editor then, and the proprietor a looking-glass manufacturer named Maclean.

"Maclean," said Mr. Burnand, "used to smile very broadly, and show a set of teeth that led Byron to call him *Maclean teeth*. I took a very good idea to Maclean. It was to imitate the popular novelists of the day, and I drew out the first sketch for his inspection. He wouldn't see it. I wrote to Mark Lemon and asked him to see me. He did—he saw me and my notion at once. The first was to be a burlesque of a page in *The London Journal*. Sir John Gilbert was illustrating that paper at the time.

"We'll get Gilbert to do the pictures," cried Lemon. Gilbert undertook the work, and so it came about that he had to burlesque himself! Millais did a picture for it, so did 'Phiz,' Du Maurier, and Charles Keene.

"Keene! I never knew Keene tell an anecdote in his life. He

exactly, as it was a likeness of the Rev. Mr. Hedley, Senior Dean of Trinity College, Cambridge, while the youth was a burlesque presentment of himself. Owing to Mr. Burnand's going in for acting, he had sacrificed a very small moustache.

Mr. Burnand had very little difficulty in getting on the staff of *Punch*. Whilst engaged in play-writing he also did considerable journalistic work, and amongst other journals was with the late Henry J. Byron

couldn't. He could recollect something about a story, but could never get through it. There he would sit, pulling away at his little stump of a pipe, and all of a sudden break out into a laugh and chuckle, and endeavour to contribute his anecdote something in this style :—

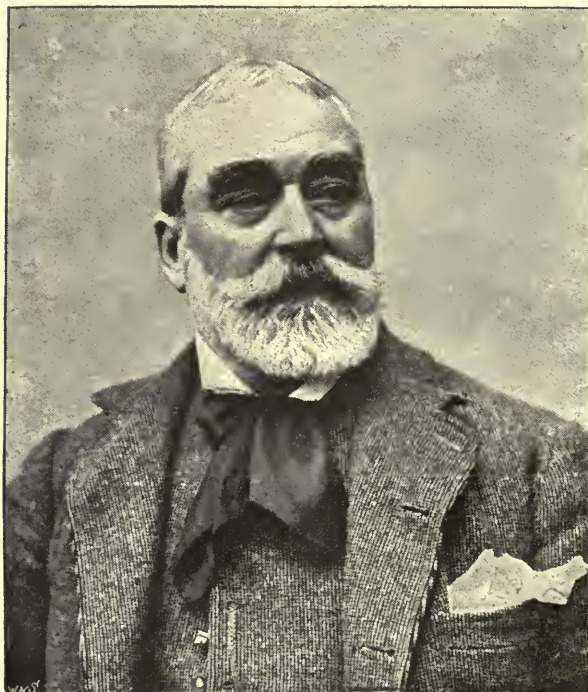
“ ‘I can't help laughing’—chuckle. ‘I once went to see’—chuckle—‘somebody—I forget his name, but *you'll* know—about twenty-five years ago’—chuckle. ‘When I say twenty-five I mean two or three years ago’

—chuckle. ‘I was going from’—chuckle—‘what's that place? Ah! I forget, but it was on a 'bus. There, it was the funniest thing you ever saw’—prolonged chuckle—‘I was outside—no, it was inside, when suddenly the man said to me——’

“ ‘What man, Charlie?’ we would ask.

“ ‘Why, *the* man. He said to me—no it wasn't me. Ah! well, it's no matter’—chuckle.

“ ‘Well, what made you laugh, Charles?’ was our question.



From a Photo. by]

MR. BURNAND.

[Elliott & Fry.

“ ‘Why, the’—chuckle—‘the—the joke!’

“ ‘What joke?’

“ ‘Well’—chuckle—‘I hardly remember the joke; but—*it was about that time!*’

“ Poor Keene had an anecdote which he always wound up with ‘They *were* Ribston pippins,’ but nobody ever knew what the story was about, or where it began.

“ Oh, yes, I knew Thackeray well. Thackeray sold me once. It happened at his house at Prince's Gate, on the occasion of my first visit there. He had his study fitted up with bookshelves all round. Thackeray would invariably lead up the conversation with a reference to some poet. I thought him in error one day, so I said, ‘I don't think that is the quotation.’

"‘I think so,’ replied Thackeray. ‘But there are his works on that shelf,’ pointing to the door, on which were arranged shelves, as I thought; ‘mount the ladder and see for yourself.’

"I did so, made a grasp for the volume, and found they were all dummies! Thackeray was delighted."

To-day Mr. Burnand sits in the identical chair once occupied by Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, and Tom Taylor, the latter of whom he succeeded as editor of *Punch* in 1880. It is an old-fashioned wooden arm-chair. Every Wednesday night the famous *Punch* dinner is held. About fourteen sit down at the ancient table, on which are cut the names of everybody—cut with their own hands—who have been privileged to find a seat there. One visitor invariably creeps into the editor's room—the *Punch* cat. It is the biggest cat in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, and when Mr. Burnand is working it always perches on his chair. The *Punch* dinner is a suggestive meal. Everybody there contributes some idea. After dinner the members of the *Punch* staff go into committee on the political and social topics of the day. The result of this deliberation is the cartoon and second cartoon, or "Cartoon, junior," of the next number.

It is a remarkable fact that only one mishap in the principal cartoon has happened during Mr. Burnand's editorship. It was at the period when Khartoum was supposed to be all right and General Gordon safe. All England was expecting Gordon's release, and *Punch* appeared with a picture of him—triumphant. Mr. Burnand was on his way with Mr. Sambourne to an exhibition of pictures in Bond Street. Suddenly the newsboys were heard shouting. Their rapid and often unintelligible utterances were misunderstood by Mr. Burnand, who turned to his companion and said, "Well, we are all right with the cartoon."

But the boys drew nearer.

"I don't think that is what they are crying," Mr. Sambourne said.

"I'll get a paper."

The paper contained the news of the death of General Gordon.

A Parisian paper, in commenting upon the prediction in *Punch*, said the cartoon "showed what all England was expecting."

I was just leaving The Boltons, and shaking hands with Mr. Burnand.

"How does one become a humorist?" I asked.

"Oh!" was the reply, "it comes from having a serious turn of mind and not yielding to it!"

VII.

MR. HENRY IRVING.



From a Photo. by]

IN THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.



GRAFTON STREET, Bond Street, is not a particularly attractive thoroughfare, yet the opening of the door of No. 15A secures admission to one of the most interesting domiciles in the country. It is the home of the leading actor in the land. Here lives a man whom to meet and talk with means a real privilege. One whole long day with Henry Irving is something to be remembered. He is the worst possible actor in his own home—there is no suggestion of the theatre whilst sitting talking with him; yet the romance inseparable from the player's life pervades every nook and corner of his house. He tried his utmost to deceive me—he worked hard to conceal the kindly

nature which is written in every feature of his face. It was a failure. I remembered those "little cheques." I thought of his pensioners; of folk who were kind to him in those struggling days—of the story of the Christmas dinner which a worthy old Scotch couple gave him when, on that day of goodwill and good things, he was almost without one, and innumerable small but welcome acts which to-day are being repaid back a hundredfold. I never met a man who talked less about himself and more about other people than Henry Irving. With delightful diplomacy he evaded my questions which would incriminate himself of kindness. My description of the great actor is of the simplest character. He has the kindest face you ever saw, but—you must look into it first.



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

I passed with him one long day, first at his home and then in a convenient four-wheeler to the theatre. The staircase of his house is replete with grand bronzes. One of Don Quixote is just opposite the dining-room door. Here, too, are many views of Venice, and a number of sketches by Seymour Lucas. The dining-room overlooks Bond Street. It is a distinctly comfortable room. A bust of Kemble is over the bookcase, with another of Dante. The exquisite Spanish ware is to be envied. On one side of the mantelpiece is an interesting reminiscence of Mrs. Siddons—a picture of "The Shoulder of Mutton Inn," Brecon, South Wales, where she was born, an excellent portrait of the famous actress herself, and a letter from her to Lord Avon. The latter is in very tiny running writing, and

reads: "Thank you for your kind note, my dear Lord Avon. We shall be most happy to attend you at dinner. Alas! Alas! that these delightful summers are so soon to end." The pattern of the chairs in this apartment is highly suggestive of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

The little cigar-room adjoins this. The boxes of weeds are many, and are stored in a huge cabinet. The last portrait ever taken of Charles Mathews hangs here, together with a fine engraving of Charles I. A bronze of a French harlequin stands just in the shadow of the light from the window; quaint old books fill corners, and over the mantel-board are examples of the Venetian school.

There is much of deep interest in the drawing-room and small



From a Photo. by

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

reception-room upstairs. An old Empire clock has retired from work for some time. It now rests on the white enamel mantel-board. In the bookcase are some very fine and old editions of Shakespeare. Mr. Irving possesses over thirty different editions, all told. Every one is dated. Here is the third edition of the Bard—once the property of the Duke of Bedford. Another, originally in the possession of the Earl of Aylesford, in red leather and gilt binding, could not be purchased for £500. The lives and memoirs—marvellous in their completeness—of Edmund Kean, Garrick, and Macready here also find their place.

The memoirs of Kean filled a quarter of the room when laid out on the floor. Mr. Irving bought up the innumerable sheets, engravings,

and what not, including priceless letters and the like, and pasted eight and nine of them on top of one another on a single sheet. It was an unwieldy mass of hidden treasure, and Mr. Irving requested an obliging friend to "amuse himself" with sorting them out, whilst he was in America. On his return the thing was done.

A small case contains the russet boots which Edmund Kean wore as *Richard III.*, and the sword he used as *Coriolanus*. A companion cabinet is in the drawing-room. One by one the treasures are taken



EDMUND KEAN'S BOOTS, SWORD AND PURSE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

out and talked about. Here is David Garrick's ring, which he gave to his brother on his death-bed. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts presented it to Mr. Irving. Two watches are here. One is the gold timekeeper of John Philip Kemble, the other a silver one which formerly belonged to Edwin Forest. As I held the latter in my hand, Mr. Irving said, quietly:—

"Do you notice the time by it?"

It was thirty-eight minutes past five.

"That watch stopped at the very moment Forest breathed his last!" said Mr. Irving, as he gently replaced it.

But the treasures of the case are not exhausted. You can handle the silver dagger worn by Lord Byron, a pair of old sandals worn by Edmund Kean, a pin with a picture of Shakespeare, once the property of Garrick, an ivory tablet which belonged to Charles Mathews. Do not overlook this little purse of fine green silk thread and silver band. It was found in the pocket of Edmund Kean when he died. There was not a sixpence in it! It was given to Henry Irving by Robert Browning.

There are some fine pictures in the drawing-room. A bust of Miss Ellen Terry is in the far corner. The silver shield which was



From a Photo. L.J.]

CORNER OF DRAWING-ROOM.

[Ell.ott & Fry.

presented to John Kemble in Edinburgh hangs on the wall. It is still surrounded with the wreath of laurel leaves—now faded—which Mr. Irving had thrown to him the last night of the season.

Then the name of Toole is mentioned. If you want an example of friendships, "Partners for Life," link the names of Irving and Toole together. Their companionship is just as real as it is delightful. John L. Toole's delight is to surprise his friend Irving. On a table stands a fine silver-gilt trophy presented to John Philip Kemble on his retirement from the stage. A part of its inscription reads: "Bought from Robert Tait, Esq., and presented to Henry Irving, Esq., by his old friend J. L. Toole, 5th July, 1884."

Scene—Grafton Street. *Time*—morning. Enter Mr. Toole, meeting Mr. Irving.

Mr. Toole: "I've found something that will interest you, Irving. A vase presented to Kemble. Fine piece of plate designed by Flaxman. Come to Messrs. Blanks and look at it."

Exit together. Arrival at shop. Big price asked for it. Toole pooh-poohs the price. Thinks they ought to be only too glad to give it to Mr. Irving. Shopkeeper immovable. Toole won't have it—"only wanted his friend to see it," etc., etc. The two friends leave the shop. Toole induces Irving to go for a stroll. They return to Grafton Street. Toole departs. The vase was upstairs!



From a Photo. by]

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE'S SHIELD.

[Ellis & Fry.

"That was *his* way of doing it," said Mr. Irving to me.

Mr. Irving prizes nine volumes of "Dickens." The volumes are full of letters of the great novelist, bits of MSS. and drawings, all associated with his name. They are Foster's "Life of Dickens," interleaved with priceless mementos. Toole quietly left them at Grafton Street one day when Mr. Irving was out.

"Just one little anecdote to show you the wonderful goodness of dear old Toole for everybody. This will illustrate his fondness for children. Many years ago, when we were both young men, we were

playing together at a theatre in Edinburgh. Ristori was appearing at another house in 'Marie Stuart.' Our programme consisted of three or four pieces; we had finished the opening piece and were free for the second, so we made up our minds to slip over and see Ristori for half an hour or so. It so happened that the last piece on the evening's bill was 'The Birthplace of Podgers.' As Toole has to appear in this very early he half dressed for the character, putting on his corduroy trousers, red vest, and a big overcoat to hide them.

"We were just leaving the stage door together when we caught sight of three little boys, who were standing there watching the actors go in and out. It always was, and always will be, a fascinating spot for little boys. Toole turned to me suddenly: 'Can't help it, old chap! Can't help it, must do it!' He rushed up to the youngsters.

"'Halloa! my little friends! Want to see Podgers? Come along. Look sharp—here he is!' and he displayed to the wondering youngsters his beautiful red waistcoat with the white pearl buttons.

"'Here, wait a minute! There's one for you, another for you, my little man. Why! I have got another left for you. Good - bye, God bless you?' He had given them all a penny each, and we rushed away to see Ristori."

A great black raven stands just over the door which leads to the study.

This is an apartment suggestive of much of which one can write very little. The writing-table is placed near the window. Fresh flowers had been put in the tiny vases a few minutes before. The pictures are numerous; the works of reference on every conceivable subject can be counted by the hundred. I liked the simple picture of Miss Ellen Terry with two dogs on her lap. She has written on it: "We wish you many happy returns of the day, and shall ever remain your loving, faithful friends, Fussie and Ned; Feb. 6, 1889."

Here is Fussie, just come into the room. He has been following us about the house all the morning. Who is Fussie? A faithful little black and white fox-terrier, who goes with its master every night to the theatre, patiently sits on a mat in his dressing-room until the performance is over, and then hurries home again. He wakes everybody in the house, sometimes at five o'clock in the morning, then starts out for a tour of Bond Street, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and the neighbourhood, returning in three or four hours' time. Fussie once belonged to poor Fred Archer, and was given to Mr. Irving by



From a Photo. by]

"FUSSIE."

[Miss Ellen Terry.

Miss Terry. Miss Terry was at Newmarket one day going over some stables, and Fred Archer gave her a little pup, which was appropriately christened Fussie. Mr. Irving assured me that if he went to America and forgot to take the little terrier, the latter would swim the Atlantic after him! Fussie specially sat to Miss Ellen Terry for the photo. reproduced. He was "caught" in the act of carrying his master's walking-stick.

At the far end of the study is a great glass, which reaches from the floor to the ceiling. Against this lean a number of swords, all suggestive of interest, and many walking-sticks. The sword Edmund Kean wore as *Richard III.* is in a crimson velvet scabbard; another is David Garrick's sword; and here is the one used by Mr. Irving as



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

Hamlet for 200 nights, the crape with which it is covered being almost in tatters. There are a score of walking-sticks. One of them belonged to the late Frank Marshall, a cane he carried for years.

Then Mr. Irving sat down in his chair—a chair of incomparable comfort. We spent the afternoon in "looking back." He spoke with earnestness about everything, and with gentleness about everybody. He seemed to me to always *think* before he spoke. His work has long ago told of the scholarly artist which he is, but you begin to understand it better after you have met the man.

One would like to write much about his brilliant career, a life which he has used to elevate the profession, of which he is the head, into the place it now occupies in the estimation of the public. Mr.

Irving lives, and has lived, for his art; it will surely live after him. Suffice it now to talk about the many pleasant incidents of a well-spent day—which only ended when I said “good-bye” to him at the theatre late at night—and with them something of the work he has done.

John Henry Brodribb was born at Keinton, near Glastonbury, on February 6th, 1838. Although Irving was adopted as his *nom de théâtre*, it is now his legal name, he having had letters patent granted to him for this purpose. He passed the early years of his boyhood in Cornwall. At eleven years of age he became a pupil at Dr. Pinches' school, in George Yard, Lombard Street, a locality rendered famous from the fact that it was at a chop-house in this neighbour-



From a Photo, by

SOME FAMOUS SWORDS AND STICKS.

[Elliot & Fry.

hood that Pickwick partook of his chops and tomato sauce. It was at Dr. Pinches' academy that young Irving astonished both teacher and taught with a recital of that somewhat weird though dramatic poem, “The Uncle.” From the school he went to the desk—to an East India house in Newgate Street, which is still in existence. Mr. Irving admits to learning poems and parts out of convenient books which he managed to hide between the pages of the ledger.

“I know, one day,” said Mr. Irving, merrily, “I started to learn a piece on my way to the office. I couldn't leave it. Every moment when the manager's eye was not on me, out came my book. I made up my mind to finish it that day. During my dinner hour I went and hid myself in a huge wooden packing-case. The hour went by,

and I knew it not. It appears they were searching all over for me, and it was just on six o'clock before they came across me in the box."

He made his first appearance at the new Sunderland Theatre on September 29th, 1856. Then he worked hard in the provinces, often learning seventeen and eighteen parts a week. The early hours in the morning he passed with wet towels round his head, working at his lines, would astonish the most enthusiastic college "cram." From Sunderland he went to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool. Mr. Toole practically obtained the first London engagement for Mr. Irving. They had met some time previously in Edinburgh. But a small part in "Ivy Hall," at the Princess's, on September 24th, 1859, did not content the young actor. Away he went to the provinces again, working harder than ever, and not for another seven years did he return to London, as leading man at the St. James's, playing *Doricourt* in "The Belle's Stratagem." His marvellous character-acting as *Digby Grant* in "The Two Roses," at the Vaudeville, is still remembered, and his "little cheque" rings in the ears of many. He played *Grant* for 300 nights. He was not regarded as a tragic actor then, and his magnificent performance of *Mathias* in "The Bells," at the Lyceum Theatre, under H. L. Bateman, came as a revelation, only to be intensified—after appearing as *Charles I.*, *Eugene Aram*, and *Richelieu*—when he appeared as *Hamlet*. He represented the Dane for 200 nights, the longest run of the play on record. More Shakespearean and other work followed, until Mrs. Bateman retired from the Lyceum. On December 30th, 1878, the Lyceum Theatre opened with "Hamlet," which was played another hundred nights. On the memorable 30th December, Miss Ellen Terry commenced her work at the Lyceum. The actor had now become a manager, and no management before or since has been attended by such brilliant results. His productions have been watched and waited for—"The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Macbeth," "Faust," "The Cup," "Othello"—in which he alternated the parts of the *Moor* and *Iago* with Edwin Booth—"Henry the Eighth," which as a spectacle has never been equalled; and "King Lear" and Lord Tennyson's "Becket."

Three times has Mr. Irving, accompanied by Miss Ellen Terry and the Lyceum Company, crossed to America. As in this country so in America—his genius was instantaneously recognised. Mr. William Winter, the eminent dramatic critic, says: "He speaks to the soul and the imagination." But little has been said here of Miss Ellen Terry's share in the Lyceum triumphs. Mr. Irving impressed upon me the work she had done—but, I have a little note on my table as I write now. It bears the signature of Ellen Terry. For further information see subsequent pages.

We spoke of many things that afternoon—on matters merry and subjects solid. Mr. Irving is never happier than when telling a story against himself.

"Many years ago," he said, "I was playing in Dublin. I was suddenly called upon to undertake a heavy part—the actor who was cast for it having been taken ill. In those days your gallery boy was a much greater conversationalist than he is now—I mean, if a couple of gallery friends were separated, they thought nothing of holding a conversation across the house whilst the play was in progress. Well, I made my first entrance.

"'Is that him?—eh?' shouted one youth to another.

"'No,' came the reply, 'them is the young man's clothes; they'll shove him out later on!'"

The drift of this little story will be understood.

"Have I ever had any accidents? Only one serious one.

It was in the first run of 'Hamlet.' The sword slipped out of *Laertes'* hand and cut me near the eye. A dear friend of mine, Dr. George Critchett, was in front; he came round and stopped the bleeding by twelve hours' application of ice. Fencing? You saw my foils downstairs on the table? I never practise now, for if once learnt the art is never forgotten. I took my first lessons from a man named Shury, in Chancery Lane, afterwards from Roland, in Edinburgh, and also from McTurk at Angelo's. Have I ever forgotten my part? Yes, I have. It is a curious thing that the more perfect you are in a part, the more likely you are to 'stick.' It is often the case after you have been playing the same character for a hundred or more nights. The worst part of it is that when you want the prompter he is never there.

"'Give me the word,' says the actor.

"'What word do you want?' replies the prompter."

The day was going quickly. Mr. Irving suddenly jumped up.

"Half-past six! We must be off. Excuse me whilst I



THE PRIVATE DOOR OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

just write a line. Look at that," passing me a letter; "it came this morning. I get many more like it."

It was a letter from a footman inviting Mr. Irving to produce an original play in blank verse which he had written!

During our drive to the theatre he told me many things of interest. On the question as to whether Mr. Irving thought a school of acting necessary, he said that one could never make an actor. You can teach him elocution, technique, but there is no *making* an actor. Even technique is a life-long study. The fashions in hand-shaking change every day. He studies his parts everywhere; many of the characters we are seeing to-day he had within his mind years ago, and they have been developing and growing ever since. Then, after years of playing, there is always something to learn in a character.

Mr. Irving is one of the few actors who, at the conclusion of a death scene in a tragedy, always fall forward. Mr. Irving has taken the opinion of physicians and many old soldiers on the subject, and it is the only natural way with those suddenly overtaken by death. When a man was shot his head fell on his breast, and the body always fell in the direction indicated by the head.

Just as we drove up to the private door of the theatre in Burleigh Street, Strand, I asked Mr. Irving if he had ever met the late Cardinal Manning. He never had. Yet as *Cardinal Wolsey* in "Henry the Eighth," when the actor smiles, his expression is the exact counterpart of that of the late Cardinal.

Fussie follows us in. Passing through a passage which leads direct on to the stage, at the end we find some stairs. The walls just here are covered with Indian matting. A very few steps, and you have entered the dressing-room. It is just as cosy as it well can be. The walls are covered with pictures and prints, including one by Maclise, and Edmund Kean by Clint. Pictures of the actor himself are not wanting, and portraits of Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, and John L. Toole are in prominent positions. The place of honour is a huge "King Arthur" chair. Here princes, poets, and politicians, men of learning and of all nationalities, have sat.

But it is the table which fascinates one most. A clean white linen cloth has been laid out, and everything is ready for making up. Everything on the board is time-worn—the table itself being a stage "prop," and useful for banqueting scenes. The looking-glass—tied together with string—has been in use for something like twenty years; the wicker-basket, which contains the making-up materials, is of a good age. There is quite a variety of puffs. Tiny saucers and plates are neatly arranged in order, containing various powders—principally a mixture of yellow ochre and white, for each will help to suggest the complexion of *Cardinal Wolsey*, which is the character he will play to-night. The chair—placed in front of the table—is old and rickety, but he who has just sat down keeps it for associations' sake, and it gives more comfort than a Turkish ottoman.

Fussie never stirs from the spot.

There was still plenty of time to spare, as we had a reason for reaching the theatre early. It was to talk about dear Charles

Mathews. Mr. Irving took down his picture. It was given to him by Mrs. Mathews,

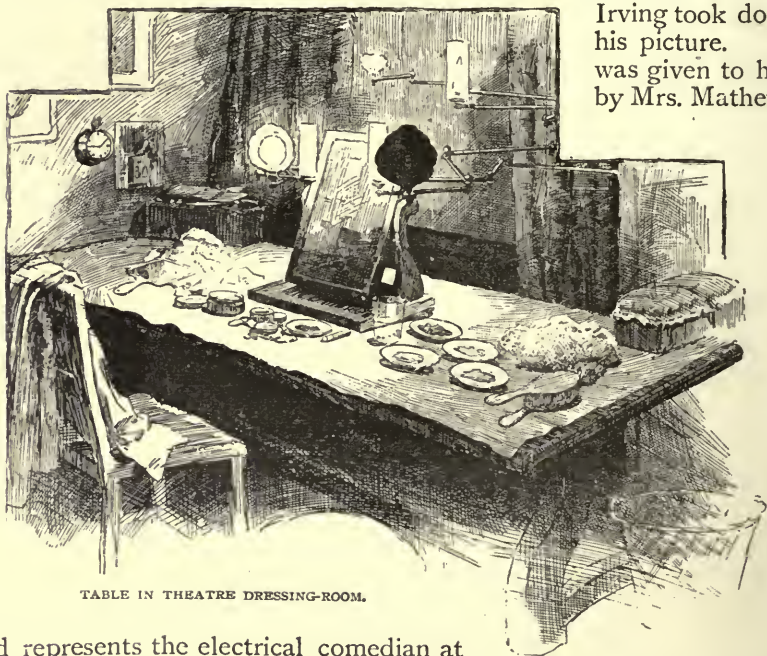


TABLE IN THEATRE DRESSING-ROOM.

and represents the electrical comedian at seventy-six. It is a striking likeness; and the face of one of Mr. Irving's dearest friends brought many a happy reminiscence to mind.

"Ah!" said Mr. Irving, as he looked at the picture, "the brilliancy and exquisite style of Mathews have never been excelled. In my early days Mathews was a true friend to me—yes, and in the later days, too. I remember when I first went to the St. James's Theatre; I went as stage manager, and there were a lot of old actors there—amongst them Frank Matthews and Walter Lacy. I was a young man amongst these old stagers. I admit to feeling nervous, and was fearful lest I might do something which the older men might resent. The first day came. All went very nicely, and we were just commencing to rehearse 'The Belle's Stratagem,' when who should skip on to the stage but Charles Mathews! Stopping the rehearsal for the moment, he rushed up to Frank Matthews and Walter Lacy.

"'Ah! Frank, my boy—Walter! One moment. My young friend, Irving—Frank, Walter. Be kind to him. Good-bye. God bless you!'" And he was gone.

"Mathews had a tender heart. Here is another kindness of Mathews. I once played a part in London, and was very much cut up by the Press. Mathews was round at my rooms almost as soon

as the papers were out. He talked to me for over an hour, cheered me up, and did more for me in that hour than I can tell. I heard afterwards that as soon as he read the notices in the papers at his breakfast, he got up there and then, left his meal unfinished, and hurried away.

"Mathews and I were one day looking through an album, and came across a drawing of the back of a man.

" 'Lafont !' I cried.

"Mathews cried out, 'What do you know about Lafont?'

" 'I've seen him act,' I replied.

"Mathews turned to me very quietly, and said: 'To that man I owe all—I built myself up on him!' The fact is," continued Mr. Irving, 'when I was playing at the St. James's, after I had finished I would often drop into the



CHARLES MATHEWS.

From the Painting in Mr. Irving's Dressing-room.

gallery of the Princess's Theatre and see the end of a French play. From that gallery I saw an actor, which caused me to say inwardly, 'That's my man.' He was great. That actor was Lafont. That is how I recognised him in Mathews' album.

"Mathews was always letter-perfect, and severe with the forgetful ones. Here is an instance. I was once playing at Edinburgh in 'Bachelor of Arts.' A certain actor was cast for the part of *Adolphus*. Mathews, in the play, was his tutor. It was necessary for the elucidation of the plot for *Adolphus* to tell the story of his life to his tutor. The scene arrived. He did not know his part. He started and stumbled, started again and stumbled worse, until at last, thinking to get out of it, he turned to Mathews and said: 'Well, er—if you'll come into the next room I'll tell you the story!'

"Mathews caught him by the coat.

" 'Sit down, sir,' he cried, 'sit down. There are some ladies and



MR. HENRY IRVING AS CARDINAL WOLSEY.

gentlemen in this house to-night who would like to hear you tell that story. Never mind me. Go on.'

" 'Well, er——' began the youth.

" 'Just so,' said the irrepressible comedian, 'you wanted to tell me that you were born——'

" 'Yes,' faltered the youth.

" 'And that after spending a few years——'

"Just so."

"So Mathews filed out the whole speech for him. When he had finished he turned to the young fellow and in a voice of thunder cried :—

"Now you may go into the next room !"

"Here is a story just to show you the difference of opinion in two great actors. The —— came to Birmingham, where I was engaged. The play was 'A Scrap of Paper,' and I was cast for the boy's part. In this I have to challenge a man of the world to fight. He treats it as a joke, and suggests that it should take place in

Japanese fashion, which, according to him, is to each take a knife and rush. Boy gets very fidgety at

this.

"I used to take a pocket-handkerchief to wipe my face at my prospects in the duel, and manage, at the same time, to let an orange fall. The audience were delighted at this little bit of business. Well, the play was over the first night. A knock at my dressing-room door — Mr. and Mrs. —— wished to see me. I got a most severe lecture, and the orange business was for-

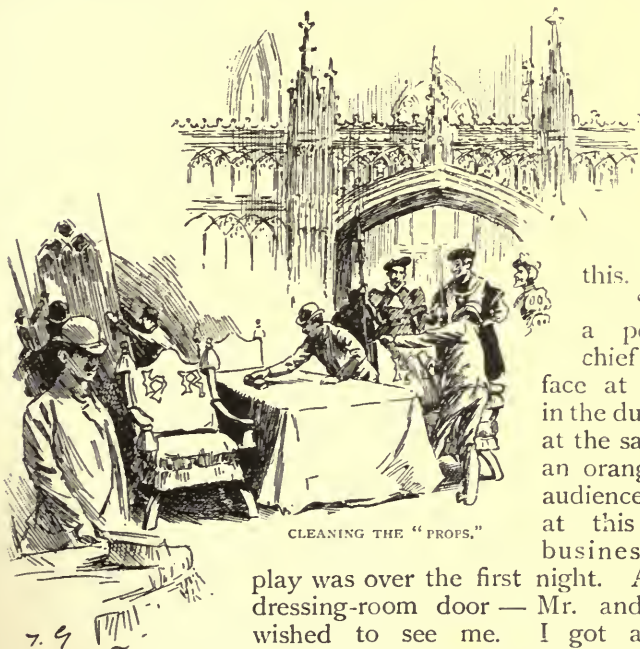
bidden. It didn't occur again.

"Some time afterwards I was at another theatre. Same piece was played ; I was cast for the boy again, and Mathews was in it. As I didn't agree with the —— on the orange business, I introduced it again, believing it helped the scene. The orange was dropped. Mathews stopped and coughed.

"'Good gracious !' I thought. 'I've bothered Mathews !'

"Still, after the play was over, no knock came to the door. On the second night, thinking I inconvenienced Mathews, I left the piece of 'business' out. That night there was a tap at the door. It was Mathews.

"'Well, young Irving, what's the matter with you to-night ?' he said ; 'you're as dull as ditchwater. Where's the orange ? Let's have that orange, it's the hit of the piece.'"



Now Mr. Irving lays his glasses on one side—it is time to make up. By-the-bye, he considers it an advantage to the actor to be short-sighted—he doesn't see if the audience smiles at the serious parts and cries at the comic portions of the play.

The face finished, Mr. Irving resumes his glasses. The whole make-up has only taken a few minutes. That needed for *Mathias* in "The Bells" is the simplest of all such stage faces; *Shylock* is the most elaborate, occupying three-quarters of an hour, *Richelieu* and *Charles I.* ranking next. Now Mr. Irving dons the silken robes of the Cardinal—the biretta and book are close at hand. A ring is put on the finger; a final glance, and the great actor leaves the dressing-room.

I follow quietly downstairs—talking together until we reach the wings; a door opens in the scene; Mr. Irving hurriedly remarks: "I'm off," and the next moment a shout of welcome tells me that *Cardinal Wolsey* is on the stage. This wonderful change, so sudden and complete—for he had walked straight from his room to the stage, the entrance being cleverly timed—this sudden transition from the man to the player was remarkable. It was so all the evening. Whilst on the stage he at once became another man; with his exit the Cardinal was completely forgotten. One moment he would be in the act of relating some merry anecdote, only to break away without a word of warning, in the midst of it, and the recollection of the story was soon lost in listening to some magnificent speech.

The opportunity was afforded me of witnessing the working of a



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

veritable little army of stage hands behind the scenes. It is a perfect organization, and the enthusiasm displayed by the men, whether in setting a scene or brushing the crimson plush chairs in readiness for a change, seemed to tell that it was as much out of regard for the man under whom they labour as it was for wages. But, when not with Mr. Irving, I spent most of my time on a little wooden seat which has been let into the proscenium wall, and affords an excellent view of the stage from behind. It is the favourite seat of Mr. W. E. Gladstone when he visits the Lyceum, and many other eminent men have occupied it.

I was sitting there quietly. Mr. Irving had just made his exit, and was by my side.

"Comfortable seat?" he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "The Chinese Ambassador sat there one night. We were playing 'Hamlet.' Miss Terry was in the midst of her mad scene. I was just going round to see how my honoured Celestial friend was getting on. He was in the act of walking on to the stage—the playing of Miss Terry had affected him so that he was burning to congratulate her on the spot. I was only in the nick of time to hold him back; another half a foot and he would have made his 'first appearance!' I wonder what the audience would have thought of the entrance of somebody in the most gorgeous of robes, whose name was not on the programme!"

VIII.

MISS ELLEN TERRY.



From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.] TOWER COTTAGE—"PRINCE" AND HIS MISTRESS.

IN the course of my chat with Mr. Irving, I casually hinted at a little something which practically amounted to a promise. It was a note from Miss Ellen Terry. That note has been honoured, and it is a pleasurable effort to sit down and endeavour to recollect all that happened during nearly a couple of days spent with her at London and Winchelsea. Eminent people who are homely are positive blessings—and that is just what Ellen Terry is. The first word she said to me when I reached Winchelsea, as she sat holding the reins behind Tommy, the pony, whilst Punch, her dog, seemed to be barking an invitation to take my seat by its mistress's side, was "Welcome!" I shall always remember that greeting and what came of it.

But Winchelsea must wait for a few pages—there is the house in Barkston Gardens to be visited first, and then away to "Holiday Home." If you walked round the square of great red brick houses at Earl's Court which constitutes Barkston Gardens, in the summer

time, you would have no difficulty in finding Miss Terry's house. Its number is—flowers—flowers—flowers! They fill the window-sills and block the balcony of the drawing-room. A man may be known by the pictures he hangs on his walls—so may a woman by the flowers she puts in her vases and windows. Here at Barkston Gardens they are of the simplest and homeliest kind, the tiny blue-bell, marguerite, and the cottage nasturtium. Within this floral exterior I met Miss Terry. She wore a long black gown, which to me suggested *Portia*. She is tall, handsome, with a mouth that has a struggle on the stage to keep away the smiles which refuse to be overcome, and eyes that look at you and twinkle with heart-born merriment. Yet against all this there is a stately grace which indicates what falls to the lot of few women—a merry mood at all times, and gifted genius ever shining through it.

Dear old Mrs. Rumball—her friend of twenty years—sat there watching her every movement.

"My little home!" said Miss Terry, as I entered—"only full of twopenny-halfpenny things; but I love them all for dear associations' sake."

Here are a very few of the things of which Miss Terry so wrongly under-estimated the worth. The entrance-hall contains a proof etching of Forbes Robertson's picture of the church scene in "Much Ado About Nothing." To the right is the dining-room—a delightful apartment. The walls are of green, pink, and embossed gold, and harmonize to perfection. A bust of Henry Irving is over a little



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM—BARKSTON GARDENS.

[Elliott & Fry.

book-case, the volumes on the shelves—Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens—being hidden by art curtains; drawings by Mrs. Hastings of Mr. and Mrs. Terry—the father and mother of the gifted actress—hang on the wall, together with those of her two children—Mr. Gordon and Miss Ailsa Craig. Over the quaint oaken sideboard is a reproduction of the Venus of Milo. Her table is in the recess of the window. On this there is yet another portrait of Mr. Gordon Craig—indeed, her two children are in every room of the house.

Next to the dining-room, separated from the hall by great tapestry curtains, is the smallest sitting-room imaginable. I never saw so many



From a Photo. by]

THE SITTING-ROOM AND STUDY.

[Ellist & Iry.

chairs in so small a space. This is in every sense of the word a study. In a corner of this apartment is a great resting ottoman, with many pillows thrown negligently upon it. It is here that Ellen Terry rests and reads, living with the genius of the man who first conceived and penned the lines in that little row of books on the wall, which bear his name in golden letters—Shakespeare. The knick-knacks in this room are countless. A picture of Sheridan is reputed to be by Gainsborough; there are numerous original studies for costume—principally Shakespearean—and a very small bust of Fechter is under a glass shade on the mantel-board. A screen of Sir Walter Scott's is noticeable.

The Alcove is the most delightful arrangement in miniature rooms conceivable. It was really a bit of spare landing space—now it is one of the prettiest corners in the whole house. It is of white enamel. As a specimen of artistic furnishing, this little alcove may be opened



THE ALCOVE.

out as a perfect model. It won't let one get away. How cosy are the cushions under the canopy of the window—how quaint the oaken table and chairs, which are an exact model of those used by Shakespeare himself!

Over the mantel-board are many portraits, all of

them autographed and accompanied by kindly messages: Madame Nordica, Miss Julia Neilson—who married Miss Terry's brother Fred—Miss Mary Anderson, Sarasate, and Salvini. Signor Tosti has sent his photo. and surrounded it with words and music—"Good-bye, Summer, good-bye, good-bye!" Tosti, one day, specially sang this beautiful song for Miss Terry at a friend's house. Very shortly afterwards this pleasant memento came. There is an old picture of Mrs. Cowley, who wrote "The Belle's Stratagem." Where there are not books there are pictures, such as an admirable likeness of Roger Kemble, father of J. P. Kemble; Mrs. Siddons, Sarah Bernhardt, Forbes Robertson, and Miss Terry and Henry Irving in various characters. Fred Barnard, the artist, is well represented with etchings



From a Photo. by]

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

[Window & Grove.

of Mr. Irving as *Digby Grant* in "The Two Roses." An original study as *Hamlet* is striking. There is also an excellent pencil sketch of Miss Terry as *Portia*, whilst Sidney L. Smith is responsible for Miss Terry as *Beatrice*.

A spinning-wheel is near the window.

"No, you are wrong," said Miss Terry; "that is not the one I used to sit down to as *Marguerite* in 'Faust.' I bought this in Nuremberg and meant to use it, but, believe me, I found that an 'old property' one looked much better on the stage."

Just then a tiny little piping note was heard. It was as sweet and as true as the note of a flute. It seemed to come from upstairs, and was apparently the gentle whistling of an old German air by an unknown and invisible personage. My inquisitive surprise delighted Miss Terry. She beckoned me. We went tip-toe up the stairs, and as I drew aside the amber silk curtains of the drawing-room, the whistle became louder and sweeter still. Ah, there was the culprit, caged up in the window!

"Prince—my bullfinch!" cried Miss Terry. How that little creature whistled, to be sure! Just as though its very life depended on the number and purity of its notes.

"He pipes all day," Prince's mistress said, running her fingers along the brass wires of the cage, "and we don't quite know what the tune is. When I bought him he was in a little wooden cage, and on it were written in pencil the names of two songs—'Du bist wie eine Blume,' and—what do you think?—Poli Berkins! But he's never whistled of 'My Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green' to this day."

The drawing-room overlooks the gardens, and is fragrant with the perfume of the roses which fill the china bowls on the tables. A huge



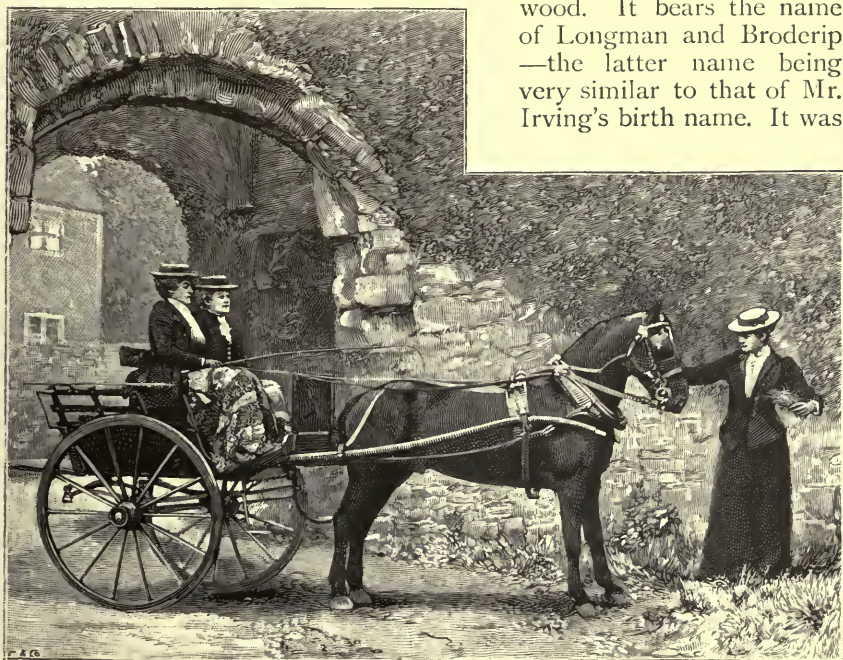
From a Photo. by J

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

bouquet of carnations is just beginning to fade—a few fallen petals are strewn on the carpet. But it will rest there till it drops. It was a gift from Sarah Bernhardt. Tables are set out with silver trinkets, and a cabinet is crowded with blue china. The music of "Henry VIII." is open on the piano—on top of which is an oil painting of a corner of the kitchen of the "Audrey" Arms, at Uxbridge. Miss Terry saw this quaint, old-fashioned little place, and wanted it. A difficulty had to be overcome, for it was an inn. The place was bought, and an old woman was employed to sell the beer, and for some time Miss Terry spent her holidays in the rooms pertaining to the old "Audrey" Arms, previous to her settling at Winchelsea.

A beautiful specimen of the original, out-of-date, square piano is here, but still delightful in tone, it having recently been completely restored by Messrs. Broadwood. It bears the name of Longman and Broderip—the latter name being very similar to that of Mr. Irving's birth name. It was



From a Photo. by]

OFF FOR A DRIVE.

[Elliott & Fry.

picked up at Deal. The old firm of Longman and Broderip has been continued through Clementi to Messrs. Collard, who still retain the old Cheapside premises, whence this pretty old piano came nearly a hundred years ago.

The case of curios must not be forgotten. Amongst other things, it contains a pair of old gold buckles which belonged to a Cavalier who was hidden in the oak tree with Charles II.; Mrs. Siddons's Bible, with a letter in her own handwriting; a tiara which was once

owned by the famous Lady Blessington ; a little blue china cup of Sir Walter Scott's ; and surely the daintiest and tiniest of lace handkerchiefs—Sarah Bernhardt's. But what gave rise to most curiosity were a number of pairs of eye-glasses. I was holding in my hand a pair with the name of "Henry" written on one glass and "Irving" on the other. Then I learnt that Miss Terry has a rare collection of famous men's glasses, amongst them being Mr. Whistler's, Dr. Mackenzie's, Sir Arthur Sullivan's, and others.

From the time I laid down these eye-glasses and bade Miss Terry "Good-bye," to the day I arrived at the little Sussex village of



From a Photo. by TOWER COTTAGE—MISS TERRY AND HER DAUGHTER IN THE GARDEN. *[Elliott & Fry.]*

Winchelsea and heard her "Welcome!" was just two months. It was on one of the days just before her return to town and work again. I jumped up into the dog-cart—to which Tommy was harnessed—and Tower Cottage was quickly reached.

"Tommy carried us all the way from London to Winchelsea," said Miss Terry, enthusiastically, "and he'll take us back again. We put our luggage on board—Punch, this young rascal of a terrier, who seems to live only to bark, and Prince. You'll see Prince—yes, and hear him, too, in a few minutes—for he's at the cottage. At a pretty roadside inn we found a wee kitten—it seemed to like me. It came running out to us and appeared lost. It gave such a funny little whine,



TOWER COTTAGE—FRONT VIEW.

which seemed to say, 'Me-e-ne-e,' so I christened it Minnie on the spot. Isn't this country glorious? Isn't it the place for a rest? But, wait a little! Have I been ill? Yes, indeed. But we won't talk about that; still, it reminds me of a little story, and I thought perhaps you might like to hear it, because some of the people in it have appeared in your Magazine:—

"We were stopping, about a year ago, at the Forest of Dean. There were a good many of us, among whom was Sir Morell Mackenzie. We made an excursion one day to Tintern. On the road my maid called out that something had got into her eye, and that she was in great pain. We stopped at the next village, but the chemist's shop was shut, the chemist being at church, for it was Sunday; but Sir Morell was bent on healing, and rang at the door, got down the different bottles himself, and with his own hand prepared a lotion for my poor maid's eye. I need scarcely tell you how much astonished Mrs.—, the chemist's wife, was upon learning the name of her distinguished dispenser, and on our way back the whole village turned out to look at the dear man whose fame for good deeds, great and small, cannot be increased by any words which I could speak, or I would try to grow eloquent and perhaps become inspired by the noble theme."

We had reached the top of the hill, drove beneath the old stone gate, curiously enough known as the "Strand Gate," a great pile of ragstone, with towers at each angle, and partially covered with ivy, and stopped at the little white wicket gate. And, true enough, there was Prince, singing away with a heart as free as though he were in the open air instead of in his cage by the window—the same sweet tune. At sight of his mistress he hopped about in mad delight, stretched his little neck and lifted his head, anxious to pipe his richest notes as an assurance of perfect happiness. And here was the tortoise on the grass and Minnie cuddled up in the doorway, blinking her tiny

blue eyes at the sunbeams which were playfully striving to drive the peacefully disposed kitten out of her chosen corner. Who ever built Tower Cottage is hereby publicly thanked—its bricks and latticed windows form the prettiest little piece of architecture of its kind, and its site almost amounts to a paradise. Just look at its walls, up which the honeysuckle is creeping and the roses growing, the great blooming crimson fuschias, and the paths edged with the greenest of box!—the blackberry bushes and the hammocks hung in the shade between the boughs of the apple trees! You walk along the gravel paths



[From a Photo by] THE HAMMOCKS UNDER THE APPLE TREES. [Elliott & Fry.]

of the garden, and every blossom on the branches peeping out from the grassy beds appears just to have come there of its own free will. You look round for the sign of a trowel or spade in vain. Nature seems to have been her own gardener, and planned and planted this floral nook. Then come a little farther to this turret built over the stables—the turret top with its alternate green boxes of cloves and nasturtiums, on which a swing seat has been put up. Then you get the view.

"I have seen it many times before," said Miss Terry,

"but I always find something more to look upon. Isn't it fair? I love space, and surely it is here. Look, right away across the fields—with the lambs playing about by the side of the winding rivulets—is the sea dotted with tiny vessels. To the left is Rye—it looks like a little hillock of houses, doesn't it?—Rye with its windmills—and every one of them is working. You remember Thackeray's unfinished 'Dennis Duval'? Dennis had a grandfather who was a barber and perruquier, and elder of the French Protestant Church at Winchelsea. Dennis himself often used to walk from this little town into Rye, perhaps



AS "OPHELIA."—(Hamlet.)
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

children, but not one of herself. "I don't like seeing myself about the place," she said. "I have a friend who gets every photo. of me published, and puts them in her rooms. I haven't been to see her for some time. It made me quite wretched when I last called; there was I 'weeping' in her bed-room, 'mad' in her dining-room, whilst in the front parlour I was positively 'dying' in three different positions!" Still, it is to be hoped that Miss Terry will not be reduced to despair when she opens these pages, and beholds herself in all the most famous characters in which she has appeared at the Lyceum.

past this very cottage! To my mind there is no more restful or more romantic spot anywhere than this. You can't even remember there exists such a thing as a theatre here! But I'll take you round the village this afternoon."

Inside the house was all that was suggested by the outside—all was dainty and in miniature. One thing struck me—there was not a single picture of the great actress herself on the walls. Here were her friends, her two



AS "BEATRICE."—(Much Ado about Nothing.)
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

Our luncheon party comprised Miss Ailsa Craig, two friends, Miss Terry, and myself. Punch and Minnie were also present. Luncheon over, we hurried away to the apple trees, and Miss Terry brought out her camera—for she is a wonderfully adept photographer



*From a Photo. by] AS "LETITIA HARDY. [Window & Grocer.
(The Belle's Stratagem.)*

—and insisted on my giving her a sitting. I wonder if Miss Terry knows what happened whilst this was going on? Probably she does ere this; but one member of this very happy party hastily procured another camera, and, whilst Miss Terry was photographing me, she was "taken" herself. Then we started out for Winchelsea, and what a delightful guide I had! We visited the old prison and judgment house, now used as a public reading-room, and my kindly guide remembered a little entertainment she once gave there, when, together with her daughter and a friend, they made their first and only appearance as "The Three Old Maids of

Lee." We looked in at the old church, and every one of the great square pews seemed to suggest—sleep, sleep, beautiful sleep! We saw the tree under which John Wesley made his last open-air address; the Friary, a fine old specimen of architecture, and the wonderful old gates and cellars of the town, which make Winchelsea a rarity amongst rare picturesque places.

For half-an-hour—whilst Miss Terry rested a little—I was left alone with a cigar. So I walked and talked with the village children. And I found out that Miss Terry's loving kindness to the little ones is known in Winchelsea, as everywhere else. One bright, sunburnt little maid, whom I met in one of the lanes, told me she was going to Miss Terry's to tea "next Wednesday," and, added the child, with eyes as big as stars and twinkling as brightly, "Miss Terry says poetry to us!" I was glad the child told me that, because it made assurance doubly sure of my estimate of the woman's character. I thought of the packed theatre, and the people who had paid half-a-guinea for their stalls; then of the handful of little ones who had an unpurchasable entertainment for nothing—listening to Miss Terry "saying poetry."

I returned to Tower Cottage.

We met again on the turret top, and then I listened to the story of her life. How earnestly she spoke of everything associated with her brilliant career. She has always been in the best circle—theatrically speaking—ever since she began. But she referred to all this very quietly. If Ellen Terry impresses one on the stage as an actress, how much more does she do so when sitting surrounded by one of the fairest of Nature's scenes, as a woman! When she remembers an incident it is indeed remembered. All the circumstances connected with it crowd into

her memory, the place, the people—everything, and she lives through it once again, even though it may belong to her very youngest years.

Miss Ellen Alice Terry was born at Coventry in St. Valentine's month. St. Valentine's month has seen the natal day of many of the great—Wordsworth, Ruskin, Charles Dickens, Abraham Lincoln, Rossini, Joseph Jefferson, Victor Hugo, Handel, Longfellow, J. R. Lowell, George Washington, Cardinal Newman, and Henry Irving.

"My father and mother," said Miss Terry, "were acting from place to place. Then I came to them at Coventry. There is no trace of the house where I was born—it may have been at an inn or in lodgings. It is not generally known that my mother, when eighteen years of age, played the *Queen* to Macready's *Hamlet*. Macready liked playing with my mother; he gave a curious reason for it—'because she wouldn't stick her hair all over with pins!' My own particular first appearance was made on the stage somewhere between the ages of seven and eight, at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mrs. Charles Kean. Now, here's an interesting



From a Photo. by]

AS "CATHERINE DUVAL."

[Window & Grove.

(The Dead Heart.)



AS "IOLANTHE."
(Iolanthe.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

but not quite up, for the man shut the trap-door too soon, and caught my toe. I screamed, Kate rushed to me, and banged her foot on the stage; but the man closed the trap tighter, mistaking the signal. 'Oh! Katie! Katie!' I cried.

"'Oh! Nelly, Nelly!' returned my sister.

"Mrs. Kean came rushing on,

little fact: When I was playing *Puck* at the Theatre Royal, Manchester—and quite an experienced little actress by that time—Mr. Irving, although he is ten years older than myself, was at that time just making his first appearance. But, something more. It is very possible that on the very night he made his first bow, I was having my toe nearly squeezed off! I will tell you the little story.

"I was playing *Puck* in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and had come up through a trap at the end of the last act to give the final speech. My sister Kate was playing *Titania*. Up I came—



From a Photo. by]

AS "PORTIA."
(The Merchant of Venice.)

[Window & Grove.

and made them open the trap, and so I released my foot.

" 'Finish the play, dear,' she whispered, excitedly, 'and I'll double your salary!'

"There was Kate holding me up on one side and Mrs. Kean on the other. Well, I did finish the play; it was something like this:—

"If we shadows have offended ('Oh! Katie! Katie!')

Think but this, and all is mended, ('I hope my poor toe will!')

That you have but slumbered here

While these visions did appear. ('I can't! I can't!')

And this weak and idle theme,

No more yielding but a dream; ('Oh! dear! Oh! dear!' and a big sob.)
Gentles, do not reprehend;

If you pardon, we will mend. ('Oh! Mrs. Kean!')

"And so I got through it. My salary was doubled, and Mr. Skey, President of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who chanced to be in a stall that very evening, came round behind the scenes and put my toe right. He remained my friend for life. I can well remember Charles Kean—he was so charming and lovable; Mrs. Kean was more alert and admirable. He was very fond of children. He had a rare way of amusing us little ones at the theatre. He had a tiny ballet skirt made. This he put round his hand, and placing his third and fourth fingers out and folding up the others, it looked just like a little woman dancing. Oh! how we used to scream with laughter, and the louder we laughed the higher the lady kicked."

Everybody saw in the child Nelly an actress; but this was strongly substantiated one night in a remarkable way. It happened through a scream. She was playing in a piece in which she had to put a snake round her neck and scream. Of course, the snake was not real, but so intense and heartrending was the scream, that it electrified the audience.



From a Photo. by]

AS "JULIET."
(Romeo and Juliet.)

[Windle & Grove.

After leaving the Keans, Miss Terry appeared at the Royalty and Haymarket Theatres. Already her work was being closely followed by the critics. Then came the first playing with Mr. Irving. It was at the old Queen's Theatre, in "The Taming of the Shrew." Miss Terry said that it was such a foggy night that you could scarcely see across the stage. The usual forebodings predicted by such a dark night, however, have not been realized, for surely no work could have been brighter or more brilliant than that which was subsequently—and is to-day—associated with the names of Miss Terry and Mr. Irving.



From a Photo. by]

AS "MARGUERITE,"
(Faust.)

[Window & Grove.

After an absence of seven years from the stage, she played a short engagement at the last-named theatre, followed by engagements at the Prince of Wales's and the Court. Then came a memorable night: her first appearance with Mr. Irving, at the Lyceum, as *Ophelia*, on December 30th, 1878 — nearly fifteen years ago. Since then, as effort succeeded effort, creation succeeded creation, so has she advanced in the favour of the public, and made good her claim to rank amongst the greatest actresses our country has given us. *Pauline, Portia, Desdemona, Juliet, Lady Macbeth*, and many more; how well we know them all!

Miss Terry well remembered that memorable night of December 30th, 1878.

"You ask me if I know what nervousness means," she said. "Why, I am so high-strung at the Lyceum, on a first night, that if I realized that there was an audience in front, staring at me, I should fly off and be down at Winchelsea in two two's! I shall never forget my first appearance at the Lyceum as *Ophelia*. Dear old Mrs. Rumball—you remember meeting her at Barkston Gardens?—was waiting for me in my dressing-room. I finished my part at the end of the fourth act—I couldn't wait to see the fifth. I rushed upstairs to my room and threw myself into her arms.

"'I've failed—I've failed!' I cried, in despair.

"'No, no!'

"'But I have—I have. Come along,' and we hurried away from the theatre, I in my *Ophelia* dress, with a big cloak thrown around me, and drove up and down the Embankment a dozen times before I dared go home."

"And when you saw the papers in the morning, how did you feel then?" I asked.

And as Punch, the terrier, came rushing down the path towards its mistress, the reply to my question told everything. She simply answered—and with all her heart—"Very happy."

"Dead! Dead, sir! Dead little doggy. Why won't you die? I really think this dog is as mad as a hatter. If he doesn't alter, I shall certainly call him 'The Hatter.' Die doggy, die!"

Punch did die eventually. He lay on his side, with his legs as stiff as those of a mahogany table. Then at the words "One — two — *three!*" —

equivalent to the tolling of the bell—up he jumped, fully decided that it was downright ridiculous to die when he could live and be happy at Winchelsea.

Then tea was brought out, and over a refreshing cup, accompanied by delicious bread and butter and sultana cake—real sultana cake, with plenty of plums in it!—I learnt much of the greatest interest. Dress is a very important matter with Miss Terry. She, with Mrs. Comyns Carr, designs her own costumes. Miss Terry thinks—and rightly too—that a dress should do much to indicate the character of the woman who is wearing it, as witness the dress she wears as *Lady Macbeth*, which looks like a coiling snake. "I could have gone mad," she said, "as *Ophelia*, much more comfortably in black than in white. But, oh! the little ins and outs of which the public know nothing. *Hamlet* and *Othello* must be black, then *Ophelia* and *Desdemona* must be white." Then on the question of



AS "QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA."
(Charles I.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

studying a part. Any school-girl can *learn* the words of a part, but that is a very different thing to knowing and growing up, as it were, with the character you are called upon to conceive and create. To study means to *know*, to know means to *be*. I saw one of her books. Its leaves were interspersed with almost as many notes as there was type—notes on the character of the woman, period, costume, surroundings, influences. One little note reads: "Character—Undemonstrative—Singing voice—About twenty-five—She ought to be nice-looking, for the King of France took her without any dower; every servant in the Court loves her—indeed, the Court Fool pines away when she goes to France." Some half-dozen books, all for the same character, are full of notes of this kind. She loves *Beatrice* and *Ophelia* the best, and the shortest and smallest part she ever played was only a year or two ago, when she went on at an amateur performance, and the applause which greeted her would scarcely allow her to give her

one and only line: "Please, ma'am, are you hin or are you hout?"

"I feel very strongly about girls going on the stage," said Miss Terry quietly. "They talk so glibly about it—but they don't understand it a bit. I look upon going on the stage as a divine mission—a mission intended for the few and not the many. You can't *teach* acting. It is the same as everything else—acting is a gift, a precious gift, which must be highly cultivated, and those who possess it can't go and tie their talent up in a napkin and bury it in the ground. It must—it *will* come out. I examine lots of girls in elocution—how few of them possess the one thing needful."



From a Photo. by]

AS "CAMA."
(The Cup.)

[Window & Grove.

But the contents of the little silver teapot were all gone, the cream in the jug at a premium, and the sultana cake a thing of the past. So we went into the house, and a pile of letters was brought

out. These are some of the missives which fall to the lot of a great and popular actress :—

"Madam,—I am a gentleman, although a clergyman's son. Will you lend me £8?" Here is another :—

"Dear Madam,—I have just been offered a position of clerk in Manchester. I cannot afford a ticket from London. I should like to go on a bicycle. Will you, dear madam, give me one, and, if you will, will you do a double-barrelled kindness and buy it at my brother's shop?"

"Then," said Miss Terry, "I have any number of letters



AS "LUCY ASHTON,"
(Ravenswood.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

from people who want to dress me at the theatre for nothing. Poor creatures! They little know what is in store for them. 'Lizzie'—her name is Julia, so I suppose that's why I call her Lizzie—Lizzie has been my maid at the theatre for fourteen years, and I haven't quite killed her yet!"

Birthday presents! On her birthday flowers are arriving at Barkston Gardens all day long; yes, and fruit and vegetables, too. Many old market women know her, and with reason; and when the



From a Photo. by AS "NANCE OLDFIELD,"
(Nance Oldfield.)

[Window & Grove,



AS "LADY MACBETH."
(Macbeth.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

locket, in which rests the portrait of her little child. The locket was brought. *Frou-Frou* opened it, and there was a picture of her own two children. Needless to say, the acting at this moment did not lose in its intensity.

Together we looked through her album. A portrait of the Queen comes first, then follows a view of Hampton Court, where Miss

27th of Valentine's month comes round they like to send their little presents. Miss Terry might have read, "Because you have been kind to me," written in large letters on the sack, which contained a bushel of potatoes, sent from an old woman last birthday.

Yet, a very precious present was given to her once. She was playing *Frou-Frou* in the provinces. One of the actors got to know that it was her birthday. In the last act of this play, when *Frou-Frou* is dying, she asks for her



From a Photo. by

AS "VIOLA."
(Twelfth Night.)

[Window & Grove.

Terry's first cottage was situated. The album is full of friends, and by the side of views of places visited are tiny flowers, bits of grasses and ivy gathered there. Both her children always give her a present on the first night of a play. Here is a faded rose from her daughter on the first night of "The Dead Heart," and next to it the original of a piece of music which her boy composed in honour of the event.

As we shut the album, Miss Terry cried out merrily :—

"Now let's go and see the



AS "ELLALINE."
(The Amber Heart.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.



From a Photo. by AS "OLIVIA." *[Window & Grove.*
(The Vicar of Wakefield.)

hop - pickers. There will be plenty of time before dinner. Come along."

— It was quite dark when we — Miss Terry, her daughter, and myself — got into the carriage. As we drove along the lanes of Sussex, what stories we listened to !

"People think they see everything on the stage," Miss Terry said. "Nothing of the

sort. Acting is an art which can show what you want to show, and hide what you want to hide. I remember years ago playing with

a well-known actor. He was full of tricks, and was the possessor of a false tooth. In a certain play he was on the stage with me, and I had to sit with my face in full view of the audience. Suddenly—in a most serious part—he pulled out his handkerchief and put it to his mouth. I knew what was coming—I knew it—the false tooth! He dropped something from his handkerchief on the ground at my feet! I trembled—I could scarcely go on. The manager noticed it, and, at the conclusion of the scene, came up.

“‘Why, what has upset you, Miss Terry?’

“‘I expect I did,’ said the culprit, who was standing by; ‘but I think it very hard on me that Miss Terry should be upset only because I let fall—*an acid drop!*’”



AS "QUEEN KATHARINE."
(Henry VIII.)
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

We had reached the hop-pickers, and our carriage drew up by the side of the hedge in the dark lane. It was a most impressive scene—the tents of the pickers standing out like phantoms, the whole thing being made all the more weird by the light of the fires, over which the hoppers were bending, cooking their evening meal. It was all so silent, save for the voice of a hop - picker who would suddenly shout out some command, or the cry of a child, for the tiniest of workers may be found "helping mother" in the fields by day. I can see Miss Terry now, as she stood up and looked upon this striking picture.

"If that could only be reproduced on the stage!" she said. "Look at it now. Wait a moment—until it is very still. Now. Now what does it look like? Why, the finest idea of a battle-field by night it is possible to have."

As we drove back again we stopped for a moment to hear the owls hissing amongst the ivy which covers the walls of the old church. How they hissed—a positive warfare in hissing!

Miss Terry leant across to me, just as an extra-strong noise came from the ivy, and said, merrily:—

"I don't think I have ever been hissed, but in future I shall come here and study my parts. Then I shan't get vain!"

IX.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.



HERE is probably no name better known in the world of literature and learning, and certainly no figure more familiar in the streets of the Scotch capital, than John Stuart Blackie. There is always much combined curiosity and speculation regarding the life and habits of the man who has won fame within the limits of his own room and the surroundings of his family circle. It is from a distinctly homely point of view that I would talk about Professor Blackie. I spent some time with him in Edinburgh, and the sum and total of his characteristics seemed to be the very personification of refined culture, hearty and honest opinion, and unadulterated merriment. He will quote Plato one moment, dilate on the severity of the Scottish Sab-



From a Photo. by]

PROFESSOR BLACKIE IN HIS STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

bath the next, and then with lightning rapidity burst forth into singing an old Scotch ballad that sets one's heart beating considerably above the regulation rate. He shook hands with me, and then commenced to sing. He told me of his career, and sandwiched between his anecdotes snatches of song and pithy quotations; and so it went on all through the day. If he is worried for a sentence, or troubled for a rhyme, he walks about the room humming. "I am a motive animal," he says. Sometimes he will sit down at the piano in the drawing-room at night, and the music tempts the Muse. Again, when rhymes are rare, he will make an excursion into the heart of some glorious glen, or try the mountain path, and on his return he brings a poem with him, which is immediately transferred to paper. And this, be it remembered, is the doings of one of the fathers of Scotland, who can put in a substantial claim to eighty-five birthdays.

I found him sitting at his table in one of his studies. The table is just by the window looking into the garden. He wore a long blue coat, picturesquely fastened round the waist with a red silk sash. He had on a very broad linen collar, with a long black cravat, loosely tied, negligently hanging down. On his head was a fine broad-brimmed Panama straw hat, an excellent assistance to the retention of good sight; he has never worn a pair of spectacles in his life. Strange to say, too, until the morning of my visit, he has needed no medical advice for over thirty years. He is patriarchal in appearance, with classical features, and long pure white hair which reaches to his shoulders. He has all the vitality of a young man. A trip alone to Constantinople at the age of eighty-two is a good record. He attributes his robust health to the fact that he has always worked and lived, read and thought, on a system. He rises at 7.30 and breakfasts. The morning is occupied in work and correspondence. The open air claims him every day for two hours before dinner, and Morpheus for an hour after the midday meal. No hard work after nine. Unless he has a lecture or other engagement, the evening finds him playing a game of backgammon with his wife, and he opens the door of his bedroom as the clock is chiming twelve. System governs every hour of the day, and two unapproachable mottoes guide every movement of his life. You cannot receive a letter from Professor Blackie without finding his motto penned in Greek characters in his own handwriting in the left-hand corner of the envelope. He puts it in the corner of every envelope he finds about the place, his servants' included. "Adopt it," he says, "and it will turn earth into heaven, it will revolutionize society in the twinkling of an eye." His motto is, "Speak the truth in love"

ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ

THE PROFESSOR'S MOTTO.

(Ephes. iv. 15), and he points out that the Greek verb means *acting* as well as speaking. The second motto is χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά, "All noble things are difficult to do."

We went from room to room. The drawing-room is a beautiful apartment. The walls are of quiet blue, picked out in gold, in harmony with the crimson plush curtains which hang at the windows,



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

and the green plush furniture. The fireplace is massive and striking. It is of Indian workmanship, exquisitely carved—as, indeed, are all the fireplaces throughout the house, for it was formerly occupied by Sir William Hunter, an Indian magnate. The photos are countless, and are everywhere. Here is the late Cardinal Newman—a precious reminiscence of the day when he was created Cardinal, at which ceremony Professor Blackie was present. Here again are Gladstone, John Morley, the late Count von Moltke, the German Emperor, Sir John Millais—every one autographed. Here, too, is an excellent portrait of Browning, with an inscription on the back—“This testifies that I have spent a delightful morning through the goodness of dear Blackie. May the pleasure be conferred on me at no distant time. May, 1885.” Here is a portrait of Miss Mary Anderson. Sixteen years ago the Professor wrote to Miss Jennie Lee that “the stage had more influence than the pulpit”—hence many theatrical reminiscences are visible about the house. Look in this small volume, and you will find a couple of New Year’s cards from Henry Irving. A small album on a table close at hand is highly valued by its owner. It contains some simple *cartes de visite* of some of the most eminent men of the century. The first place is given to the late Cardinal Manning—he has penned his autograph—and then in quick succession

come the features and signatures of such men as Sir David Brewster, Sir J. Noel Paton—with a child on his shoulders, a little one who is now Dr. Noel Paton, the physiologist—the late Dean Ramsay, Dr. Guthrie, Sir J. Y. Simpson—who discovered chloroform—Norman McLeod, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Shaftesbury, Professor Faraday, John Bright, and Charles Kingsley. There are a number of pictures of the Professor himself; two just at the far end of the room are productions of the old black-paper-and-scissors process, and very cleverly are they cut.

On a small easel stands a medallion, in a plush frame, by Mrs. D. O. Hill, a sister of Sir Noel Paton, who executed the Livingstone statue in Prince's Street. Many are the portraits of cats and dogs, for



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

Mrs. Blackie is fond of these domestic pets. An excellent picture of Goethe, at the age of thirty, is pointed out to me. The room, too, is rich in old china, some of which belonged to Wordsworth and Lord Byron.

A bowl, once the property of the late Dr. Chalmers, stands on a cabinet near the door. This little rosewood receptacle contains a wealth of interest. It has on its shelves a copy of every work which the Professor has written. As each new work is issued so it is added. The cabinet is called "The Shrine." Amongst the water-colour paintings is a small text painted in the midst of autumn leaves and blackberries. It is only a simple effort, and does not measure six inches square. Yet when Ruskin saw it he exclaimed, "That's the finest picture in Edinburgh."

"Yet," said Professor Blackie, as we crossed to the window and looked out upon the Corstorphine Hill, with its grand fir trees, and strained our eyes to catch a view of the distant hills of Fife—"yet Ruskin, who was a man of deep and intense feelings, would lift you up in delightful imagination as easily as he would drop you again to the ordinary level of life. Ruskin was a small edition of Carlyle—but he was a delicate and dainty edition. I will talk of Carlyle by-and-by. Well, some forty years ago, I was walking with Ruskin down Prince's Street, and he was looking up at the old town which rises high before you.

"When I walk along this grand street," he said, 'I am always glad when I come to the cross streets, for then I look from the works of man to the works of God.'

"This remark, no doubt, was justified by the general tameness and monotony of the street architecture not only in Edinburgh, but in London, at the time when the new town of Edinburgh was built.

"But," said I, 'have you no cyc for those palatial structures which are now rising all along the street to vary the monotony of the original three-storied houses?'

"No," said he, 'I hate high houses.'

"Why?" said I.

"Because," said he, 'they are bad for people with rheumatic legs!'

"Either this was a joke, or it showed a certain confusion of the ethical and the æsthetical which sometimes seems to mar the soundness of his judgment in matters of art."

We were standing at the window, and for a moment, before going through the other rooms of the house, Professor Blackie remembered something regarding some of the men whose portraits we had just glanced at. There was Dr. Guthrie.

"He was an intimate friend of mine," said the kindly Professor; "a splendid humorist, and a true Scotchman. He overflowed with humour. One Sunday he had been up at Inverness assisting at the



From a Photo. by]

"THE SHRINE."

[Edliott & Fry.

Sacrament. On the Monday there was a meeting, and the Doctor happened to be particularly merry. There was one man in the front seat who eyed the Doctor with great gravity, and as he gave out joke after joke, his face became graver still. When the meeting was all over, he went up to Guthrie with a fearfully solemn face, and said, 'Ah! Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Guthrie, if it hadn't been for the grace of God ye might have been a splendid comic actor!'"

I was now looking at John Bright.

"I lived at Oban in the summer season," continued Professor Blackie, "and John Bright lodged at Taynuilt. It was one day when sitting in John Bright's chair at the inn that I wrote the two sonnets to him." And he reads out with fine dramatic effect the two beautiful poems which are familiar to all students of his works.

"Ah! that portrait is of Norman McLeod. He told me a capital story once, which well illustrates the severity with which the Scotch people regard the Sabbath. The church in Skye is some fifteen or twenty miles from the parish, and one bright and glorious summer day a grave o'd elder and a young man of happier inclinations set



From a Photo. by]

THE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

out to walk this distance. As it was Sunday, they walked on for some miles without speaking a word to each other. At last the younger man *had* to speak.

"'It's a verra fine day,' he observed quietly.

"The old elder looked at him, and with a gravity sufficient to silence anybody, replied, 'Yes, it *is* a fine day; but is this a day to be talking about days?'"

Professor Blackie leaves me for a moment, and as I sit down in a recess by the window I turn over in my mind his own ideas of the observance of the Scotch Sabbath. He says frankly that the good people of the Highlands are too strict—much too strict, though he does not question for a moment the sincerity of their convictions. He believes, as the ancient Greeks did, that the body, which is the temple of the soul, should have as much care bestowed upon its culture as is bestowed on the spiritual part of our nature. He would have us love physical recreation more, but he would not have us love psychical recreation less. You will find him in his pew on a Sunday, but he has not hesitated to play croquet on the same day. His soul called for devotion, his body for recreation. Only half an hour ago, soon after I had shaken hands with him he told me an anecdote of himself and the Sabbath. Some years ago he was lecturing in Glasgow on a Sunday. His subject was "The Philosophy of Love," and he directed the attention of his hearers to the love-songs of Scotland. In his fervour he burst out singing a Scotch ballad, "Let us go to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie oh!" It had an electrical effect upon his hearers, but oh! the shock, the terrible shock, it occasioned on the morrow! A



MEPHISTOPHELES TAKES THE PROFESSOR.

few days afterwards he received an anonymous caricature of himself. It represents a certain one—shall he be mildly referred to as Mephistopheles?—carrying off the good Professor on his back at a high rate of speed. It is here reproduced for the first time.

"Come along," cries a kindly voice. "I just had to answer a letter. I always answer my own letters, and never use postcards. I always call the letters I receive the four B's—Business, Blethers, Bothers, and Beggary."

The hall is very fine. The balustrades are of polished oak. Near the fireplace is an old oak cabinet in which is cut "R. B., 1709." A companion cabinet is on the other side. These contain all the letters and papers of Professor Blackie—a biographical store. By the door

is a fine oil painting of Mrs. Blackie's father—James Wyld, of Gilston, and here, again, a canvas which chronicles the face of Oliver Cromwell. One of the busts in the hall is that of John Wilson (Christopher North). A fine cabinet is loaded with china, and close by the entrance to the dining-room is a convenient receptacle for walking-sticks. I counted them. Professor Blackie has twenty such aids to pedestrianism.

The dining-room has some excellent reproductions of Van Dyck and Rubens. More old china is neatly set out on an oaken sideboard; the ferns are fresh and green at the window; and above a pair of vases on the mantelpiece—filled with peacocks' feathers, which tells that superstition is not part and parcel of the household—is a grand picture of Professor Blackie standing in a Highland glen with his plaid about his shoulders. It was painted by James Archer, R.S.A.

Leaving the dining-room, one passes on the stairs which lead to

the trio of studies reproductions of the old masters, pictures of Lady Martin, Sir Walter Scott, an old-time print of Burns in an Edinburgh drawing-room, and a portrait of Carlyle.

"Are the songs of Burns as popular as ever?" I asked.

"No, Scotch songs are not so popular," was the reply. "Burns is popular with the masses. I find it very difficult to get ladies in the upper circles to sing Scotch songs. The upper classes are corrupted in this direction. Corruption begins at the top—I say that as a philosopher. We are becoming less and less Scotch, and more



From a Photo. by]

THE FAVOURITE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

and more Anglicized. Why, it is hard to get a servant girl to speak real Scotch. Scotch songs! Compare your English and German songs

with the songs of the Highlands. The Scotch beat them hollow for variety and character. Every Scotch song is a picture and a drama, a dramatic scene with natural scenery."

We had reached the studies; there are really three of them, and, together with other books about the place, they contain some seven thousand volumes, comprising the best modern Greek library in Britain. Each of these three corners is interesting. One of them is used by Dr. Stodart Walker, a nephew of Professor Blackie; for professor Blackie has no children, and Dr. Walker lives and learns with him. In this room are capital photos of Professor Grainger Stewart (the Queen's physician in Scotland), Professor Rutherford, Dr. R. J. A. Berry, Mr. Morley, Mr. Ruskin, and others. The study which is more particularly used by the professor is separated from the drawing-room by folding doors, from which hang great curtains. There is little in it save books, but one notes a bust of Mrs. Dobell, a great beauty, the wife of the poet; a bust as a young man and a statuette of a later period of Professor Blackie; and one of Goethe on the mantelboard, with portraits of Mr. Cunliffe Brooks, Mr. H. C. Reid, J.P., and Mrs. Blackie surrounding it, and a very successful painting of the Professor by Mr. J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A. Then a cosy chair was pointed out to me by the fire, and I sat down and listened.

"I was born at Glasgow in July, 1809," said Professor Blackie, walking about the room, "and at the age of three went to Aberdeen. My father was a Border man, a Kelso lad, and was the first agent for the Commercial Bank of Scotland in Aberdeen, where it started in 1811. I went to school at Aberdeen—Aberdonians have produced the best Latin scholars in Scotland. I have to admit to being twice flogged by my father. One chastising was for telling a lie. My aunt insisted on pouring down my throat some broth which I did not like. I didn't go to school, but went and sulkily hid myself. I said that I had been to school. I was flogged. The second occasion was for calling a servant girl names. I was flogged for that, and quite right too.

"As a boy I was always antagonistic to school fights—pugilism had no fascination for me. I well remember a lad, over some small squabble, saying to me, 'Will you fight me?' 'No,' I replied; 'but I'll knock you down,' and immediately did it with great applause. I went to college at twelve. I won a scholarship there for Latin, but as the gift was intended for poor people I resigned it. My principal pastime in those days was golf, which we used to play on the Aberdeen links. I remained at college until I was fifteen, when I went to Edinburgh, where I was for two years attending a special class under Professor John Wilson"; and in those days, Professor Blackie told me, he was working out his moral life. This disturbed his studies, as he gave his whole thoughts to devotional meditation. When it came to the distribution of prizes John Wilson told him that he could not give him one, for he had only written a single essay, although it was a remarkably good one. On learning this young Blackie burst into tears.

"At the age of twenty," he continued, "I went to Germany and on to Rome, where I devoted myself to the study of the languages. Here, too, I met many of the world's greatest men. And so the days passed by until once more I returned to the old country, and in 1834 was called to the Scottish Bar. But I was not a success, and I really used to sing a song at my own expense when out at parties, which asked all benevolent people to give a poor starving lawyer a fee."

Crossing to a desk, Professor Blackie searched through a number of old papers, and at last came across a long sheet of foolscap, the ink on which was yellow with age. It was written fifty-eight years ago! It was the original manuscript of the song he wrote himself, and, save



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Elliott & Fry.

for the time occupied in learning it, that slip of paper had not seen the light of day for all these years. The words are reproduced for the first time in these pages. His favourite Scotch ballad to-day, and one he often sings, is "Jenny Geddes."

GIVE A FEE.

(A NEW SONG FOR YOUNG BARRISTERS.)

[Air: *Buy a Broom.*]

O LISTEN, of Scotch and of Civil Law Doctors all,
Solicitors, Agents, Accountants, to me!

O listen, of strifes and of law-suits concoctors all,
And give to a poor starving lawyer a fee!

Give a fee! give a fee! give a fee!

O give to a poor starving lawyer : fee!

Ei Du mein lieber first fee ! mein first fee ! mein first fee
O when wilt thou tinkle so sweet to my ear ?
Weeks I wait, months I wait, years all in vain I wait,
Ei Du mein lieber first fee, when wilt thou appear ?

The soldier and sailor they dash on and splash on,
And, sure of their pay, scour the land and the sea ;
But we peak and pine here, and long, long years pass on
Before our eyes blink at our first guinea fee.
Give a fee, etc.

The Church is an Eden of violets and roses,
The Bishop its Adam from drudgery free ;
The big burly priest on his soft down reposes,
While we still must fag on, and cry, " Give a fee ! "
Give a fee, etc.

The quack he sells wholesale his pills universal,
And straight waxes richer than sagest M.D.,
But we still must con o'er the same dull rehearsal,
And leave one or two old stagers for to pocket the fee !
Give a fee, etc.

Some men who can worship the
star that's ascendant,
One speech from the hustings
whips up to the sky ;
But I, who in all things am most
independent—
Except in my purse—in the
mud here I lie.

Give a fee, etc.

Here sit I, all frozen ; my youth's
glowing visions
See-saw, like a Chinese Joss,
or a Turkish Cadi.

I seek for no learning beyond the
Decisions,
And my soul's proud ideal is a
bright guinea fee.
Give a fee, etc.

My cheeks they are yellow, my
hair it is grey, sir ;
Mine eyes are deep sunk in my
head, as you see ;

I feel life's sear Autumn when
scarce past its May, sir,
And still I am waiting my first
guinea fee !

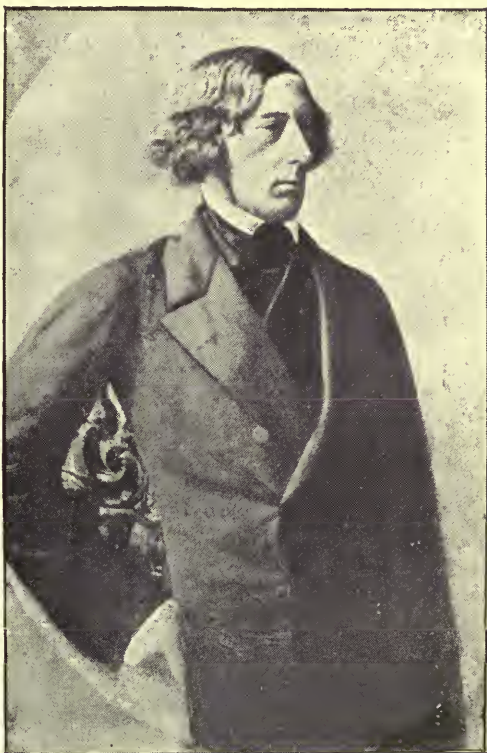
Give a fee ! give a fee ! give a
fee !

O force me no longer to cry,
" Give a fee ! "

1834.

" Finally," he said, " at
the age of thirty, I found my
talents for the Bar were

small, so I gave it up. In 1841 I was appointed to the newly-formed
chair of Latin Literature in Mareschal College, Aberdeen." The
world knows his work and his successful efforts to better the



From a

PROFESSOR BLACKIE AT THIRTY-FIVE. [Photograph.]

condition of his fellow-creatures too well for the subject to call for lengthy remark here. His books are extensively read, the two which have had the largest sale being "Self-Culture" and "Life of Burns." His metrical translation of Goethe's "Faust" was done in four months; his "Homer and the Iliad," which occasioned much research, took altogether ten years to complete, but was only worked at as a summer recreation. One of the triumphs of his life was that of founding the Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. Here is the story:—

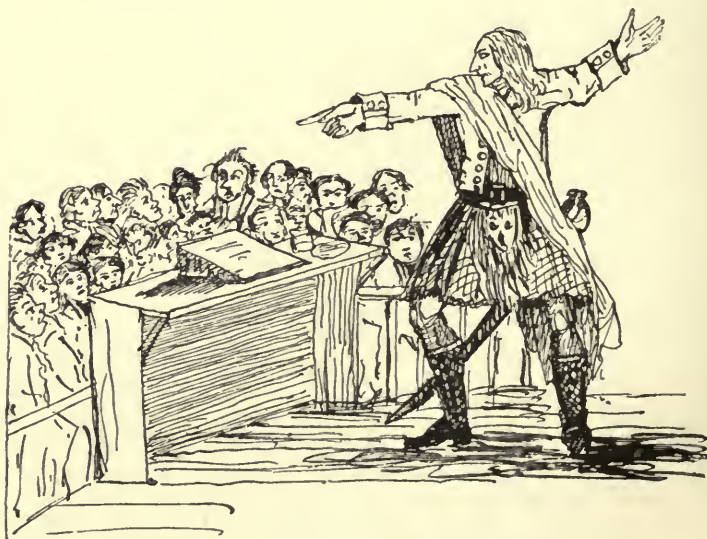
"The Highlanders wanted a Celtic Chair of Literature, and I was asked to undertake the task. Now, I am not accustomed to begging. I was told if I didn't beg the thing would go to the wall. Well, I said I would try. During that four years of begging I got a great insight into human nature. In a word, the art of begging is simply this—if you want the Duke you must first get the Duchess. There is more sympathy in women in these matters. When I had got about £5,000 Her Majesty at Inverary Castle subscribed £200. The Princess Louise said to me, 'How do you expect to get the rest of the money?'

"'Oh, some way or other, your Royal Highness,' I replied.

"'But how?' the Princess insisted.

"'Faith removes mountains,' I replied," and the enthusiastic Professor might have added "Scotch mountains," for it was no easy task to move the pockets of the people ere the £10,000 was obtained, and the Celtic Chair was an accomplished fact. His great fervour of Celtic enthusiasm led to the drawing of a caricature by his brother-in-law, which is shown in the adjoining cut.

Professor Blackie loves the Germans. All the books he has in



THE PROFESSOR IN A KILT.

From a Pen-and-ink Sketch by his Brother-in-law.

Men and 't'hat t' think of 't'hem
 Don't blame mankind; with Nature go to school,
 And learn sometimes t' think yourself a fool;
 You'd have no birds but Eagles in your ken.
 Are nuth all kills as high as Meris Ben;
 Be wise, nor hope nor fear great things from men.
 What 'Plots' says is true and very true,
 We very good and very bad are few.

Edw Blackie,

his library, implying thought and learning, have the names of German writers on their backs. He doesn't care for the French, for the natural reason that he is so fond of the Germans. Neither does he like the French language—"It is too snippy," he says, "scrappy and polished. French is a polite corruption of Latin, whilst Italian, though a variation of Latin, has much dignity and sweetness about it." He regards the Baron von Bunsen as the finest type of a human being he ever met, whilst Max Müller is the only German he knows who can write perfectly good English, and has the rare threefold gift of learning, piety, and common sense.

When I left the study, in response to the sound of the gong in the hall, it was not without a half-sheet of notepaper, on which



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

were written a few lines specially for these pages, and entitled "Men, and What to Think of Them."

In the dining-room I met Mrs. Blackie, a woman of great culture and rare kindness. She has been a wifely help to her husband for more than fifty years, for the morning of their golden wedding dawned some two years ago. Even to-day, when her husband writes her a letter, he calls her "Oke," a Greek word which means "swift." It was a happy quartette at the luncheon table—Professor Blackie and his wife, Dr. Stodart Walker and myself. The Professor's milk was in a glass, keeping warm by the fire, but to-day—to-day, owing to the presence of "visitors"—port wine was substituted for the creamy fluid. Such was his repast, with a little Scotch home-made ginger-bread. Delicious.

A word is whispered across the table—"Carlyle!"

"I knew Carlyle intimately," Professor Blackie said, responding to the whispered name, "but I was not one of his out-and-out worshippers at all. His work was to rouse the world; but I was wide awake and required no rousing. I thought him somewhat despotic and tyrannical; though, mark you, he possessed extraordinary pictorial power, and was a good Scotchman. I admired his genius, and perhaps his bark was worse than his bite. He was hard-hearted, and hated sinners. He called here once just when the great noise was going on about the convicts being underfed. He began talking about them. 'Puir fellows! puir fellows!' he said, 'give them brown soup and a footstool, and kick them to the devil!'



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

"Carlyle was a great talker, and he would talk, talk, talk, and never give one a chance to contradict his assertions. I have a habit—one of many years' standing—of going up to London once every year. I do it now. I always called on Carlyle at Chelsea, generally on Sunday evenings. One night I contrived, by starting as soon as I got into the room, to open the conversation, and went on from topic to topic, till they mounted to a dozen; but to none of my themes would my stout old friend give an assenting reply. At last in desperation I shouted out, 'Very well, I think you have come to "The Everlasting No," so you and I can't agree.' Off I went, but we remained good friends for all that.

"One night I shook him—yes, shook him. His poor wife used to sit there and never speak. I was in his room on this particular

Sunday, and his wife particularly wanted to say something. But there was not the smallest chance. I got up, took hold of him, and giving him a good shaking, cried, 'Let your wife speak, you monster!' but for all that he wouldn't."

Poor Mrs. Carlyle! She suffered from heart disease. Even when she heard that her husband had made his successful oration as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, she fainted. The circumstances surrounding her death, too, are both painful and tragic. Whilst out in her carriage her little pet dog contrived to get out and was run over. The coachman drove on and on, until at last, receiving no orders, he looked in at the carriage. Whether it was the shock or not will never be known, but his mistress lay there dead.



BUST OF PROFESSOR BLACKIE AS A YOUNG MAN.

Carlyle lies buried with his own people at Ecclefechan, whilst his wife rests by the side of her father at Haddington.

Still the name of Carlyle hovers about the dinner table, and Mrs. Blackie contributes her story about him thus:—

"One day," said Mrs. Blackie, "I went to call on Mrs. Carlyle. It was in the afternoon of a very, very hot day. I was just saying good-bye, when it suddenly occurred to me to ask—referring of course to her husband, 'May I see the great man?' Mrs. Carlyle took me down some dark kitchen stairs, and there, in a corner, with his trousers drawn up to his knees, sat Carlyle on a chair, with his feet and legs in a great tub

of cold water!"

If that little luncheon party was responsible for nothing more, it will be memorable for one thing. It was the scene of the denial of the accuracy of probably one of the most famous anecdotes told of any man. Who has not heard the story? Dr. Stodart Walker related it once again. It is to the effect that one day Professor Blackie caused a notice to be written on the black-board of the class-room, stating that "Professor Blackie will not meet his classes to-day." The story continues that a wag of a student, entering soon after, very unkindly rubbed off the letter c. Still, furthermore, so runs the anecdote, the

Professor himself entered, and seeing the obliteration of the c, immediately proceeded to wipe out the l!

"It's not true! it's not true!" exclaimed Professor Blackie, dramatically, rising from his chair and striking his fist on the table.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Blackie, merrily, "it's just what you would have done," and the Professor crossed to his wife, and putting his arms about her neck, kissed her. Then he cried vigorously, as he looked out at "the weather," "It's going to be a beautiful afternoon. I'll go out—I'll go out!" In five minutes the blue dressing-gown with the red silk sash, the Panama straw hat have been cast aside, and the Professor appears in a black frock-coat with his plaid cast round him, and a large broad-brimmed black felt hat on his head. We are standing at the door.

"Oh," says the Professor, light-heartedly, as he selects one of the twenty walking-sticks, "I still do my three or four miles a day. But there were times when I lived at Oban, when I would go off for a fortnight's walk on what I used to call 'The One Shirt Expedition.' Why, there's not a high mountain in Scotland that I have not been to the top of, and I've no doubt but that I could do one now—with a rest by the way." We left the house together.

X.

LORD WOLSELEY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., &c.



From a Photo. by] LORD WOLSELEY'S QUARTERS, ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM. [Elliott & Fry

IT is not intended that these papers should be so much biographical as retrospective. I meet a man. I ask him to glance through his life as he would through a volume of pictures. He passes by some quickly—they are ordinary and every-day subjects such as we all know and see; at others he lingers a long time—a picture here and a picture there revives more vividly some memorable incident in his career, and he almost lives it over again, so impressive does it become. To chronicle all the pictures scattered throughout Lord Wolseley's life would call for many pages; to inscribe his biography many volumes. His years have been full of countless incident, of action as brilliant as it has been brave; tact, discretion, unquenchable earnestness and enthusiasm have characterized his whole life. He has long been recognised as our ablest soldier and commander. All this is the outcome of incessant work, and such work constitutes a history. Lord Wolseley's history is just now too much to remember, and far, far too long to write. This paper is but the happy recollection of a few days passed with him in Ireland, where many of the more striking incidents of his life were brought to light again.

As Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces in Ireland, Lord Wolseley's quarters are situated at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. Here the heroic survivors of many a battle are quietly "waiting." As Lord Wolseley and I wandered about the place many proofs were

*From a Photo. by]*

LORD WOLSELEY.

[Elliott & Fry.

afforded of the kindness of heart of the great soldier for these older brothers in battle. He has a word for every one of them as they stand straight and at "attention." For example, we are talking

together at the porch. An old fellow hurries along—he is a new arrival. What does he want? He just thought he would like to remind his lordship that “they had slept in many a cold bed together.” The old man had been through the Crimea with Lord Wolseley. The next moment a band passes by. It is on its way to assist in paying a last military honour to an old Victoria Cross man who is to be buried to-day. “There is a death here almost every week,” said Lord Wolseley, quietly.

Lord Wolseley is a trifle below the medium height. His face is bronzed, his hair white. His right eye is blind, and there still remains evidence of a wound on the left cheek in the shape of a scar, the history of which I am to know by-and-by. He talks rapidly, earnestly, and speaks with all the force of a man who means what he says. One could not help connecting his training as a soldier with the ease of his posture when conversing. He would stand talking for a couple of hours without moving his position an inch. He is frank and honest in all he says, he has no fear of giving utterance to his convictions, and he says nothing which is not worth remembering. He throws his whole heart and soul into a conversation, with all the zeal and ardour he would put into a campaign.

We went from room to room of his delightful quarters, now and again joined by Lady Wolseley—to whose artistic ingenuity every piece of furni-



From a Photo. by]

LADY WOLSELEY.

[Elliott & Fry.

ture owes its place. What a work it was! When Lord Wolseley received his appointment in Ireland—a position he will hold for five years—it was close on a year before the house was ready to receive Lady Wolseley and her daughter, the Hon. Frances Wolseley. Each article of furniture—every chair, cabinet, cushion, and footstool—was labelled in London by Lady Wolseley, and allotted to the very corner it was to occupy, so that when they entered the place it was like walking into their old home imported bodily from town.

"During that year of re-decoration," Lord Wolseley merrily remarked, "I was to be found at an hotel." The manner in which that little remark was made told that Lord Wolseley loved—home.

The entrance-hall has on its walls some fine armour—designs are ingeniously executed with the aid of cutlasses, breastplates, pistols,



From a Photo. by]

ENTRANCE-HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

and sabres. The walls are of terra-cotta; the chairs remind one of those generally associated with the Knights of the Round Table. Over the fireplace tiny Egyptian idols are set out, above the marble table is Arabi Pasha's pistol, and on the marble slab are a couple of Cetewayo's milk-pails—yellow vases about one-and-a-half feet long. Underneath are more milk-pails, a wooden dish big enough to hold half a sheep, and some Zulu pillows of wood. These were all taken from Cetewayo's kraal.

To the left are the small reception-rooms leading into the drawing-room. The walls are of white enamel, and the colour of the various upholstery harmonizes to perfection.

Every one of these apartments is the resting-place of something of



From a Photo. by]

FIRST RECEPTION-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

striking interest. Flowers are in abundance. Lord Wolseley says that flowers make life happy—they are the perfume of life. Crocuses of all colours, snowdrops, violets, and lilies-of-the-valley fill the vases. In the first apartment are a couple of oil-paintings of Lady Wolseley and her daughter, as a child. These were painted in 1884 by Julian Story, who married Miss Eames some time ago. Here in a niche is a portrait of Lord Wolseley's great-great-grandfather, in armour, who fought in Ireland with William III. In the second room, over the mantelpiece, is Frank Holl's picture of Lord Wolseley, given by the artist to Lady Wolseley. On the mantel-board are three dolphins in Japan ware, which had been at the bottom of the sea for over ninety years. Staffordshire pottery is plentiful. This is a great hobby of Lord Wolseley's; indeed, he has one of the finest collections of Staffordshire ware in the kingdom. His quaint old watches, with enamel backs, picturesquely set out under glass cases and on cabinets, are distributed all over the house, and are of great value.

Near the door is a glass case. Lord Wolseley opens it, and replaces the sword he has just been wearing. The weapon once belonged to King Coffee, and was taken from his palace. An inscription on one side tells that it was given by the Queen to the King of Ashantee; the other side tells how it was bought by Lord Wolseley's staff at a private sale, and presented to him. Another sword belonged to Lord Airey; a third cost £2,000.

"It was given to me by the people of Cairo," remarked Lord Wolseley; "and was richly studded with diamonds. However, I took the stones off and gave them to my wife."

"Who makes good use of them!" chimed in Lady Wolseley.



SWORD-CASE IN SECOND RECEPTION-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Another sword was presented by the City of London, and on the ledge below are the six volumes containing the thanks of the nation from the Lords and Commons, an honour bestowed upon Lord Wolseley on three occasions.

The drawing-room is very beautiful. On the occasion of a ball the folding doors at the end are thrown open, and the great hall of the hospital is converted into a ball-room. Many old-time pictures are here, countless curiosities and antique knick-knacks are set out, and the walls are frequently decorated with rare fans, of which Lady Wolseley was at one time an

ardent collector. Over the marble mantelpiece — on which rests some choice china—is a painting by Sir P. Lely of the “Duchess of Portsmouth.” Another canvas depicts the “Death of Sir R. Abercrombie.” On a table is a silver box from Coomassie. It is made of half-crowns, beaten out very thin. Here, too, is the gold and enamel box which contained the Freedom of the City. An inscription on a grandly cut crystal ball reads: “This crystal ball was fired out of a cannon by the rebels of Lucknow at the relief of the Residency, and fell amongst the 90th Regiment.”

A “George Morland” stands on the grand piano. It is a dainty “bit of Surrey.” The owner declares he would carry that tiny canvas with him wherever he went, as a reminiscence of England. Morland’s genius was never more heartily recognised. A glass case reveals some objects of intense interest. One by one Lord Wolseley takes them out—the gold and enamel snuff-box from the Emperor of Russia; a large gold infant’s rattle, brought from Coomassie, which Miss Wolseley used to play with as a child; one of the few remaining decorations General Gordon had made for his brave fellows at Khartoum, and a couple of dollars used by him just before all his

silver had vanished, and he was forced to issue notes ; a little silver cross which a French soldier took from a dead Russian's breast in the Crimea—its owner bought it from the Frenchman. Lord Wolseley is a great admirer of Pitt—here is a medallion of the famous Pitt Club. But his hero is Nelson, to whom he is the truest patriot



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

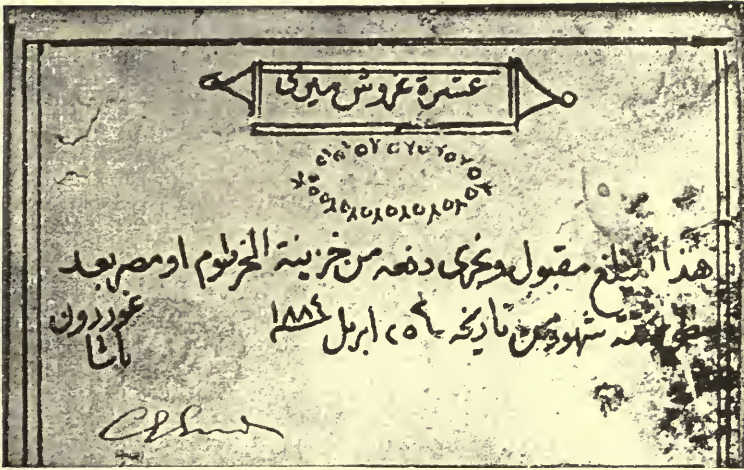
[Elliott & Fry.

England has ever seen ; anything associated with the great naval commander's name he buys. When the statue to Lord Nelson was erected in Sackville Street, Dublin, the fifteen committee-men wore a medallion of Nelson, surmounted by a gold anchor ; this little case contains one, picked up in an old curiosity shop. A gold cigarette-case, with a horse-shoe in rubies, came from the Duchess of Edinburgh ; a curl of the hair of the Duke of Wellington is set in a pin, and I tried some of the snuff, for curiosity's sake, once belonging to the great Napoleon—but years have robbed it of its pungency.

In a little gilt frame is one of the Government notes, issued in 1884 by Gordon in Khartoum, when all his money was gone. It is torn, and in Lord Wolseley's handwriting the following may be read on the back :—

"This is one of the notes issued by General Gordon in Khartoum. It is for ten piastres (about 1s. 8d.). It was found in the steamer in which Colonel Stewart was wounded, in September, '84, just before he was murdered. Korti, February, 1885."

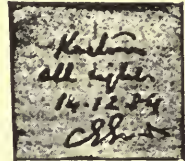
Possibly the most interesting of all the treasures is in the same frame. It is the last letter General Gordon ever wrote. Lord Wolseley had several missives from that brave man. Two days before



GORDON'S BANK-NOTE.

Khartoum fell one was received which said : "Khartoum all right, can hold out for ever." Then came the last, still cheering—Gordon trusted to the last—"Khartoum all right. 14/12/84. C. E. GORDON." It was brought to Lord Wolseley at Korti, by an Arab messenger, rolled up in the hem of his clothing.

A frame of similar pattern contains two letters, one of which is of remarkable interest. On Lord Wolseley's return from Egypt he was banqueted by the Queen at Balmoral. Her Majesty proposed the great soldier's health.



GORDON'S LAST LETTER.



ARAB BRINGING LORD WOLSELEY GORDON'S LETTER.

at the framed letters together, "I asked him what the Queen said. He positively could not remember! I wrote to Lady Ely, who was present at the banquet, asking her if she could possibly recollect, and if so if she would kindly write it down. It seems Lady Ely showed my letter to the Queen, and Her Majesty graciously wrote out the words herself."

The Queen wrote on the familiar buff-coloured paper :—



Beloved

Oct. 30. 1882.

With affection
 the health of Sir
 James Wolsey &
 the brave Troops
 he commanded
 in Egypt & Donga-
 tula he has won
 his glorious &
 well deserved
 success

J.R.L.

THE QUEEN'S TOAST TO LORD WOLSELEY, IN HER MAJESTY'S HANDWRITING.

The dining-room opens from the drawing-room, and leads out on to a green lawn. Its walls are a delicate blending of salmon and yellow, and the ceiling is supported by four massive pillars of white marble. This room is principally noted for its portraits. The two pictures of Queen Charlotte and George III., at either end, and the "Battle of the Boyne," over the mantelpiece, belong to the house. Amongst the other pictures it includes one of the only poet in the Wolseley family of note—though it should be mentioned that Lord Wolseley's mother was gifted in verse—Summerville, who wrote "The Chase." The original study for the great picture of Wellington hangs near the door. It was here at luncheon-time that many capital hunting anecdotes and merry stories were told. The Honourable Miss Wolseley is a



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

splendid horsewoman, and rides wonderfully straight. Only the day before, she had led the field all through the hunt on "Lady Alice"; so Major Childers—Lord Wolseley's military secretary—who was hunting, too, assured me. Captain Smithson, late adjutant of the 13th Hussars, and now A.D.C. to Lord Wolseley, was also present, together with Lord Edward Cecil, another *aide-de-camp*—a son of the Marquis of Salisbury, and whose height is 6ft. 4in.—who, full of hilarity, told of a race he had had with a brother officer that same morning. Lord Edward persuaded his brother soldier to race down a hill, because he knew that if he once got the officer's horse to go the rider would never be able to keep his seat. Lord Edward was right!

The day was bright, and, luncheon over, it was suggested that a visit should be made to places of interest outside. Lord Wolseley's raven was gaily hopping about the lawn as we entered the great hall where the old pensioners were gathered round the fire, engaged in an innocent game of cards. There is some grand armour here—notably Cromwellian.

It was whilst standing here that Lord Wolseley referred to the late Duke of Clarence.

"The Duke was here to two or three little dances," he said. "He was devotedly fond of dancing. He was the most sincere young man I ever met. I would that we had more like him. He

never spoke an unkind word"; an expression in itself a monument to the late Prince's memory.

Then we looked into the chapel and admired the grand ceiling by Cipriani. Every Sunday Lord Wolseley and his staff sit in a great oak seat overshadowed by an oaken canopy in the gallery at the far end. At the conclusion of every service the band plays "God save the Queen." As we left the sacred edifice, and passed through the



LORD WOLSELEY'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

Gardens, "Bully," a very ferocious dog, was met with. "Bully" is very ugly. "Bully" poses as a protector, not as a handsome creature. Lord Wolseley is very fond of dogs. He points me out a little mound of earth under a mulberry tree, on which crocuses are growing. The mulberry tree was planted there by James II., and underneath the earth and the crocuses lies "Cæsar"—a dog who was a great pet of Lady Wolseley.

A glorious avenue of trees leads down to the stables. On one side is a field freely provided with difficult hedge-rows, hurdles, and ugly water-jumps—the practice-ground of Miss Wolseley. We stay for a moment to watch her "take" the water. Blackberry—a pretty mare—is a bit shy, but a good run and a little inducement does it,



From a Photo. by]

CÆSAR'S GRAVE.

[Elliott & Fry.

and Blackberry clears the water with a good foot of ground to spare. All the horses have their names over their stalls in the stables. Here is Chance, Sir Redvers, Brown Bess, Bluebell, Blackberry, and Chem. A tiny cat practically lives on Chem's back—a sort of feline jockey.

Go into the stables

when you will, the cat is always mounted, and Chem seems delighted to afford her accommodation.

On our return to the house, Blackberry and Miss Wolseley were waiting. Lord Wolseley took the bridle, for Blackberry was not inclined to favour the presence of a sentry, and a convenient camera chronicled the picture. Then Lord Wolseley mounts Paddy, and Lord Edward Cecil stands at the horse's head, while another photograph is taken. Then the bark of a dog is heard. Lady Wolseley is now at the porch, and her pet dog—a fine specimen of the Dachshund breed—christened after King Coffee, takes up his position as well, and a third picture is secured.



From a Photo. by]

THE JOCKEY CAT.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

LORD WOLSELEY AND THE HON. MISS WOLSELEY.

[Elliott & Fry.

Then we entered the house.

There was still very much more to be seen before the study of the great soldier was reached. The staircases are hung with many rare pieces of tapestry, and numbers of quaint specimens of "picture needle-work" are on the walls in frames.

A pair of ironing boards, carved in oak and dated 1667, are in a corner—reminders of the days when ladies of high degree themselves ironed their own laces, collars, and frills. Near by is a handsomely carved gong from Burmah, a small oak cradle of the seventeenth century, and a reproduction of Boehm's bust of Lord Wolseley done in 1882. A great cabinet with glass doors reveals the fact that Lady Wolseley not only collects fans—and lace by-the-bye—but just now is industriously engaged in collecting rare covers of old books. Many of these are of exquisite workmanship. Miss Wolseley's hobby is bookplates, of which she has over two thousand specimens.

The way to Lord Wolseley's study is to the right of the entrance-hall. The first apartment passed through is Miss Wolseley's study. The tone of the wall is of white and blue, the furniture of rose-wood.



From a Photo. by]

MISS WOLSELEY'S STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

There are some delightful water-colours here, principally of scenes in Cyprus. The only suggestion of matters military about the room is a small breastplate near the fireplace—the remnant of a suit of armour.

A door opens to a small corridor of white enamel. This is one of the most interesting corners of the house. One side—along which the windows run—is devoted to old military pictures, of which Lord Wolseley has a very choice collection. Here, too, are many of the playbills of performances given by the French Zouaves in the Crimea. The opposite side contains an excellent library, whilst in the spare spaces are set out the various testimonials and illuminated vellums presented at various times. There are quite a number of letters captured from the Mahdi. One of these has the following inscription: "Letter from Mahamet El Kheir Emir, of Barbar, to Abdul Magid Wad Le Ralik, giving an account of the capture of Khartoum and death of Gordon (the accursed), picked up on the battle-field of El Kirbek, Feb. 11, 1885. Found by a soldier of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in a donkey's saddle-bag."

This leads on to Lord Wolseley's dressing-room. With but few exceptions, the pictures here are nearly all prints or engravings. One of the Queen has the following note of interest written beneath it: "This picture was taken in the Ulandi Kraal, in August, 1879, where it was hung in Cetewayo's private room." Over the door is a suggestive picture of General Gordon—"The Last Watch—Khartoum."

The study is decorated in blue and white. Many are the engravings of Nelson; there are no fewer than four in the immediate vicinity of the mantel-board. A clever crayon drawing of Bismarck, by

Linbach, reminds Lord Wolseley to credit Bismarck with the most interesting conversation he has ever had with any man. There is a print of Warren Hastings—another hero of Lord Wolseley's. An engraving from Frank Holl's picture of Colonel Stewart suggests to its owner to tell how, at Stewart's death, his brother officers and friends were desirous of having a picture of him painted. Frank Holl—best and kindest-hearted of all artists—was asked if he would do it for £300. £300! No; he would do it for nothing. In a niche between the two windows are grouped together the autographed portraits received from members of the Royal Family. The centre is occupied by Her Majesty—dated Balmoral, October 31, 1882—and round the



From a Photo. by]

THE CORRIDOR

[Elliott & Fry.

Queen are gathered Princess Beatrice, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Emperor of Russia, William I., Emperor of Germany, and others.

The volumes here are as numerous as they are varied and useful. Lord Wolseley considers books and horses among the greatest comforts a man can have. He has every work written on the life or times of the great Duke of Marlborough—a man whom he considers far greater than Wellington. The early hours of the day—for Lord Wolseley is down at six every morning—find him at work adding something to the history of the Duke which he is writing. Already a dozen bulky volumes of MSS. are completed. He works and writes, sometimes sitting at the table, sometimes standing at his desk. The mention of Wellington's name causes Lord Wolseley to take from a

chair a small flag. Though the brilliancy of its colours—gold and red—has faded, it still betokens a former richness.

"When the Duke was buried," Lord Wolseley said, "the great pall was surrounded by six small flags. A short time ago the present Duke was asked to take these out of the crypt at St. Paul's. He took four of them. A friend of mine secured two, from whom I obtained this."

I then settled down to hear from his own lips some of the incidents which have formed part of a life which on more than one occasion may truly be said to have been charmed. He has had bullets run through the lap-pets and sleeves of his coat ; shots have



From a Photo. by]

THE DRESSING-ROOM.

[Elliott & F. y.]

carried the cap off his head, but still have missed him. He has been laid low with wounds such as many a stronger man than he would have succumbed to, but he point blank refused to die, and he kept his word and held on to his decision. Look at his early training. True, he was a soldier from the first, but he was a better one at the end of eight years. During his first eight years in the Army he was at war every year. In 1852 and 1853, in Burmah ; 1854, 1855, and 1856, in the Crimea ; 1857, 1858, and 1859, in the Indian Mutiny ; and 1860 found him in the China war. He frankly says this is the secret of his success. Lord Wolseley accounts for his rapid promotion by the experience he gained during those eight years of preliminary training. At the time he was made a captain—within three years of joining—he was the youngest in the Army ; he was promoted to be a Major as

soon as the allotted six years had passed, and nine months afterwards was Lieut.-Colonel—a record of rapid rising neither to be beaten nor equalled.

“We all have chances,” said Lord Wolseley, “but a large proportion of men don’t know it. The opportunities are waiting for them to grasp, and they won’t put out their hands to take them. I had my chances, and had the knowledge to grasp them. Then I was fortunate enough to win approval. There is only one way for a young man to get on in the Army. He must try and get killed in every way he possibly can! He must be absolutely indifferent to life. If he does not succeed in getting killed he is bound to get on—that is, always assuming he has intelligence and the instincts of a soldier.”

Lord Wolseley comes from a family of soldiers, and is the son of the late Major G. J. Wolseley, and was born at Golden Bridge House—curiously enough, within a stone’s throw of his present abode—on June 4, 1833. A portrait of his mother, reproduced in these pages, stands on a table in his study. He was called Garnet, after Bishop Garnet, his father’s great-uncle. He has practically little in the way of ancestry to hang his successful career on. The successful man—be he a soldier or what you will—lifts himself in life, and does not depend on the support of ancestral pillars. So says Lord Wolseley. He passed his early days in Dublin, occasionally coming over to England on holiday visits to Sir Richard Wolseley. He entered the Army in 1850 as an ensign. The campaign in Burmah was his first war.

“The first man I ever saw killed was during a skirmish in Burmah,” Lord Wolseley said, “and Lord Alcester—then a young naval commander—was responsible for it. I can scarcely tell you how I felt on going into my first action. It is a sensation hard to describe. Nine out of ten men don’t know how they are going to behave. You look forward with eagerness to see what a battle is like. I know I was longing to get shot at. Nerve—nerve, is the great thing needed. The wise men who haven’t got it give up, the fools stay on and come to grief. Your soldier may have spirit and enthusiasm, but nerve beats everything else. Spirit is not much use when death is in the air, enthusiasm of little avail when bullets are whistling about and trying to pick you out from amongst all the others. Nerve, nothing but nerve, tells in the long run.

“The first engagement I was in came about as follows. It was in Burmah:—

“I was at Rangoon at the time, and the news arrived there of the rout of a company commanded by Captain Lock. Every soldier who could be spared was to go up the river, push through the jungle and punish the enemy. Two hundred of the 80th Regiment went, under command of Sir John Cheape. We fought for nineteen days, until at last we worked our way up to the final position one afternoon, halted and began making arrangements for attacking the next morning. At daybreak, when the fog cleared, I was told off with four men to a certain point to skirmish. *I had never been drilled!* My four men—

or rather boys—had never been drilled nor even fired off a musket. I tell you this to illustrate the great nonsense of some people's ideas, who state that the Army to-day is inferior to that of thirty years ago. Though I had not been drilled I was well up in strategy tactics, of which I had been a student from my earliest days. We started, and suddenly came upon the enemy. The enemy heard us, and opened a heavy fire, killing my four men. More men now came up, and we were ordered to go on and charge. There was a native regiment of infantry extended in skirmishing order, and I well remember kicking a fat old native officer because he wouldn't go on. Then volunteers were called for the charging party. I said I would



From a Photo. by]

THE GREAT HALL, USED AS A BALL-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

go, and with others—principally of the 80th—under the lead of the present General Allan Johnson, we went.

"When about thirty or forty yards from the enemy's works I fell into a great hole, dug some five feet deep, with a very formidable spike in the middle, and brambles and twigs and leaves scattered over it; it was indeed a man-trap! I was stunned for some time. When I recovered I rose and crawled out—on the enemy's side! They commenced firing. I disappeared into my hole again. I waited awhile. Not a soul seemed to be stirring, though I could hear heavy firing. I got out of the hole and ran for my life. It was 150 yards to our lines, and I cannot tell you the sensation of that 150 yards' run, expecting every moment to provide a refuge for a dozen or twenty bullets in my body. I found our people lying down. It was not so easy to reach the enemy as had been anticipated, and consequently

volunteers for a second storming party were asked for. Another man named Taylor led one detachment, and I led the other. I warned him of the hole, and we went stealing on, two and two, along the narrow path right and left of the dangerous trap. Taylor was shot through both legs, and died by my side afterwards. Only a few more yards and we were victors! I fell, shot through the left leg. I thought I was bleeding to death. The men saw me fall and were inclined to go back, and a sergeant named Quin wanted to carry me away. 'Go on! Go on!' I cried, with what strength I could—'Go on, men—go on!' They did, scrambled over the parapet—and the enemy bolted."

Such was the first day's real work of the young ensign. He was so badly wounded that he had to lay up for three months—for the best part of two months lying on his back, and for a considerable time afterwards going about on crutches. On his recovery he obtained a lieutenancy in the 90th Light Infantry. Then came the news of the battle of Inkerman. This called him to the Crimea, and on November 19, 1854, he started from Ireland, where he was staying when the news arrived. Here again his conspicuous bravery brought him into prominence; in the Crimea, as in all his subsequent engagements, he practically snapped his fingers at the bullets, and held up his head as a bull's-eye for shells. He was twice wounded—once very badly, which resulted in the loss of the sight of one of his eyes, and the still visible scar on his cheek.

We now come to the week before Sebastopol was taken. Young Wolseley was an engineer officer, and, being short of men, experienced fellows were taken from the line for engineering work. The young officer had charge of the advance sap close up to the redoubts. He was to push on the sap at night as fast as possible. The place was very rocky.

"It was a glorious night," continued Lord Wolseley; "the moon was shining, and by its light I was sketching a plan of the place to pass on to the officer who was to relieve me. I paused for a moment to look at a certain battery, expecting them to open fire. Suddenly I saw a flash! A round shot fell amongst us, and struck the gabion which was filled with stones, scattering them with terrific force amongst us. Both the poor fellows by my side were killed. I fell to the ground. I was lifted up by two men and carried into the camp. My left cheek was lying on my jacket—I thought my jawbone was broken. I was hit all over the face, riddled with the stones and flint. They got me to the doctor's hut—through which a stream of wounded were passing all night—aye, we were losing a battalion a day then. They wanted to patch me up, but I wouldn't let them. I whispered that I had something in my cheek. They said it was my jawbone. But it was not. For the very next morning a sergeant gave me, wrapped in a newspaper, a piece of flint two-and-a-half inches long, which they had pulled out of my cheek with a pair of dentist's forceps."

Such is the story of the scar and the loss of sight of the right eye. Wolseley had to live in a dark cave for many days after this occur-



BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

rence. He was wounded, however, previous to this, when he fought from sunrise to daybreak next morning—four-and-twenty hours. Utterly exhausted he fell from a wound in the thigh, received whilst getting over a parapet to go out, for he had to make a trench—the connecting link between the lines—himself. He was found amongst the dead and dying, where he was picked up by a brother officer.

"We won some of our engagements simply through shouting," Lord Wolseley said. "We had no men, and I don't believe we had twenty-five fellows the last time we attacked. We were shouting, shouting, shouting, and afterwards I could not speak for four days, whilst some of the officers lost their voices for a week. We were firing from behind a heap of dead bodies, and I told the bugler to blow his very loudest whilst we cheered, and so the enemy thought we had plenty of men in the rear."

Lord Wolseley referred very merrily to a certain Christmas Day which he spent in the Crimea, and how he made a Christmas pudding, the result of which went a long way to prove that his culinary education had been neglected.

"In the Crimea we messed by companies," he said. "It was Christmas—Christmas in the Crimea. What more natural than—a plum-pudding! A brother officer and myself determined to make



LORD WOLSELEY'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

one. We had no bread or flour, only biscuit, which we powdered up in a hollowed-out shell, with a shot for a pestle. No plums either. But we chopped up some figs, and managed to get a couple of pounds of very bad suet from Balaclava. We had some doubts in our mind as to whether it ought to be roasted or boiled, but finally decided on the latter, and wrapped our mixture up in a towel.

"Now in the ordinary course of events it was not our turn for the trenches, but the pudding had scarcely been boiling half an hour when an officer came in and ordered us out. What was to be done? Eat the Christmas concoction now or to-morrow? Decision—now. And, unmindful of the fact that Christmas puddings take a great deal longer than half an hour to boil, I confess to eating liberally. Away I went to the trenches. About twelve o'clock I thought I was going to expire. It was the only night I ever had to leave the trenches. A regimental doctor got hold of me, and I was on my way home, when the walk did me so much good that I went back again. Since then I have never made a pudding, either Christmas or otherwise."

Then came the Indian Mutiny. He was really bound for China when the Mutiny broke out, and the 90th were the first to land. Whilst on his way to China in the *Transit*, he was shipwrecked in the Straits of Malacca. Together with his company, he was posted on the lower deck, the only light afforded being that of lanterns.

How vivid and solemn is the picture! The ship sinking, a thousand souls on board, the men standing at "attention," silent, and waiting for death. In turn they made for the boats, until at last it fell to Wolseley with his 112 men to go on deck, and they were saved. The shipwrecked party lived at Malacca—an almost uninhabited spot—for ten days. They had saved some salt pork from the ship, and this was put into a pot with some pieces of baboon!—a most sickening meat. At last Singapore was reached—Worseley, having lost all he had in the *Transit*, buying a fresh kit at Calcutta, which the enemy eventually burnt at Cawnpore.

Lord Wolseley led the storming party that eventually relieved Lucknow. The picture which illustrates this incident is a reproduction of a painting by Mr. Wollen, which now hangs in the officers' mess-room of the Marine Artillery at Portsmouth, for which Lord Wolseley sat. In speaking of this picture, Lord Wolseley said:—

"It was at the storming party which I led against the Metee Mohul in November, 1857, which opened out the way into the Lucknow Residency. The picture represents me carrying off a wounded man out of fire to a neighbouring shelter. The wounded man was Private Andrews, of my company, one of the *very bravest* private soldiers I ever knew. He was a Londoner. When I had him in my arms a rebel sepoy fired at me from a loophole about six or seven yards off, and the bullet, instead of going through me, went through Private Andrews. He was thus badly wounded twice within a few minutes."

The Mutiny over, in 1858 he became a Major in the 90th Foot, and Lieut.-Colonel in 1859. In 1860 Wolseley was with Sir Hope Grant in China. Here he formed those very decisive and strong opinions of the Chinese which are as great a conviction with him to-day as in the sixties. He believes the Chinese to be the greatest race in the world; they possess all the elements of being a great people; they have courage, physical power, and absolute contempt for death. To-day in that country soldiering is looked down upon; only the "failures in life" enter the army. Let a Bismarck or a Napoleon rise up amongst them, and in two generations they would be the greatest nation and conquering power in the world. They only need a leader. Give them progress and they will conquer. Three hundred years ago they were the head of the world, but their growth was stunted. China wants a modern man with modern ambitions. Let their leader come, and they must revive again.

"So great is their aptitude for learning," Lord Wolseley said, "that I should be glad to have a force of Chinamen here, where, under the tuition of English Infantry officers, in one year they would turn out the finest soldiers in the world."

From China he went to Canada, where in 1870 he was in charge of the Red River Expedition, of which he had supreme command. For this he was knighted. Then followed a period at the War Office, where he did more to convert our Army into a modern fighting machine than any of his predecessors. A short campaign in Ashantee brought him the thanks of Parliament, a grant of £25,000, a K.C.B.,

and the freedom of the City of London. He was then sent out to Natal to carry out a change of Government. One of the papers stated that "a new Governor had come out to drown the independence of the country in champagne and sherry," so liberal was he in the entertainments he gave. After a year at the India Office he was



[Elliott & Fry.]

LORD WOLSELEY AND LORD EDWARD CECIL.

From a Photo. by]

appointed the first Governor of Cyprus, in 1878. Then the Zulu war broke out. Lord Wolseley had a most amusing anecdote to tell about Cetewayo.

"For six weeks," he said, "we were trying to capture him. He was eventually betrayed into my hands by his Prime Minister. He was surrounded in a kraal, and there was no escape for him. I never

spoke to Cetewayo—I refused to—but I can see him now, walking into camp, very dignified, very fat, very kingly in appearance. When I took him he was accompanied by several hundred wives. I gave him three out of these, and shipped him away in a man-o'-war to an island in Table Bay. He was continually asking for more wives—a request I never granted. But at last, when he heard I was returning to England, he sent me a message to the effect that ‘if I wouldn’t give him any more, would I exchange the three he had for three others!’”

Not the least interesting part of the time spent at the Royal Hospital was passed in listening to stories associated with the Egyptian Campaign, and reminiscences of General Gordon.



From a Photo. by]

LORD WOLSELEY'S STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

“The Duke of Connaught,” said Lord Wolseley, “was the best brigadier I had there. He was a capital officer, devoted to his men, and a most keen soldier.

“Gordon left London on January 18, 1884; he started from my house, and when he left he said, ‘I pray for three people every night of my life, and you are one of them.’ When Gordon went to Khartoum he went for God. I think Charley Gordon was one of the two great heroes I have known in my life. I have met abler men, but none so sincere. He was full of courage and determination, honest in everything he did or ever thought of, and totally indifferent to wealth. His departure for the Soudan took place late in the afternoon. There he stood in a tall silk hat and a frock-coat. I offered to send him anything he wanted.

“‘Don’t want anything,’ he said.

“‘But you’ve got no clothes!’

“‘I’ll go as I am!’ he said, and he meant it.

“He never had any money; he always gave it away. I know once he had some £7,000. It all went in the establishment of a ragged school for boys.

“I asked him if he had any cash.

“‘No,’ was his calm reply. ‘When I left Brussels I had to borrow £25 from the King to pay my hotel bill with.’

“‘Very well,’ I said, ‘I’ll try to get you some, and meet you at the railway station with it.’ I went round to the various clubs and got £300 in gold. I gave the money to Colonel Stewart, who went with him: Gordon wasn’t to be trusted with it. A week or so passed by when I had a letter from Stewart. He said: ‘You remember the £300 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came out to cheer Gordon. Amongst them was an old sheik to whom Gordon was much attached, and who had become poor and blind. Gordon got the money and gave the whole of it to him!’

“I left England the August following his departure. Early in April I had pressed the Government to relieve him. My calculation was that he wouldn’t hold out beyond November 15, 1884; based, of course, on the amount of provisions and ammunition which he pos-

essed. Never in history was there such a race—about 1,800 miles up the Nile from the sea, when we lost at the post by a neck. The Mahdi made pretence that he had won a great victory by taking round a few helmets he had picked up. The people of Khartoum were starving—existing at last on herbs and roots. Charley Gordon would have been alive to-day had not poor Stewart been struck down.

“Colonel Stewart was the handsomest man in the Army. He could do anything. I



LORD WOLSELEY'S MOTHER.

picked him up as a captain in Zululand. When I first landed, and, on reaching Korti, found Gordon in extremes, I had made up my mind to send the Camel Corps, which Stewart commanded, across the desert. But we couldn't move. Both men I sent were killed. I rode into the desert with Stewart when he was starting across the sandy plain.

"'Now, Stewart,' I said, 'I'll make use of an Irishism. I'll never forgive you if you get killed.'"



"I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU IF YOU GET KILLED."

"'I won't!' he cried, and wrung my hand, as he rode away.

"Poor Stewart! When he was dying he wrote me a message, apologizing for having got killed. When I heard he was wounded it was a great blow to me. I was connected by telegraph from Korti to England, and I wired to Lord Hartington—'Stewart wounded, chance of living, strongly recommend him a Major-General.' Within twelve hours the Queen made him a Major-General. I believe in the sudden delivery of good news to a wounded man in battle. It held Stewart up for days, but he finally succumbed, and was buried in the desert.

"I have never smoked since I was in the desert in 1885. I once used to smoke in all actions, and in India demolished some twenty cigars a day. I thought smoking injurious to the nerves, and I wanted every iota of nerve before I went up to take Khartoum. I remember, too, I did not smoke for a week before Tel-el-Kebir was won. I used to carry a case containing six regalias. After the fight was over and I despatched my telegram to England, I went off to find a poor *aide-de-camp*. I lit a cigar. By the time I found him!

had smoked a couple, and finally finished the whole half-dozen, and excellent cigars they were, too."

On Lord Wolseley's return from Egypt he was elevated to the rank of Viscount.

In reply to a question regarding compulsory service, Lord Wolseley said: "It is a mistake to imagine that I have ever advocated universal service for England. I have on more than one occasion pointed out the great benefits which must accrue to any nation which has the patriotism to adopt such a system. I have done so by balancing the pros and cons on this particular point. The advantages are, briefly, that you supplement your ordinary schools of education in which the mind alone is taught and trained. By a service of a couple of years in the Army, such as the young German soldier receives, you develop his physical power, you make a man of him in body and in strength, as the schools he had been at previously had made a man of him mentally. You teach him habits of cleanliness, tidiness, punctuality, reverence for superiors, and obedience to those above him, and you do this in a way that no other species of machinery that I have ever been acquainted with could possibly fulfil. In fact, you give him all the qualities calculated to make him a thoroughly useful and loyal citizen when he leaves the colours and returns home

to civil life. And of this I am quite certain, that the nation which has the courage and the patriotism to insist on all its sons undergoing this species of education and training for at least two or three generations, will consist of men and women far better calculated to be the fathers and mothers of healthy and vigorous children



CETEWAYO'S MILK-PAIS, DISH, AND PILLOWS.
From a Photo, by Elliott & Fry.

than the nation which allows its young people to grow up without any physical training, although they may cram their heads with all sorts of scientific knowledge in their national schools. In other words, the race in two or three generations will be stronger, more vigorous, and therefore braver, and more calculated to make the nation to which they belong great and powerful. Such a system must necessarily be a burden upon the people, entailing upon the present generation a considerable loss of time, and many other drawbacks, all to be endured for a great future benefit to the nation. In fact, the plan means a certain amount of self-abnegation to the individual for the sake of the future of the nation to which that individual belongs."

XI.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA—or, as popularity has abbreviated him, “G. A. S.”—is one of the merriest men of the nineteenth century. He is literally loaded with fun and good humour. Touch the veteran journalist on his anecdotal trigger and you will live all the happier after receiving a volley. Ask him a question and his answer is—an anecdote. It is his only hobby—to gather them up—and he is a past-master in the art of dispensing them in any sized quantities to meet the requirements of the most susceptible constitution. Mr. Sala and his wife are not favourably inclined towards flats, and

infinitely prefer to live at Brighton, where they have a little house, and never lose an opportunity of leaving the darkness and blackness of Victoria Street for the welcome breezes of the Marine Metropolis; yet their little flat is pleasantness itself, and in order to reach it, you are welcome to enter the front door—always conveniently open—of No. 125, ring the bell of the passenger lift, and an obliging youth will immediately elevate you to the third floor. For such is the whereabouts of Sala’s flat.



From a Photo. by]

ENTRANCE-HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

His pictures are so many that he has positively had to fall back on the kitchen walls whereon to hang many a proof engraving and etching, whilst the lower part of the dresser in the same culinary department actually provides a resting-place for china and other ware of rare worth, in place of the customary pots and pans.

The entrance-hall is a perfect little menagerie. Here, on shelves artistically draped with crimson plush, are china cows and horses, deer, canaries, and even a rhinoceros. The pig predominates. Mr. Sala believes in pigs for luck, and purchases one wherever he goes. The two places of honour, however, are given up to a large-sized cat and monkey. Let it be told in a whisper that Mrs. Sala confesses to the cat as her guardian angel, because it is most like a woman; whilst Mr. Sala leans towards the monkey, because it most resembles a — A grandfather's clock is ticking in the corner.



MRS. SALA'S CAT.



MR. SALA'S MONKEY.

From Photos. by Elliott & Fry.

Here hangs a silver violin. It was made in Cawnpore, and was the property of some Rajah of India.

"I bought it in Leicester Square," said its owner. "It was marked £35. I went inside and offered a ten-pound note for it."

"'Oh!' exclaimed the proprietor, 'you're Mr. Sailor, you are! Well, look here, you can have it for £13.'"

"'Right,' I said.

"'Going to pay now?' he asked.

"'Yes.'"

"'Then, take it out of the shop; for it's been hanging here for twenty-five years.'"

There are many fine engravings about ; and just by the dining-room door is a stick given to Mr. Sala by Lord Wolseley, after his great campaign in South Africa.

The dining-room overlooks Victoria Street. It is a little room, suggestive of comfortable meals and excellent company. G. A. S.'s personal dining-table is not very big—one and a half feet square. He always uses it, seldom sitting at the larger board, and sits in an easy-chair. The bronzes on the mantel-board are as exquisite as the china



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

and Hanoverian ware set out on the bookshelves, and it would be difficult to find more works of art crowded into so small a space. Examples of Sir John Gilbert, Montalba, Copley Fielding, Van Dyck, Gerard Dhow, Gustave Doré—represented by a grand scene in the Highlands—the original sketch in oils for Luke Fildes' "Betty," and a very clever painting by Miss Génévieve Ward, the actress, of a monk enjoying an after-dinner pipe. Two dogs are from the brush of George Earle.

Mrs. Sala's study adjoins this room. On the mantelpiece is a small bust of Henry Irving as *Hamlet*, and near the window is a safe of strong proportions. On a silver shield is the following inscription : "George Augustus Sala, from Henry Irving, 1881. Safe Bind—Safe Find." Mr. Irving was once dining with Mr. Sala, when the latter brought out his commonplace book, which was commenced in 1859, and is full of notes of delightful interest.

*From a Photo. by]*

MRS. SALA'S STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

"Aren't you afraid of losing this?" the actor asked. "This wants taking into custody."
A few days afterwards the safe came.

*From a Photo. by]*

THE LIBRARY.

[Elliott & Fry.

On my way to the drawing-room and study—which is down a passage full of pictures and crowded with knick-knacks—I look in at the library, with its highly decorative stained-glass windows. The famous cookery library is in a corner of the bedroom. It comprises over 500 volumes, dating from 1578 to the present day, of every country and in every language. Here is a cookery book in Greek, and a first edition of “Mrs. Glasse,” worth £100. Even to-day dishes are prepared at the Victoria Street flat from an old cookery volume of Henry V.’s reign. It contains a recipe for a delicious oyster patty. These old-time books are useful when you know how to leave out the peacocks’ tongues and swans’ livers from Elizabethan dishes.

The drawing-room is now reached. Drawing back the curtains, one enters Mr. Sala’s study. In the first apartment—the doors of



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

which are inlaid with panels of fruit and flowers painted on satin—more artistic treasures are to be met with, from the brush and pencil of many a master hand. A large picture—finished by Millais—of the late Mrs. Sala, rests on an easel draped with blue plush.

It was whilst standing here that Mr. Sala paid a tribute of great tenderness to the memory of his late wife, and spoke as only a real man and true husband could of the woman who is his helpmate to-day. Journalists are the very worst of business men, and the veteran declares that he is no exception to the rule. Happy the journalist who possesses a wife of business instincts—a woman who can relieve him of all these worries, and leave him a free course to run his pen.

"My wife," says Mr. Sala, "is my man of business. She opens my letters, reads, and answers them, looks after contracts, and keeps my accounts. Therein lies one of my little secrets, you see. My wife takes upon herself all the worries of business, so I am enabled to work with an easy mind and a freedom of heart unattainable by any other means."



BUST BY MR. FRED CALLCOTT, AND THE DAUPHIN'S CABINET.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

This small cabinet was made for the little Dauphin of France. Mr. Sala saw it in a

pawnbroker's window in his early days, and paid £2 a month for it until he had purchased it outright for £15. He tells how, as a young man, when first married, the height of his ambition was to possess a silver soup-tureen. Again he patronized the pawnbroker's, and selected one "to be put by" at £35. Unfortunately, after paying £8 his subscription lapsed, and the pawnbroker profited to that extent. A bust of a baby just by this little cabinet is a very clever sample of the sculptor's art—the work of Mr. Fred Callcott.

A very remarkable example of the sculptor's art rests on a table. Originally the Saint was in a semi-nude state. Ewing, a wonderfully clever Scotch sculptor, who modelled the children of the Prince of Wales, saw it one day. He took out his pocket-handkerchief and asked for some warm starch. Dipping the linen in this, his ingenious fingers wrapped it round the tiny statuette, as now seen, and, as the starch dried, the fabric stiffened, still retaining its most delicately natural folds. Poor



SAINT DRAPED IN A HANDKERCHIEF.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Ewing! He died in poverty, and was buried in New York. A great actor, whose name has already been mentioned, stood by him till the last.

It is impossible to catalogue the curiosities in the study; every one of them has a history. A little stuffed canary was a present from the late Lady Rosebery. It died; it almost sang itself to death, so loud and sweet and frequent were its notes. These ostrich eggs hanging from the ceiling were stolen from a mosque in Morocco. Mr. Sala was the receiver, and he revels in his crime. This picture is curious. It is executed on a common fourpenny dish, purchased in the Tottenham Court Road. It was held over the smoke of a candle, and, after the artist had worked on it with his nails and penknife, a charming Italian landscape was the result. A table of eighteen different kinds of wood was presented to Mr. Sala by the New Zealand Government. A glass case contains presentation silver, including a massive service from the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* on Mr. Sala's fiftieth birthday. The pictures, too, are striking—dozens of Millais' engravings, Munkacsy, Caton Woodville, Boughton, Storey, and paintings by De Witte, Stothard, Montalba, another Doré, a Keeley Halswelle, and numerous others from notable artists. Amongst the pictorial curiosities are some studies by E. M. Ward for his great picture of "Napoleon and Queen Louisa of Prussia at Tilsit, 1808"; "'Ape,' aped by himself," which means the late Carlo Pellegrini caricaturing himself; and a pictorially addressed envelope, which was done by Augustus Mayhew, one of the brothers Mayhew of *Punch*, the dog being a portrait of a pug belonging to the artist's wife, who was, and still is, a great breeder of pugs. On the top of the shelf is a bust of Beaconsfield. It will be remembered that Mr. Sala gave important evidence at the famous Belt trial, and stated how he saw the sculptor take a piece of clay and make the curl which was wont to be seen on the great statesman's forehead. This is the first cast for the statue in question.

Now it was that we settled down to talk. Mr. Sala discards his customary chair at the writing-table, on which stands a statuette of



"APE," APED BY HIMSELF.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



MAYHEW'S ENVELOPE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Thackeray ; but, lighting a cigar—and is not G. A. S. generally accredited as being the best judge of a Havana in London?—he meditatively walks the room, and tells, point by point, and chapter by chapter, the story of his life. He wears a short smoking-jacket. He is of medium height, and is the happy possessor of a wonderfully level temper. He speaks kindly and good-naturedly of all his brother scribes, and writes the most microscopic hand amongst them all. He is three-and-sixty years of age, but prepared to pack his bag and start as "Special Correspondent" to Siberia at a couple of hours' notice. Though certainly the most versatile leader-writer of to-day, and justly regarded as being at the top of the journalistic tree, he is still a working man. His work is his recreation, the recreation of a moving mind. He has written more "leaders" than

any man living. For the first five years of his thirty-four years' connection with the *Daily Telegraph* he wrote two a day ; now, three hundred leaders a year is his estimate. He has no politics, and for upwards of twenty years not a line from his pen has appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on home politics. He argues that, whatever the Government in power, it must needs be the best Government. He has seen the work of every Government in every country, from the matter-of-fact and easy-going Parliament of the dwellers in Central Africa to that of Australia, where the supreme ruler is his royal highness—Working Man.

George Augustus Sala was born in New Street, Manchester Square, on November 24th, 1828. His father was an Italian, his mother being a professor of Italian singing. He was born at a time when children were sent out to be nursed. His nurse must have been a most diabolical young woman, for when it was decided by his mother to have little George Augustus home again, she attempted to kill her charge. This resulted in a long and serious illness, and the small life was despaired of.

"I was blind and deaf," he said, "from seven to half-past eight, that is, from 7 years to $8\frac{1}{2}$ years of age. Every oculist had a go at my eyes. I have still signs of the holes in my ears where I wore earrings, but all to no avail. During this time my sister read the Bible to me, and told me childish fairy tales. When, at last, I recovered



LEARNING TO WRITE.

my sight, I had a yearning to read all that my sister had told me, and I taught myself out of a big 'History of England.'

He learned to write as well—practised caligraphy from a black-letter Chaucer. This will account for Mr. Sala's peculiar print-like handwriting. What a happy picture—the little fellow on his knees, with the great volume against the back of the chair, tracing out letter by letter on a piece of paper. His parents' house was the resort of many foreigners of distinction. At ten years of age he could not speak a word of English, and after passing a few years at a school in France, came back to a school here for the purpose of learning the English language. He found it more difficult than Greek. As a child he wrote short stories—a notable one was a story of travel. But his

At Montalibert when the reproductive system of the ~~egg~~ Second Empire was at its height used to say that he came to England now and then to enjoy a bath of Constitutional liberty. If you stand in need of a nice, cool bath of cynicism you might do worse than read Dean Swift's "Characters of the Court of Queen Anne" marginally annotated to a fatter book full of sublime pieces of great folly composed by one Maccy. Then you would be able to appreciate the delicious humour of a "character" of the Marquis of Lonsington drawn up by a Mr Leicester and communicated to the Times of Aug 5 by Mr W. Radcliffe Cooke M.P.

SPECIMEN OF MR. SALA'S HANDWRITING.

childish fingers seemed destined for the clay, for at school in Paris he gained the first prize for modelling a map of South America.

"Every hill and mountain top, every river and valley was modelled in clay," said Mr. Sala. "That's what I call practical geography—that's what I should like to see in our schools to-day. We want practical lessons. I was sent to a school where lectures were object-lessons. We found something to learn in the green fields



St. Michael & St. Dunstan Delegates from the Metropolitan Parishes (two legs) St. Dunstan

PORTION OF SKETCH BY MR. SALA.

and flowers, knowledge in every article of furniture in the house, from the piano to the fire-irons. Why, I read my Greek Testament in a laurel grove! and whenever I had a spare moment, so surely was I to be found drawing and modelling."

So his childhood's days were passed, and eventually at fourteen he was apprenticed to Carl Schiller—a miniature painter. He also became a pupil at Leigh's Art School in Maddox Street. At sixteen he became assistant screen-painter to Beverley, at the Princess's Theatre. Beverley was a warm-hearted man. Without taking a halfpenny premium he was virtually young Sala's instructor in architectural drawing and perspective.

"Then my eyes began to trouble me again," said Mr. Sala. "You see, when a figure had to be introduced into a scene I was called in to do it. I was almost colour-blind. I put black into everything. Indeed, they called me the 'gentleman in black.' Even to this day the ink I use is a Japanese fluid of the deepest and darkest dye, such as music is copied with. My old skill in modelling stood me in good stead at the Princess's Theatre. I used to model masks for the pantomime and to paint 'props.' As a linguist I translated French farces, as a calligraphist I used to copy out parts. From my early mathematical training I was put on to keep the accounts, stock books, wardrobe—you know the sort of thing—two pairs tights, seventeen dancers' dresses, three pairs of trunks, etc., and all for—*fifteen shillings a week!* Yet I was never so happy in my life; and at the end of

every week I always had 2s. left to lay out during the week ensuing in tea and toast at Mr. Porter's coffee-shop in Long Acre. Porter was a greasy man, who was the proud possessor of a still greasier library. There was streaky bacon and shilling butter on every page; but, as I ate my toast and swallowed my tea, I devoured that library. I read *Fraser*, *John Bull* in Theodore Hook's time, *The Quarterly*, *Blackwood's Magazine* from the commencement, and I know not what. I was, unconsciously, fitting myself for a leader-writer. I still kept up my painting, though, and well remember doing fifty illustrations of Jenny Lind at 1s. 6d. each for a man in the Burlington Arcade, who made a big profit out of them.

"At last I threw up the engagement at fifteen shillings a week, and years afterwards I remember the old manager at the Princess's



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

saying to a friend, 'Look at him. I brought him out at fifteen bob a week, and now he is riding in his carriage!'"

Soon after this young Sala got connected with the publishing firm of Ackerman & Co., doing all kinds of humorous productions for them, mainly etching on stone. Adolphe Ackerman—a man of great principle—insisted, however, that the young engraver should learn the whole process of engraving on copper and steel; and, having saved a little money, and being helped by Mr. Ackerman, he apprenticed himself to Henry Alkin for three years. He also illustrated many books—some written by Albert Smith, and others for Mr. Edward Lloyd, who founded *Lloyd's News*. Mr. Sala characterizes these last

pictures as being very ghastly. One in particular was for a small novel, called "Heads of the Headless," but the picture block was not "strong" enough for Mr. Lloyd. He sent it back with the note: "More blood, and eyes larger!" So skilful did the young artist become in his new calling, that at the age of twenty-four, he and Mr. Alkin were commissioned to execute an immense panorama of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. Alkin did the horses, and Sala the hundreds of figures. They worked at it for six months, but the fumes of the acid acting on the steel plates so injured Sala's normally weak eyes that he was compelled, in infinite degradation of spirit, to give up the craft he so dearly loved—otherwise he would have gone blind. He still retains the needles he worked with, and the very paper-weight to be seen on his study table is a copperplate on which he had worked more than forty years ago.

"In 1850," continued the journalist, "I renewed my acquaintance with Dickens. I had written an article called 'The Key of the Street,' for *Household Words*. From 1850 to 1856 I made £300 a year out of Dickens's paper. I did a little in the dramatic line with a dear, dead brother of mine, Charles. I wrote a panto. called 'Harlequin Billie Taylor,' under Charles Kean's management, receiving £100 for the opening and £5 apiece for the comic scenes. Then I did a translation of 'The Corsican Brothers' for the Surrey Theatre, and got a guinea a night for it. It ran 150 nights. Many other pieces followed, one of which was a burlesque in 1869 at the Gaiety, called 'Watt Tyler,' M.P., in which Toole played the titular part. I was successful enough, though the late John Oxenford, in a criticism in the *Times*, said that my plays were 'evidently the production of a novice in theatrical matters!' Possibly Oxenford had never heard of the 15s. a week engagement at the Princess's.

"In 1856 I went to Russia for Dickens. We had a row about the travelling expenses, so I went on to the *Illustrated Times*. On the staff were James Hannay, Fred and James Greenwood, Sutherland Edwards, Edmund Yates, Edward Draper—a solicitor, who did the law and crime—and Old White, the doorkeeper of the House of Commons, who used to divulge the secrets of the House! My turning-point, however, came a year later, when the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, then a young paper, sent for me. I was paid two guineas a leader, often writing two for three guineas. Since then I have been all over the world—in times of peace, war, and revolution. I have often been chaffed because I once said, in the preface of a book, that the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* gave me 'the wages of an ambassador and the treatment of a gentleman.' That which I stated was the precise and literal fact. Litigating journalists often have proposed to subpoena me with a view to testifying as to the custom and law in journalism. My answer invariably is, 'I can give no kind of testimony as to law or custom, inasmuch as I have never had any written engagement with the *Daily Telegraph*, who can dismiss me, or I could leave them, to-morrow. Their arrangements



From a Photo. by]

MR. SALA'S WRITING-TABLE.

[Elliott & Fry.

with me, both as regards home service and foreign missions, have always been of the friendliest and happiest character.”

A fresh sample from a box of the choicest Havanas having been lit, the clouds of smoke from the weed gave rise to many a merry recollection, both of a personal character and also associated with people whom Mr. Sala has met. The day I spent with Mr. Sala was very near to the opening of the Royal Academy. He protested strongly against the practice of Show-Sunday at artists' studios.

“If I go to a man's studio,” he said, “how can I, whilst accepting his hospitality, condemn his picture to his face? If I praised it to him to-day, I should only have to slate it the next morning in my notice. It is not fair either to the critic or the artist.”

But a cloud from the Havana takes him back to the early days again.

“When Alexander II. was assassinated, I was dining at the Duke of Fife's at Cavendish Square. It was a Sunday. The Russian Ambassador sent a messenger saying that he would be unable to be present, as an attempt had been made on the Czar's life, and he was gravely wounded. Later in the evening came another despatch saying that his Imperial Majesty was dead. I knew well enough that the *D.T.* people would be down on me that very night to go off to St. Petersburg, and I particularly wanted the next day in London. I roved about from club to club till three o'clock in the morning, but they ran me down the same day with a note from the editor saying, ‘Please write leading article on the “Price of Fish at Billingsgate Market,” and start for St. Petersburg by the night mail!’ I went.

I was compensated at the rate of £100 a week and all travelling expenses. I was present at the coronation of Alexander III., and some of my telegrams cost £300 to send. I was forwarding something like seven columns a day.

"I have never had to disguise myself in my calling, as some of my brother journalists have. I well remember an amusing instance of this at the Czar's coronation. The Court choir there on such occasions consists of men arrayed in long crimson cassocks, and wearing very long beards, who march along chanting very loudly. The representative of a Parisian paper whom I knew was much upset at not getting a pass to go in to the ceremony. He said he meant to go, however. The great day arrived. I was standing in my allotted seat, so to speak, when the choir approached. They were all chanting loudly, but one of their number, fully arrayed and bearded, seemed as though singing for dear life. He caught my eye and winked. It was my friend!

"Everything in Russia is done by bribery. Still, bribery is not always successful, as the following will prove.

"I was present at the Jubilee garden-party given by Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. My flower dropped out of my button-hole. A very pretty young servant—presumably there for the purpose of looking after our wearing apparel, sticks, and umbrellas—picked it up. Whilst in the act of putting it in my coat again, with a view to obtaining a peep into the Queen's rooms, I asked her if there was a chance of seeing them, at the same time endeavouring to slip a sovereign into her hand. She shrunk back.

"‘I wish I could, sir,’ she whispered, ‘but there’s a heye on me!’

"Talking of queens naturally reminds me of kings. I have lunched with Alphonso XII. of Spain under most distressing circumstances. My friend Antonio Gallenga was with me. We were travelling with the King in a very sumptuous saloon carriage lent to us by Mr. Salamanaca, the great Madrid financier, which the authorities permitted to be attached to the Royal train from Madrid to Saragossa. After travelling all night in terribly cold weather, early in the morning one of His Majesty's aides-de-camp appeared and commanded us to ‘join the Royal luncheon party at 11 a.m.’ Alas! there is no rose without its thorn. The bitter weather had frozen all the water, and our faces were as black as sweeps! We stared at one another—we were both black in the face. What was to be done? Good gracious! we could not sit before a king with such dark expressions as these!

"Gallenga was a man of infinite resource, and was apparently undismayed by this almost insurmountable obstacle.

"‘Ever try candles?’ he asked. ‘The dry wash process.’ See, and he took down some of the wax candles with which the carriage was lighted, and commenced rubbing his face with one of them. With infinite trust in Gallenga's wisdom I did likewise, and really, after some ten minutes' persistent rubbing, our faces certainly looked more respectable, though somewhat waxy and ghastly. The aide-de-camp entered, and we went forth to eat with the King. Now, the King's



THE DRY-WASH PROCESS.

saloon was uncomfortably warm—very uncomfortably warm—and as the lunch proceeded it became inconveniently hot. When the coffee and cigarette stage arrived our faces were converted into a series of small streams—tears, sir, tears, such as tender fathers shed! In vain I tried to hide them, my pocket-

handkerchief was useless, and I left the Royal presence with a countenance like—but we will draw a veil over my features!”

I suggested that perhaps Mr. Sala knew Sothorn—“Duncrcary” Sothorn.

“Knew him, yes,” came the reply. “Sothorn and I went to the Derby together once. I was very elaborately got up, and as neat and trim as a new pin. Now, I don’t think I was in a frame of mind to get out of temper easily—I was in a capital humour, and never in a jollier mood.

“‘Look here, Sala,’ said Sothorn, ‘I’ll bet you a new hat that you’ll lose your temper before the Derby is run.’

“‘Done!’ I cried, and I felt another twenty-five shillings rattling in my trousers pocket. Away went Sothorn.

“Five minutes after a red-jacketed fellow came up and commenced brushing me down. I didn’t want it, but I gave him a shilling. Then another came up—similar process, another shilling. At last, altogether five ‘brushes’ had been up, and at the sixth I seized the fellow and brushed *him* down.

“‘I’ll trouble you for a new hat,’ said somebody, quietly tapping me on the shoulder. It was Sothorn.

Then we “remembered” some of the famous men the great journalist has come in contact with during his career. To begin with,



AT THE DERBY.

there was Lord Brougham. It was Brougham who really taught Mr. Sala to speak in public. Before Mr. Sala made his first important public speech, Brougham had him round at his house and walked up and down his dining-room for an hour and more, giving him many a good hint. He wound up his advice by saying: "Always think in semicolons whilst speaking; by adhering to this rule you will never come to a full stop unless you wish it."

Then came Cruikshank—dear old George Cruikshank.

"I knew him well," said Mr. Sala, "and was one of the pallbearers at his funeral. When the old fellow was hard up he would go and sit in his publisher's office with a card round his neck on which was written: 'I am starving!' With such a suggestive appeal he never had to wait long without a cheque, but he always kept the card handy! Once Prince Albert—the Prince Consort—sent for him for the purpose of seeing his drawings. He arrived at Buckingham Palace, and was marched down countless corridors by a couple of footmen bearing long wands, Cruikshank following them in the rear, imitating them in a very exaggerated style. On they went—wand and imitation, imitation and wand. Suddenly a door opened from behind them, and a voice cried out: 'This is the room, Mr. Cruikshank.'

"Prince Consort had been watching Cruikshank's performance in infinite appreciation."

Mr. Sala has a great admiration for the genius, and a love for the memory, of Thackeray.

He first saw Thackeray at a small club held on the first floor of a little old-fashioned tavern in Dean Street, Soho, kept by one Dicky Moreland, supposed to have been the last landlord in London who

wore a pigtail and top-boots. Thackeray that night sang "The Mahogany Tree." His hair was not white then, but he wore the gold-rimmed spectacles, and stood as he always did—with his hands in his pockets.

A M. Alexis Soyer had constructed a place he called "The Symposium," on the site of the Albert Hall, where Mr. Sala was, for a short period, secretary. Soyer was very proud of the huge dining-tent he had put up, capable of dining 300 persons. It was made of blue and white canvas.

When taking Thackeray round the grounds one



From a Photo. by

MR. SALA.

[Le Lieure, Rome.]

day, Soyer remarked, pointing out the huge tent: "This, Mr. Thackeray, is the baronial hall."

"Oh! Baronial hall, is it?" said Thackeray; "it's more like a marquee!"

"And your photo, Mr. Sala?" I asked.

"Oh! yes—certainly. Had it specially taken in Rome for you. Notice the smile?" Then he added, in a whisper, as he followed me on to the stairs, "The Roman photographer specially turned on a young man to tell me funny stories in Italian to make me laugh. That's the secret of it!"

XII.

THE LATE SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.



YOU could not readily escape noticing the residence of the famous specialist in Harley Street, Cavendish Square. Irrespective of the brass plate on the door, the somewhat gloomy appearance of the exterior is relieved by trailing ivy round the windows, the clinging tendrils of which hang over the balcony. But the distinctly dismal impression created by "outside appearances" disappears when once the door has been opened and opportunities are afforded of exploring the "interior." Interest is gathered round every object one meets. Sir Morell's whole life has been a veritable run of professional adventure, and, much of his work being really historical, one expects to find about the place many reminiscences of his brilliant career—a career rendered more striking from the indisputable fact that incessant work and purpose not to be turned aside have had as much to do in winning him the position he held in the world of medicine as the marvellous skill he has shown in the



From a photo. by]

THE CORRIDOR.

Elliott & Fry.

diagnosis of the various forms of disease to which he has given his particular attention.

Immediately on entering, just opposite a convenient weather-dial, is a portrait of the Empress Frederick. She has written an inscription on it in pencil—"To Sir Morell Mackenzie, the faithful and devoted friend and medical attendant of the Emperor Frederick III. of Germany.—Victoria, Charlottenburg, May, 1888." The portrait is an excellent photograph of the oil painting by Angeli which hangs in the Royal Academy at Berlin. It was taken soon after our Princess-Royal first went to Germany; but, though painted so many years ago, it is still thought to give the expression of the august personage better than any modern portrait. On passing through another door a long corridor is entered. From this corridor access is obtained to the library, to the dining-room, and two consulting-rooms. In a corner of this vestibule is a fine specimen of carving in oak; the exterior presents a grand cabinet dated 1647, within is a lift communicating with the kitchen. At intervals along the corridor are fine vases and a number of works of art of importance—an etching, by Herkomer, of the Earl of Londesborough, a full-length oil painting of the master of the house, whilst the companion picture to this is an admirable likeness of Sir Morell's father in old-time black cravat and cutaway coat. A portrait group of the Laryngological Section of the "International Medical Congress, Copenhagen, 1884," shows Sir Morell in the centre, having on either side of him Dr. W. Meyer, of Copenhagen, and Professor Schnitzler, of Wein. Close by is Leslie Ward's famous cartoon of Mr. George Gros-Smith and Mr. Corney Grain—and near this is a painting by a Royal brush—a group of fruit and antique flagon. The in-



Painted by the Empress]

FRUIT PIECE.

[Frederick of Germany.

scription reads: "Her Majesty the Empress of Germany, Princess Royal of England. Presented by Her Majesty to Sir Morell Mackenzie."

Just as I am entering the dining-room a fine dachshund of rich



From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

Whit & Pry.

brown colour comes dashing along the passage. It answers to the name of "Moritz," and follows us into the room, where it perches on its hind legs on one of the chairs as soon as the repast is brought in. "Moritz" is a twin. "Max" was its birth-mate. They both belonged to the late Emperor Frederick. "Moritz" was sent as a present from the late Emperor to Sir Morell, whilst "Max" found a home on the Royal hearthrug of the Princess Victoria of Prussia. The dining-room is very spacious, and at one end the ceiling is supported by two massive red granite pillars. The mantelpiece is of marble exquisitely carved, over which is an oil painting, by the late George Chapman, of one of Sir Morell's daughters—Mrs. McKenna—as a child in a white frock tied up with a great red sash, romping with a black retriever. Excellent pictures are also here of Sir Morell and Lady Mackenzie. The furniture is of oak, and there are some grand cabinets, on which are many beautiful bronzes. The outlook from the dining-room is not calculated to inspire one with rural thoughts—chimney-pots and ugly, far-from-interesting brick walls abound; for which reason the glass in the window is embossed and the view is lost.

Ascending the staircase—which is decorated in Pompeiian style, the centre of each plaque containing beautifully drawn and delicately



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

coloured figures—the drawing-room is reached. This is really two apartments thrown into one. Immense vases of everlasting grass, with ivy playing about the wall, are everywhere—bowls and baskets, dishes



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM (FROM THE CONSERVATORY).

[Elliott & Fry.

and trays, are full of flowers, for Sir Morell is fond of this form of natural decoration. The cabinets are filled with Chinese ware. On one is a case of curios—silver daggers, crosses, Japanese wings, snuff-boxes, goblets, and, if I mistake not, a tiny model in silver of "Moritz." Just by stands an equally tiny silver chariot drawn by diminutive oxen. Many tokens of Royal favour are here in the form of portraits. Pictures of members of Sir Morell's family are scattered about. The hoof of a horse, used as a matchbox, has an engraved plate upon it which reads: "Beauty—January, 1878." "Beauty" was a great favourite of its master, and a family pet. His memory is thus preserved. I am reminded that Sir Morell breaks in all his own harness horses, and that he never drives animals under six years of age.

At the far end of the drawing-room is a rockery, where the greenest of ferns and indoor plants are thriving in abundance. A heavy Sèvres vase is pointed out to me near the windows which overlook Harley Street. "It was a present," said Sir Morell, "from a lady who was suffering from cancer. I only saw her once. When she died I received a note from her executors saying that she had bequeathed me a vase, and if I would send down to Sydenham I might have it. I sent down a man for this purpose. He returned empty-handed—he could not move it. Finally I dispatched three men, who brought it up."



From a Photo. by]

THE CONSULTING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

Curiosity is inseparable from an eminent doctor's consulting-room, and, seeing that Sir Morell has two such apartments, it is probable that my curiosity was two-fold as I hurried down the stairs into the long corridor again. Both of these rooms are as distinctly different as possible.

The first one I entered is probably the most frequently used. It was in this room that the late Emperor Frederick used to sit when engaged with Sir Morell. Although a remarkably foggy day, the room was fragrant with the perfume of roses; blossoms from Nice were in vases on the writing-table, and in many an odd corner; flowers were even mingled with the shiny instruments neatly set out on another table. By this table I stood for a moment, and looked at a high-backed oaken chair upholstered in brown leather. It was the chair in which the Emperor Frederick used to sit.

The portraits are countless. On the mantel-board—where, by the fireplace, a pair of fine young foxes are ingeniously utilized for the purpose of supporting a waste-paper basket—are autographed pictures of Her Majesty the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and the Marchioness of Lorne. Hanging on the walls and on various supports are etchings of Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry as *Marguerite* and *Portia*, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Edmund Yates, M. Jean de Reszke, Madame Patti, Madame Albani, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "The Ironmaster," Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and Lady Monckton, all of whom at some time or another have entered this room. On a single shelf running round the apartment are books. Many are the curios to be seen—quaint old watches, old-fashioned china, and other much-sought-after knick-knacks. Here is a silent clock, of which never a single tick is heard, and which requires winding but once a year. The inscription on an immense silver bowl mounted on an oak pedestal says: "To Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., a grateful tribute of admiration and regard from those whose names are inscribed in this bowl. July 6, 1869." Inside the bowl are exact facsimile signatures of the subscribers, and amongst those which glisten I notice autographs of Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, John Hare, Tom Thorne, Henry Neville, W. H. Kendal, Wilson Barrett, Brandon Thomas, John Billington, and Edward Terry. Inside this case are a number of presents from patients, whilst a portrait of one of Sir Morell's daughters finds a place on the glass top.

Possibly, however, the most interesting part of the room is that nearest the historical chair already referred to. Just beneath a large picture of Madame Pauline Lucca is a crimson plush frame, containing a portrait of the late Emperor Frederick in the same uniform as he wore on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee. Another portrait of him bears date of 1863, and shows him in Highland dress, whilst close by are portraits, taken some years ago, of his three daughters, in plain white muslin dresses.

Two important letters are framed here in gilt supports, surmounted with Royal coronets. One is in German, written on buff note-paper, with a deep black edging. It was from the Queen to her late son-in-



From a Photo. by]

THE ACTORS' TESTIMONIAL.

[Elliott & Fry.

law. Although I am not permitted to give the contents of it, I may say that it is to the purport that Her Majesty intends conferring a knighthood upon Sir Morell, whilst the other matter impressively shows the love Her Majesty had for the late Emperor. The other letter—part of which only is shown—is from the Emperor to Sir Morell. The Emperor used very large-sized note, edged with black, and wrote a remarkably bold, clear hand. It reads :—

“Charlottenburg, April 10, 1888.

“MY DEAR SIR MORELL,—You were called to me by the unanimous wish of my German medical attendants. Not knowing you myself, I had confidence in you in consequence of their recommendation. But I soon learnt to appreciate you from personal experience.”

The second consulting-room is reached by passing through a small dispensary. On the white walls of this substantial medicine cabinet

are rough notes by Sir Morell—pencil reminders to see such and such patients. This second apartment is known as "The Gothic Room"



From a Photo. by]

THE GOTHIC-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

—every article of furniture in it is of that period. It is almost like entering a small chapel—there is an air of quietude about the place almost approaching sanctity which is most impressive. The pictures on the walls are Scriptural, principally of the Italian School. At the far end is a stained-glass window, at the foot of which is a lappet with embroidered lace hangings. Gilt vases and candles are set out on the various shelves. By the side of the bookcase is a huge wrought iron cross, an excellent specimen of sixteenth century work. In the centre of the cross is a little cabinet containing a statue of the Virgin Mary, before which a light is kept continually burning. This cross was "picked up" with several others in the Austrian Tyrol by the Empress Frederick, who gave it to Sir Morell in 1888. She has also one hanging over her bed in her palace in Berlin. This apartment is lit with the electric light—as indeed are all the rooms—and it may be interesting to many to know that the picture of the Gothic Room in these pages was obtained with this artificial light.

It was in the first-mentioned consulting-room that Sir Morell and I sat down by the fire and talked together. The eminent physician is of medium height, clean shaven, and has an expression of great kindness and sympathy. He talks in measured tones, and in many ways our conversation resembled a consultation—every word was uttered with remarkable discretion and care. A patient puts as much trust in his doctor as a client in his lawyer. The medical world and

the legal community do not betray confidences—hence the demeanour of Sir Morell on some points displays the utmost caution. At other times he talked with freedom and gaiety—there was not a tinge of “the profession” about him.

Sir Morell was born at Leytonstone in 1837, and comes of a distinguished medical family. He was educated at a private school at Walthamstow, under the care of Dr. Greig, where he remained until he was sixteen years of age. He was always passionately fond of natural history, and this possibly had something to do with turning his thoughts towards medicine. He always wanted to enter the medical profession, but the cost of the necessary education was too great for his mother—his father being dead at this time—so that it seemed probable that a commercial career was to fall to his lot. While the majority of his school-fellows went to India, he, on saying “Good-bye” to Dr. Greig, started life as a junior clerk in the Union



From a Photo. by] SIR MORELL MACKENZIE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Assurance Company, where he remained for two years. However, in 1856 a relation came forward, and the young clerk was sent to the London Hospital. Here he greatly distinguished himself, winning the senior gold medal for surgery and the senior gold medal for clinical medicine.

“In 1858 I went to Paris—after passing my exams.—where I spent a useful year,” said Sir Morell, “and from there to Vienna and Pesth. It was at the latter city that I met Professor Czermak, who was just then devoting much time and labour to the laryngoscope. I really went to see the city, but I came across an instrument which at once claimed my every thought. I saw what a future there was for it, and a great friendship sprang up between Czermak and myself. On my return to England, I brought the instrument back with me, and directed my whole attention to it. I was then appointed resident medical officer at the London Hospital. Immediately cases came pouring in from all parts, and we would publish those of the

deepest interest which had been examined with the aid of the laryngoscope. Let me describe this instrument in a few simple words. It consists of a mirror put at the back of the throat which conveys a light into the windpipe, at the same time receiving the image of the illuminated part upon the surface. An ordinary optician could make one. It is very difficult to use on young children, though really I have succeeded in operating on little ones of three and four years of age.

"I look back on those days at the London Hospital with infinite pleasure. Many, many poor people were seen, and often I would



"EARLY DAYS IN THE EAST-END."

visit some of the most wretched abodes. But the poorer class are impressively appreciative. Their appreciation runs the length of their pockets, and some of the little tokens of thankfulness I received, though small in value, bore much meaning. Apples, oranges, packets of sweets, and small bags of nuts would come, accompanied by a letter." And then I learnt of a very happy custom of Sir Morell's, of assuring his smaller East-end patients that it was "all right," and they "would soon be well." He would take toys into these squalid dwellings, and, putting a horse and cart, or a doll, at the foot of the bedside, so that the little sufferer could see it easily, and look upon it

as something worth winning, he would promise it to the child as soon as its throat had been examined. In many ways he became a friend to dwellers in the East. It meant hard work for the young doctor. In the daytime he was seeing patients, whilst every moment of leisure was devoted to inventing all sorts of instruments to be used in conjunction with the laryngoscope. On his leaving the hospital as resident medical officer he was appointed visiting physician, which meant he had to visit there twice a week to see out-patients.

His course was now fully decided—he would make a speciality of throat diseases. In 1863 he established the Throat Hospital in Golden Square. It began as a small dispensary, with a couple of



From a Photo. by]

THE CONSULTING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

rooms, but it grew and grew until it assumed the proportions of a great building, affording relief to thousands of people, and Sir Morell still remained its consulting physician.

"About this time," resumed Sir Morell, "I was lecturing very frequently on physiology. I soon got into a large private practice. I took a house in George Street, Hanover Square, thence removed to Weymouth Street, and finally, in 1870, to my present abode. You ask me for a typical day's work. From 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. I visit bad cases. From 10 to 2 I am being consulted here. In the afternoon I am out again. In the evening I take notes of my cases, and when a spare hour for recreation comes to me, I find relief in a game of chess—my favourite amusement. I can get through fifty or sixty cases in a day. Old patients can be seen very quickly—five minutes; new cases—twenty minutes or half an hour. They come from all

parts of the world—New Zealand, Australia, India. It was from America—Milwaukee—that I received the offer of my largest fee. I was offered £5,000 to go out and see one individual case, but I was unable to accept it, for at that time I was attending the late Emperor.

"One very curious fee I once received came about as follows. An old man came to see me here. I examined his throat, and at once saw it was in a terribly bad state. I asked him why he had not come to see me sooner. His reply amused me very much.

"‘You see, sir,’ he said, ‘I hadn’t got a guinea. I always thought a physician wouldn’t see anybody without a spade guinea, and at last I’ve got one. Here it is, and thank you very much.’"



‘HERE IT IS, AND THANK YOU VERY MUCH.’

It is as interesting as it is gratifying to hear Sir Morell give favourable accounts of the throats of some famous actors and singers. He is often called upon to restore the voices of vocalists just for the night—a medical feat which he performs with the utmost skill. For years Madame Albani never consulted any doctor about her throat. She was always afraid of being made worse. Finally she went to Sir Morell. Madame Albani has a fine, well-developed throat. Sir Morell assured me that an examination of Madame Patti’s throat gave him the secret of the creation of her beautiful notes. The great singer cares for it so well that to-day it absolutely shows no sign of wear, and resembles the throat of a young girl. Madame Pauline Lucca has a grand throat, and one is not surprised to hear that Sims

Reeves takes more care of his throat than any vocalist living. Mr. Irving has a very sound throat. As his intimates know, the eminent actor's stage voice is entirely different from his natural voice, but the constant employment of his theatrical tones has done no harm. Referring to Mr. Toole, Sir Morell simply said in a very happy way, "I had great difficulty in examining him." Those who know the comedian will readily understand this.

"The great thing," prescribed Sir Morell, "is to try and harden the throat; do not wrap it up too much. Endeavour to make the neck as capable of exposure as the face. We do not cover up our faces, and they are practically the hardest part of our bodies. Of course, when a person gets to a certain age it is too late for this. Keep the throat free from wrappings. The throat is the entrance to the lungs—a very vital part, narrow and tender. The great feather boas and Medici collars which ladies wear round the neck, and the stifling mufflers which men put on, are calculated to do harm. I recommend turn-down collars. Gargling with cold salt water in the morning is a very excellent thing, also bathing the throat, first with very hot water, and then with very cold. The throat gets the effect of a sudden shock."

Then our conversation briefly reverted to Sir Morell's memorable connection with the late Emperor of Germany.

"It was in the May of 1887," the physician said, "that I received a summons to go immediately to Berlin. The telegram came at nine o'clock one evening, and I was away by the first train next morning. On my arrival, I at once saw the Crown Prince. My examination only lasted a few minutes. I felt it was a very doubtful case, and I told all the Crown Prince's regular doctors, who were in the room, frankly what I thought. The Crown Prince seemed to be possessed of much *sang froid*; he was quite happy. His extreme courtesy impressed me most. He thanked me most heartily for coming. I saw him again the next day, and was more than ever convinced of my previous impressions."

All the world knows the course of events which followed. Sir Morell assured me that his illustrious patient never once asked what he (the physician) thought of his case; never once said, "Do you think I shall recover?" The Royal personage was very fond of talking about England, and particularly Scotland. When Sir Morell was out walking or driving with him, the late Emperor was never happier than when telling stories of Frederick the Great. He pointed out the mill at Potsdam—famous for the historical dispute between the miller and his noble ancestor.

"There's the mill," he cried to Sir Morell. "It was a great eyesore to the Great Frederick, and he wanted the miller to give it up. The miller was immovable, so the ruler of a kingdom and the owner of a mill went into court. The millowner won, and when the King found his cause was hopeless, he became good friends with the miller by way of atonement."

Sir Morell was by the Emperor's bedside during the last hours.

Writing materials were laid out on the bed, and the Emperor used to write on these to Sir Morell when he required moving from one bed to another, on slips of paper about five inches long by three inches wide, written on in pencil. Sir Morell prolonged one of the most precious lives in Europe for over a year.



From a Photo. by]

"MORITZ."

[Elliott & Fry.

It is of no small moment to learn what Sir Morell Mackenzie considers the effects of over-smoking on the throat. In reply to my question on this highly interesting subject, he referred me to an article he wrote in *The New Review*. His remedy for getting rid of the same is a very simple one, namely, the discontinuing of the practice which engenders them.

He strongly objects to a cigarette "as being the worst form of indulgence, from the fact that the very mildness of its action tempts people to smoke nearly all day long, and by inhaling the fumes into their lungs, saturate their blood with the poison. It should be borne in mind that there are two bad qualities contained in the fumes of tobacco. One is poisonous nicotine, the other the high temperature of the burning tobacco. Most people, however, can smoke in moderation without injury; to many tobacco acts as a useful nerve sedative, but, on the other hand, an excessive indulgence in the habit is always injurious, many persons wilfully overstepping the boundary line which separates moderation from abuse. The condition of the throat, as well as that of the general health varies greatly at times; and an amount of smoking, which at one time would be attended with no bad effect, might at another produce serious harm. Every smoker knows that when the stomach is out of order the pipe or cigar loses its charm; but it is not so generally known that at such times the tongue (which to the experienced eye is a mirror of the invisible stomach) and the throat are more vulnerable than usual to tobacco. If Nature's warnings on these points are disregarded, as they generally are, the smoker will bring on himself much unnecessary discomfort, and even suffering. In connection with the variation in susceptibility just referred to, it may be mentioned that persons leading an out-door life can, as a rule, smoke with much greater impunity than those who spend most of their time indoors. It is further worthy of remark that

the inhabitants of warm climates suffer less than the dwellers in what is, probably on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, called the *temperate* climate of England. This is doubtless due to the greater resisting power of throats less harassed by fogs and east winds, and partly, perhaps, to the use of milder tobacco.

"To conclude with a little practical advice," said Sir Morell, "I would say to anyone who finds total abstinence too heroic a stretch of virtue, let him smoke only after a substantial meal, and, if he be a singer or a speaker, let him do so after, and never before, using his voice. Let him smoke a mild Havana, or a long-stemmed pipe charged with some cool-smoking tobacco. If the charms of the irresistible, let through a mouth-kept clean with dan strictness. from smoking cigarette to the be added, rank Your Turk, who his smoking, and stands the art, away the near ette. Let the to keep in the frain from inha- and let him take that the man in creases the flow marked degree is Nature to smoke. strictly moderate the precise limits settle for himself all the good effect plant without the in it when used to

cigarette are it be smoked piece which is ultra-Mohamme- Let him refrain pipe, cigar, or bitter and, it may and oily end. is very choice in thoroughlyunder- always throws half of his cigar-singer who wishes 'perfect way' re- ling the smoke, it as an axiom whom tobacco in- of saliva to any not intended by Let him be in indulgence— each man must —and he will get of the soothing bane which lurks excess."



THE OPERATING CHAIR.
[From a Photo, by Elliott & Fry.]

XIII.

THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON (HEAD MASTER OF HARROW).



THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

IT was on the last Saturday of the term that I made my way to "the top of the Hill"—a Saturday as famous as welcome to every boy in Harrow—famous, for was not the last house match of the season to be played in the afternoon? whilst in the evening, as the bells chimed half-past six, were not the boys to gather in the speech-room and once again sing the dear old songs of Harrow? Welcome! Only a few more hours, and then for home and holidays. Yet there were one or two boys with sad and breaking hearts. It was their last

Saturday at Harrow! Their faces told of their feelings within. I came across one handsome young fellow in the chapel—sitting silently in his accustomed seat. He was crying bitterly. He scarce knew why—why his eyes should fill—

At the thought of the Hill,
And the wild regret of the last good-bye.

"They sometimes scarcely know how to leave my study," said Mr. Welldon, in his kindly way, "when it comes to the last word of adieu and a final grip of the hand."

The sight of these few boys who were leaving, wandering listlessly about the meadows and the school buildings, only substantiated what was to be read on Mr. Welldon's kind and open face. He is a model schoolmaster. He *knows* every boy in the school. He is a homely teacher. As a Public School-boy himself—for he is an old Etonian, and the only living link between Eton and Harrow—he seeks not only to pose as the teacher at the table, but as the pupil at the desk. Here lies the secret of scholastic sympathy, the carrying out of which realizes true teaching. Then Mr. Welldon loves fun. I would that you could hear the hearty laugh with which he accompanied the delightful stories he told me. It echoed a "Don't-I-wish-I-was-there-now" sentiment that was unmistakable.

Before we settled down to talk we made the customary run through his rooms. Mr. Welldon is a bachelor, and his sister presides over his house. Miss Welldon's artistic taste is apparent in the arrangement of "Nature's decorations." You cannot enter a room without finding the freshest and sweetest of flowers. The fire-places in the drawing-room are just great fern banks relieved here and there by peeping blossoms; the tiny vases look as though the roses were



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry

growing out of them. The pictures in the drawing-room are principally of the Venetian and Florentine School, though here is an engraving of a portrait of Mr. Gladstone, and another of Holman Hunt's "Shadow of the Cross." Reminiscences of his many travels are also on the walls, as indeed they are everywhere about the house—in room and on staircase—photographs of Egypt and the Nile, the Yosemite Valley and Niagara, and many others. A dual statuette of Goethe and Schiller rests on a cabinet at the far end of the room.

Yet another fern bank is found in the dining-room: a bright relief to the solemnly massive oak furniture.



From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

The study of the Head Master of Harrow is necessarily a very interesting apartment. If it impresses the visitor, how much more does it affect the boy who timidly taps at the door and knows he is "in for it"! Yet, at the same time, the study is open to every lad in the school who would seek for advice, or who—a thing seldom needed—is desirous of lodging a complaint. There are two tables: one is the working table, on which are set out the various papers associated with school life proper. Mr. Welldon assures me that "all the affairs of life go into six divisions"; hence the box of half-a-dozen pigeon-holes.

The other table is entirely devoted to Aristotle, of whom Mr. Welldon is a most ardent student. His "Translation of Aristotle's Politics" and "Rhetoric" are standard works, and he has just completed another treatise on the great philosopher. The books in the study are those used in classical teaching; the two maps are those of Greece and Athens. Two photos. are noteworthy. One is that of Tennyson, on which the Laureate has written: "I prefer the Dirty Monk to the others of me"—a remark suggested by a possible



From a Photo. by

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.]

resemblance to an untidy monk. The other is an autographed photo. of Mr. Gladstone.

The Rev. James Edward Cowell Welldon has the same birthday as Oliver Cromwell and John Keble—the 25th April. He was born at Tunbridge in 1854, was educated at Eton, and afterwards went to King's College, Cambridge, where he became Bell Scholar in 1874; Browne's Medallist in 1875 and 1876; Craven Scholar in the latter year, and Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's Medallist in 1877.

"Then I went abroad," said Mr. Welldon, "and lived in five foreign homes. I was nearly starved abroad. That has made me careful with any of my boys who are going abroad to study languages. When I send them out before the end of the term, I take their tickets, have somebody I know to meet them at the other end, and, above all, see that the food is good. On my return from foreign lands I was appointed Lecturer, and subsequently Tutor, of King's College, Cambridge."

Mr. Welldon was only twenty-nine when he became Master of Dulwich College, and two years later, in 1883, he was made Head Master of Harrow School, succeeding Dr. Butler to that important and much-coveted post.

"Schoolmastering is a narrowing profession," he said; "you are always dealing with inferiors, telling people what to do—that is what makes schoolmasters so disagreeable in old age. When any of my teaching colleagues come here I always advise them to do something outside school-work—travel or write books. A good schoolmaster is a man who uses his holidays well. When Dr. Arnold was at Rugby it was difficult to get sufficient subjects to teach—now it is a hard

matter to find time to teach them in. Educational subjects are increasing in number every day—they advance, whilst the capacity of the boy remains stationary. The only way to deal with the educational problem is to find out just what the boy loves and cares for, and let him learn it. I don't believe in cramming. Every subject requires teaching, and time to teach it in. Schoolmasters must learn to appreciate time as well as system. Are schoolmasters plentiful? Well, I have forty here, a splendidly energetic band—ask the boys—and with strong opinions of their own. Yet, if the whole of my staff resigned to-day, I could fill up the vacancies to-morrow."

Then Mr. Welldon spoke very frankly on the subject of corporal punishment. He assured me that the only people in English society who do not object to having their boys flogged are the upper classes.

"Why," he said, merrily, "seeing that flogging is abolished in the Board schools and forbidden in the middle-class schools, soon we shall only be able to flog the son of a duke! Boys in their hearts like being kept in order—the masters they don't like are those who won't punish. Still, I don't believe in corporal punishment—it may be useful, but I assure you it is not often necessary at Harrow. I have heard some curious little stories on this subject. Lord Lawrence admitted that he was flogged once every day except one, when he was flogged twice in one day. Here are two remarkable examples that the birch does not ruin a boy's love for the master who administers it.

"When Dr. South, as a boy, went to Westminster, Busby said, 'I see wits in that ugly little boy; my cane shall bring them out'; and it did. Yet when South was lying on his death-bed he expressed the wish to be buried next to Busby. They lie beside each other at Westminster. It is said that Dr. Keate at Eton flogged every day, and on one occasion kept at it all night. Yet Mr. Gladstone told me that the most enthusiastic reception he was ever at was Keate's farewell dinner given by his old pupils.

"A certain well-known head master of Harrow used to say to a boy after he birched him, 'I forgive you!' and he accompanied every stroke on the delinquent's body with such expressions as 'Now, be a man!' 'Be brave!' 'I'm so sorry!' And he meant it. The reason for his taking to birching the boys was an amusing one. He was humanity itself, and he got another master to do the thrashing. But the other master was even more humane than he, and in his pity for the boy laid across the form, would hit out so enthusiastically as only to birch the form and not the delinquent. Hence the head master held the birch afterwards.

"When this same head master was appointed," said Mr. Welldon, "he caused a servant, who had been with his predecessor, to go through the house and take an inventory. The fanlight over the door had a huge hole in it, as though a stone had broken it. The servant did not include this in his list.

"'You missed this,' said the worthy 'head,' pointing to the broken fanlight.



From a Photo. by]

HARROW SCHOOL—THE ENTRANCE.

[Elliott & Fry.

“‘Oh! that is always left with a hole in it, sir!’ was the servant’s significant reply.

“He had a way essentially his own of getting rid of little boys whom he invited to breakfast. You know, little boys have a peculiar habit of becoming inconveniently glued to a chair. The hospitable ‘head’ would quietly go up to the youngster—who was perhaps in the middle of another muffin—and say very gently, and with paternal kindness, ‘And must you *really* go?’ The little boy invariably went.”

The name of Archbishop Longley is one to conjure with. Many a merry anecdote is associated with this estimable guide of youth.

There are no boys on earth more fond of a joke than Harrovians, and no lads more clannish. It seems two boys were out very late one night, and the worthy Longley was also enjoying a midnight ramble. The Harrow boys, by-the-bye, wear tail coats—*à la* the old English gentleman. Longley saw the two lads, and gave chase. He caught up one, and just got hold of one of his coat tails. The tail came off in the master’s hands. “Ha, ha!” thought Longley, “I’ll catch him

to-morrow—he'll only have one tail to his coat." But he had reckoned without his host. In the morning every boy turned up with a single tail to his coat!

Longley's nickname at Harrow was Jacob. About this time a very popular game was played at the school called "Jack o' Lantern," but the neighbouring farmers complained that indulging in it injured their crops and field produce, as the boys must needs have a free run across country. It was therefore forbidden. A few lads, however, still managed to get out at night, and the boys in the Head Master's house—Longley's abode—used to let themselves down from a room on the first floor by a rope. One night the boys had safely got inside, when Longley, in passing, caught sight of the suspended rope.

"I'll surprise them," thought he, and with commendable intention gave a pull at the cord. The boys evidently thought one of their number was still out, and began "hauling in." Up went Longley—higher and higher, until his face got level with the window. Then his stern countenance appeared.

"Jacob, by Jingo," cried the boys, and the Head Master was dropped into his own laurel bush. He never asked any questions!

Mr. Welldon, too, has experienced what may be aptly termed school "surprises."

Some time ago a not altogether comforting spectacle met his view. It seems the boys in a certain form pretended they wanted a window in the roof of their room shut. The obliging master had a ladder brought, mounted it, and endeavoured to shut the window. Some enterprising youth removed the ladder, and when the Head Master of Harrow entered there was the unfortunate master clinging for dear life to the frame-work.

Just as we were in the midst of happily enjoying these little reminiscences a servant brought in a letter.

"Excuse me one moment," said Mr. Welldon. But the next instant the letter was in my hands. It was a letter written by Lord Palmerston to the Honble. Elizabeth Temple, Hanover Square, when a schoolboy at Harrow; and sent now to the Head Master. Here are the contents:—

"Harrow, Friday, June 13, 1800.

"MY DEAR LILLY,—At Last I begin my long promised letter to let you know that various things have happened since I saw you Last. Last week we were entertained for about two hours by a conjuror, Mr. Magoni by name. I send you enclosed his bill of fare, and curious one it is. He really performed his tricks with great Dexterity, and one in particular. He put a handfull of tow in his mouth, and after having chewed it for some time he pulled out, not the tow, but several yards of different coloured ribbons.

"The Day before yesterday we had a Poney race, one poney belonged to Forster, the man who keeps the Inn, where we dined on the Speech Day, and the other was the property of a farmer's son in the neighbourhood. The race course was along the London road from the bottom of the hill to the House at the end of the Common, just

Harrow Friday June 13 1800.

My Dear dilly,

I begin

at last, my long promised letter to let you know that various things have happened since I saw you last. I was last week we were entertained for about two hours, by a conjurer, Mr Magoni by name. I send you enclosed his bill of fare and curious one it is. he really did performed his tricks with great dexterity. particularly one, of the put a handful of how into his mouth and ^{other} having chewed it for some time, he pulled out not the two, but several yards of different coloured ribbons.

FACSIMILE OF LORD PALMERSTON'S HANDWRITING WHEN AT HARROW.

one mile, for two guineas. The Farmer's Poney came down in good time, but Forster's, not liking the sport, set off from the Stable with his jockey on his back, and run down quite the contrary way from the race ground, came to a common where he Leaped over a ditch, threw his Jockey, and dragged him a hundred yards, however, Luckily did not hurt him, though he kicked at him, and as soon as the boy was disengaged from his Stirrup he ran into a pond, where he was caught: and then he and his Jockey came very Quietly to the course. He ran very well half-way, but when he came to the avenue of Elms about a quarter of a mile from the house, which served instead of a winning post, he turned Sharp up it, and would not go on so that the

other poney came in ten minutes before him. Forster, however, said he would run him back again for a guinea, which he lost also, his poney being compleatly distanced. I wish you would send to Dale's Musick Shop in Oxford Street for six or eight yards of catgut like the piece I enclose, and send it me as soon as you can. I will pay you when I see you. I do not believe it will be more than two shillings. I wish you would send to Mr. Watkin and Phipps for a box of the ointment he said I was to use for my eyes, as I have had two or three boxes, but have always squashed them in my pocket as soon as I bought them. I am glad to hear Betzy is better, and that everything is settled with Mrs. Rush who seems to be one of those unfortunate people, who do not know their own mind five minutes together. My Love to all, and believe me ever your most affectionate Brother,

"H. TEMPLE."

Previous to starting out with Mr. Welldon for a walk round the school buildings, and a visit to the swimming bath and cricket field, I saw some of the boys' rooms in the Head Master's house. The head boy of the house has a library in his apartment. You can read the boys' inclinations in the decorations they have in their respective *sanctums*. One boy leans towards sport—look at the cups and athletic trophies; another is partial to cattle in general, and horses in particular. All of them have family portraits—the son of the Bishop of Ripon has his father's picture in a most prominent position—and many lads are evidently admirers of beautiful women.



From a Photo. by]

THE HEAD BOY'S STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

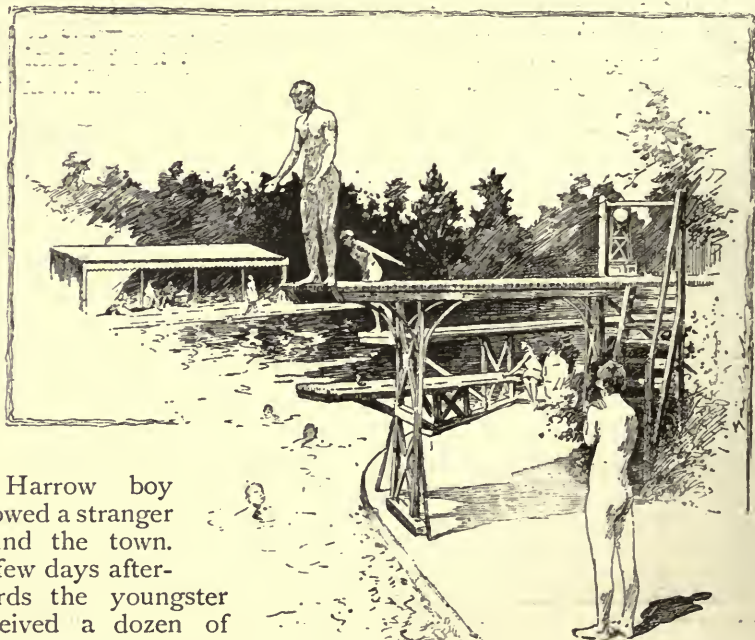
It was with a merry smile that Mr. Welldon told me of the only case of school love that had ever come under his notice.

"I was at Dulwich at the time," he said, "and a lady came to me with the request to punish her boy—only seventeen—who had proposed marriage to some charming young damsel in the neighbourhood who had captured his heart. I was successful in breaking off the engagement!"

Then, as we walked across the fields together, followed by Scamp, a remarkably handsome collie, through the meadow path past the fine football field, towards the swimming bath, we discussed a number of matters, which it is to be hoped will prove interesting to the general reader, and particularly so to any Harrow boy—present or past—who may peruse this little paper.

Most boys have two shillings a week pocket-money, and the Harrow confectioners' shops—their name is legion—thrive on it. The shops live on the school. Mr. Welldon deliberately declared that confectioners were amongst his worst enemies. Sometimes a boy returns from his holidays with three or four sovereigns. It is gone in a fortnight. The sons of great bankers have been at Harrow, and,

owing to the captivating confectioner, have not had sufficient money to pay their fare to London. No credit is allowed. If a shop is "put out of bounds" by the Head Master, the shopkeeper has to go—no boy dare patronize it. Still, your young Harrovian comes in for occasional pleasant presents from ill-advised people. A short time ago



THE BATHING PLACE.

a Harrow boy showed a stranger round the town. A few days afterwards the youngster received a dozen of champagne.

Just as we were nearing the gate which leads from the meadow

to the road, where stands the cottage of Mr. Gibbs, the swimming master, Mr. Weldon again referred to the clannishness of the Harrow boys, and told me a remarkable story of their patriotic feeling towards their school, and the enthusiasm with which they regarded everything that happened in connection with it.

"You asked me just now if ever a Harrow boy had been expelled. After Dr. Wordsworth left only some sixty-eight boys remained—the school had gone down terribly, principally owing to a difference of opinion which existed between Wordsworth and Sir Robert Peel. This led, it is said, to the elder sons of Sir Robert alone being sent to Harrow, and the younger ones—including the present Speaker of the House of Commons—going to Eton. Dr. Heath was the last Etonian Head Master of Harrow previous to my appointment. The elder brother of the Duke of Wellington—the Marquis Wellesley, a boy of ten years of age—was at Harrow at the time, and he, with other boys, strongly resented this action. In token of their strong

feelings on the matter, they dragged the carriage of one of the governors down to Roxeth Common, near here, and broke it to pieces. One of the ringleaders was the Marquis Wellesley. He was brought up, rebuked, and asked to apologize. Instead of doing so, he pulled out a piece of wood which he had brought from the broken carriage and cried, 'Victory! Victory!' He was expelled. He was sent to Eton. Strange to tell, he became the most devoted Etonian, was always desirous of being buried there, and his wishes were fulfilled. But for that occurrence Harrow could perhaps have numbered amongst its old boys a Duke of Wellington."

We talked very little about sermons, though Mr. Welldon is Chaplain to the Queen, and one of the finest preachers in the country. Mr. Welldon happily remarked that the last token of appreciation of his sermons was from one of his old boys, who had taken a book of his discourses out with him to South Africa.

"He wrote to say that he read one of my sermons every Sunday, as he was far away from all churches. He wanted to know if, after having done his duty—as he put it—by reading a sermon, he might shoot afterwards."

"And did you give him permission?" I asked.

"Certainly. I told him I thought he might," was the answer.



From a Photo. by]

THE VAUGHAN LIBRARY.

[Elliott & Fry.

We had reached the swimming bath, and many of the boys were enjoying a plunge. It is certainly the finest open-air bath in the kingdom, being 500ft. long, with a maximum width of 60ft. Its depth varies from 3ft. 8in. to 6ft. 1in. Three hundred and fifty thousand gallons of water come daily from the Harrow Waterworks, covering almost three-quarters of an acre. The whole place is delightfully sheltered, and surrounded with trees and huge banks of shrubs and evergreens. Some of the best swimmers and divers amongst the Harrow boys willingly lent themselves to the camera.

On our returning to Harrow there was much to see, previous to going to the cricket ground, and Mr. Welldon was most enthusiastic in pointing out the many objects of interest. The chapel is full of memorial tablets, and close by is the Vaughan Library, a very handsome erection. Immediately on entering are seen two fine marble busts of Lord Palmerston and Byron; many portraits of old Harrovians hang round the walls. Here "Young Harrow" can come and look upon many precious relics of those who sat on the forms before them. They can sit in the alcove by the window and look out upon the glorious landscape in front of them, the richness and beauty of which must tempt many a lad to dream and hope that one day his name may live "on the Hill." Byron's sword is here, and Lord Palmerston's inkstand. Just by the alcove is a crayon drawing of the late Cardinal Manning. I remembered how his eyes lit up when, some time before he died, I spoke to him about his Harrow days. In the letter which hangs framed beneath his picture—the last he wrote to Mr. Welldon—dated 21st June, 1880, the great prelate says: "As I grow older and older, the days of my boyhood seem brighter."

"I once took lunch with Cardinal Manning in the morning," said Mr. Welldon, "tea in the afternoon with Mr. Spurgeon; and dined in the evening with the Bishop of Winchester!"

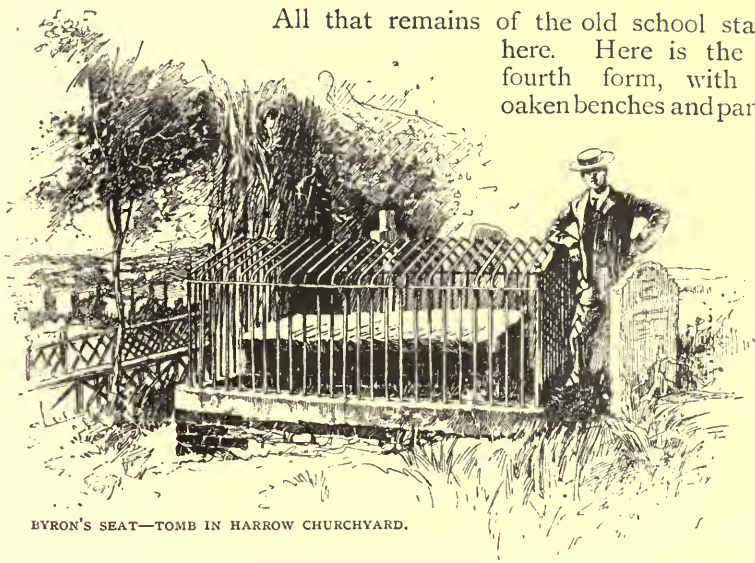
In a glass case is Byron's "Euripides' Hecuba"; some Latin exercises written by Sir Robert Peel when at Harrow in 1804, and letters from Wellington, Faraday, Landseer, and Sydney Smith. An archer's dress of white satin and silver lace worn at Harrow on the day of shooting for the silver arrow is preserved, together with a couple of the arrows competed for.

We cross the road, up the steep stony incline to the church, and stand for a moment by the tomb—now railed in—on which Byron used to sit and dream. From the place of poetry to the spot of pugilism is but a few steps. The latter is the old milling ground where Byron fought his battles.

The streams where we swam and the fields where we fought.

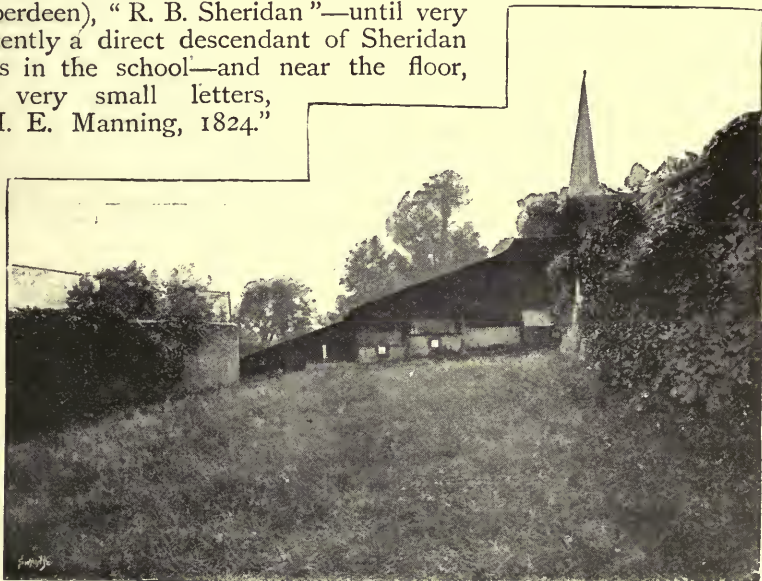
"At Harrow I fought my way very fairly. I think I lost but one battle out of seven," Byron wrote to a friend. But the place of milling is no more. The courtyard is no longer used as a grand stand by the boys; the masters no longer have to shut their eyes to a pugilistic encounter. The days of fights are o'er, and the patch of once famous land now grows very long grass and is used as a practice ground for the Morris tube.

All that remains of the old school stands here. Here is the old fourth form, with its oaken benches and panels,



BYRON'S SEAT—TOMB IN HARROW CHURCHYARD.

tiny windows, and huge Elizabethan mantel-piece—its quaint old desks and chairs. It forms the Harrow scroll of fame, for on the walls and benches, on the doors—aye, everywhere—the penknife of many a famous man has cut into the wood. Here is "Byron," and in the next panel to the poet is "H. Temple, 1800." "R. Peel" is in big letters near the Head Master's seat; "Haddo" (Lord Aberdeen), "R. B. Sheridan"—until very recently a direct descendant of Sheridan was in the school—and near the floor, in very small letters, "H. E. Manning, 1824."

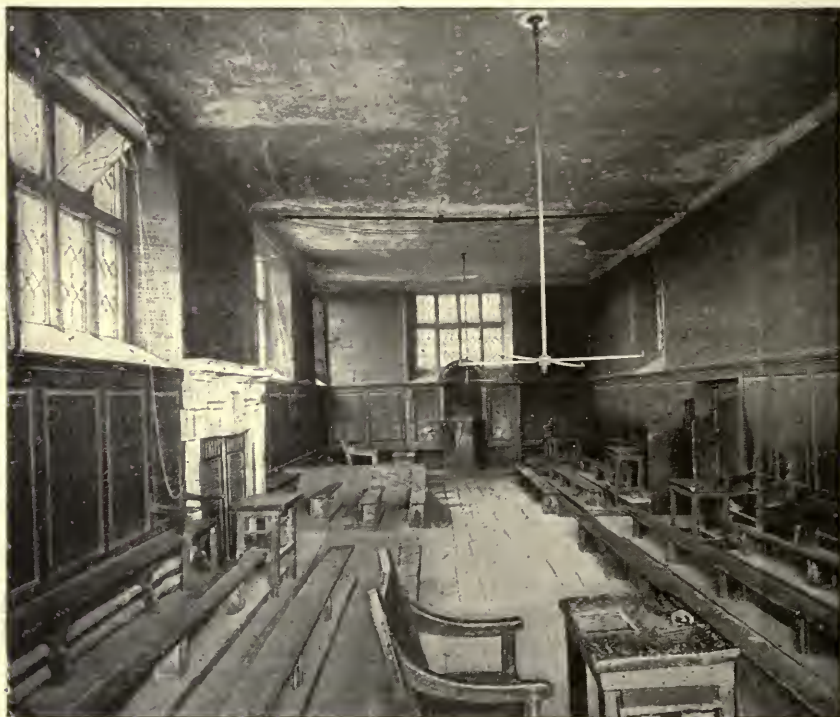


From a Photo. by]

THE OLD MILLING GROUND.

[Elliott & Fry,
16

No walls were ever so famously decorated as these. The old fourth form is now only used for prayers and birching. A little door is opened near the ancient desk where the Head Master once sat, and six birches rest against the wall in an impressive row. Passing upstairs—the doors and walls are covered with names—we reach the Head Master's class-room. It contains a number of tablets on which are printed in gold the names of Harrow prize-winners. It is a close, uncomfortable room, but tradition is strong at Harrow, and the boys



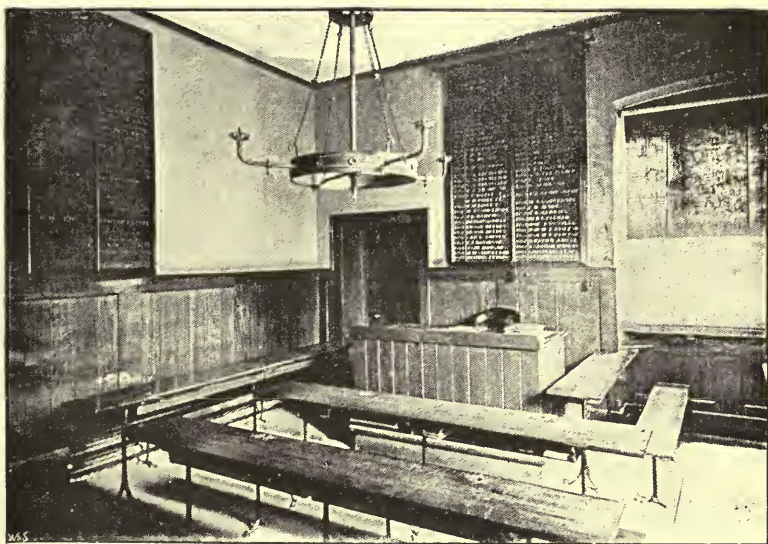
From a Photo. by!

THE FOURTH FORM ROOM.

(Elliott & Fry.

would not leave it for the most perfectly ventilated and sumptuously furnished apartment in the land.

There is just time to look in at the speech-room, with its fine oak roof and numberless chairs ranged tier upon tier, before we hurry away down the Hill—the Hill upon which Lord Shaftesbury conceived his idea of philanthropy when seeing a funeral passing by. We are on our way to the cricket ground. What a sight it is! Seated on the grass and benches is "Young Harrow," eagerly watching and waiting for every ball that leaves the bowler's hand, and every hit that comes from the striker's bat. But go on a little farther and you reach the pavilion. Here sit the two houses that are fighting with bat and ball to-day. You can easily tell the supporters of the two



From a Photo. by]

HEAD MASTER'S CLASS-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

sides. Let the bowler deliver a good ball, and fifty voices at the pavilion go up in one great shout ; but let the batsman make a grand drive, and the same fifty voices are silent, while the other half hundred take up the shout. If you want to hear a real, unadulterated English shout, ask a Harrow boy to cheer ; if you want a practical definition of enthusiasm, go to a Saturday afternoon match at Harrow.

Mr. Welldon and I sat down on one of the seats, whilst Scamp lay at his master's feet.

"We have fifteen clubs here," said Mr. Welldon, "and in a couple of years' time I venture to prophesy a score. The cricket at Harrow is practically looked after by friends, though the masters play their part as well. Lord Bessborough has trained young Harrovians to bat for the last fifty years ; the late Mr. Grimston was seldom absent from the field, and to-day Mr. I. D. Walker is most enthusiastic in his batting and bowling lessons. I often have requests from the parents of boys to 'let them play cricket to their hearts' content,' and when the House of Commons is sitting, the ground is alive with M.P.'s on a Saturday afternoon—probably to see if I am carrying out their instructions. The big match at Lord's is systematically trained for. I always make a point of keeping the boys in school till eight o'clock on the morning of the Eton and Harrow match. It steadies them. You have only to look at that pavilion to know what the Harrow boys love. Hark at them now ! Well hit !—well hit !"

Mr. Welldon himself had caught the spirit of enthusiasm, and his sudden shout told that the Head Master's love ran in the same direction as the boys'.

"In the old days at Lord's, on the occasion of the annual battle



From a Photo. by]

THE SPEECH-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

between the two great schools," he said, after watching a good four run out, "there were no ropes round the pitch to keep it clear. Once, one of our youngsters got a ball in the face, and his nose began to bleed. His mother, who was on the ground, rushed from her seat to her boy. The captain, with the utmost gravity and courtesy, turned to the lady, saying, as he ordered her off the ground: 'Are you not aware, madam, that every Harrow boy should be ready to shed his last drop of blood in the service of his school?'

"One of the most tragic deaths I ever heard of happened in this very cricket field," the Head Master said, very quietly. "A boy was umpiring. A ball was hit to short leg; he was unable to stop it, and it hit him behind the ear. There was just time to take him off the field before he died. It only wanted a fortnight to the match at Lord's, and he was to have played in the eleven. The captain of the eleven sent the cricket cap he would have worn to the poor boy's mother, and it was buried with him."

Being left alone for a few minutes, I met the captain of the school eleven—Mr. M. Y. Barlow, a most enthusiastic fellow, needless to say brimming over with "cricket," and possessing a keen knowledge of a good team. Mr. B. N. Bosworth-Smith, son of the biographer of Lord Lawrence, and the head boy of the school, stood to the artist, and a



IN THE PLAYING FIELD.

group of Harrow boys willingly submitted. In this group is a Harrovian—a great favourite at the school—who should be peculiarly interesting to the readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*. In the white lining of his straw hat is a familiar name written in ink. It was put there by a companion owing to his remarkable resemblance to a very eminent detective. The name is—Sherlock Holmes.

Suddenly the batsmen throw down their bats, the boys leave the pavilion, and the seats are quickly emptied. They are all hurrying towards an adjoining meadow. Mr. Weldon has returned, and he invites me to come and see five hundred boys called over in a minute! I timed this very economical and time-saving process of seeing that every boy is in Harrow, and found that the whole thing was got through in fifty-eight seconds.

The lads are arranged in groups, each group presided over by a boy known as the shepherd. A bell rings, and Mr. Edward Bowen, whose idea it was, starts, with pencil and paper in hand, and pays a hurried visit to the first group.

"Eight here—one absent," says the shepherd of the first division. Away goes Mr. Bowen to the next batch—and so on, until five hundred boys are similarly called. The shepherd of every group along the line cries out how many are present in his party, and how many are away. Possibly, were not Mr. Bowen an excellent pedestrian—did he not, thirty years ago, walk from Cambridge to Oxford in a day?

—and get down the lines at splendid speed, the process would take very much longer.

Away we went to the cricket field once more, where a couple of hours soon went by. At length the match was over, and masters, boys, and friends were on their way to the speech-room. At half-past six the sweet voices of the school twelve would once again sing the ever-to-be-remembered songs of Harrow, while the whole school would "chorus," with lusty voices and hearts brimming over, so that you might hear the music at the bottom of the Hill. The



THE HEAD BOY OF THE SCHOOL.



A GROUP OF HARROW BOYS.

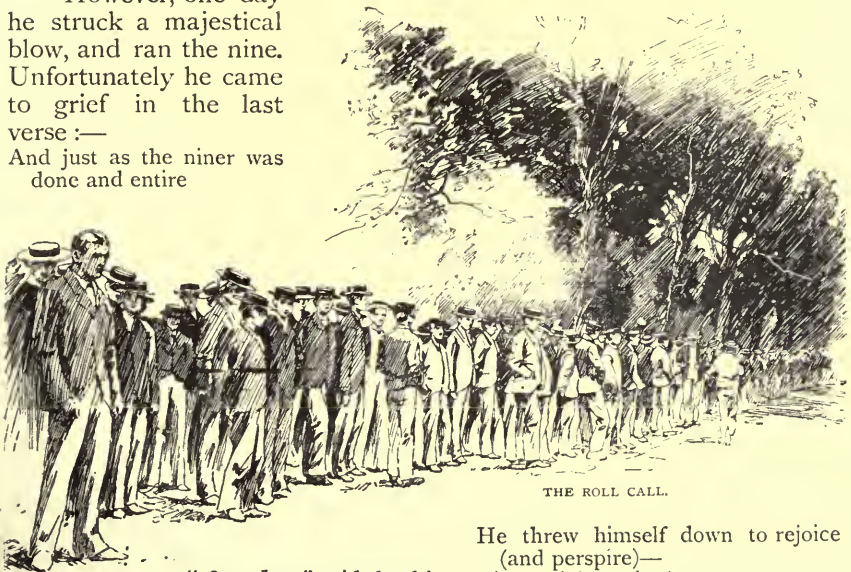
speech-room presented a picture not to be forgotten—these Harrow boys singing with not a thought of the life before them. As they sang, many an old Harrovian sat there silent and listened earnestly, thinking of the days when their ages were the same as those who were merrily shouting :—

Lyon of Preston, yeoman John,
Many a year ago
Built on the Hill that I live on—
A school, that you all may know.

How well “The Niner”—a capital cricketing song, written by Mr. Bowen—was rattled through ! It told of the champion of the field—

Of cricketers never a finer,
From Nottinghamshire to China,
But *he never could manage a niner !*

However, one day
he struck a majestic
blow, and ran the nine.
Unfortunately he came
to grief in the last
verse :—
And just as the niner was
done and entire



THE ROLL CALL.

He threw himself down to rejoice
(and perspire)—

“*One short,*” said the fair and impartial umpire !

Boo-hoo !

So he gave up and went and ate ices

Of various colours and sizes,

And died of pulmonary phthisis,

Boo-hoo ! Boo-hoo ! Boo-hoo !

Mr. Welldon turned to me.

“One of our youngest boys in the school,” he said, as a little fellow came forward, “is about to sing a song written by one of my colleagues—Mr. E. W. Howson. Listen to the words he will sing—he tells of what is in his heart to-day, and the whole school will reply with what he may feel in the days to come.”

And the little boy sang, and the school replied :—

Five hundred faces, and all so strange !

Life in front of me—home behind,

I felt like a waif before the wind

Tossed on an ocean of shock and change.

Chorus. Yet the time may come, as the years go by,
 When your heart will thrill
 At the thought of the Hill,
 And the day that you came, so strange and shy.

A quarter to seven ! there goes the bell !
 The sleet is driving against the pane ;
 But woe to the sluggard who turns again
 And sleeps not wisely but all too well !

Chorus. Yet the time may come, as the years roll by,
 When your heart will thrill
 At the thought of the Hill,
 And the pitiless bell, with its piercing cry.

Nothing but proses and reps and con !
 O for the future when I'm a man,
 With no more Virgil to learn and scan,
 And no one to say to me, "Please, go on !"

Chorus. Yet the time may come, as the years go by,
 When your heart will thrill
 At the thought of the Hill,
 And the proses so long and the cons so dry.

"Raining in torrents again," they say :
 The field is a slippery, miry marsh ;
 But duty is duty, though sometimes harsh,
 And "footer" is "footer," whatever the day.

Chorus. Yet the time may come, as the years go by,
 When your heart will thrill
 At the thought of the Hill,
 And the slippery fields and the raining sky.

Five hundred faces alive with glee !
 Trials are over ; the term is done,
 With all its glory and toil and fun ;
 And boyhood's a dream of the past for me !

Chorus. Yet the time may come, though you scarce know why,
 When your eyes will fill
 At the thought of the Hill,
 And the wild regret of the last good-bye.



THE HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE.

XIV.

MR. HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.



R. MARKS lives in one of the quietest corners of St. John's Wood, his house being in Hamilton Terrace—a place of abode which goes a long way to substantiate the maxim not to put trust in outward appearances. The exterior bears a positively solemn aspect, and in the winter, when all the bright green leaves have disappeared, must be even funereal. But what a transformation when you have once passed through the door! True, there is nothing that I am inclined to call extravagantly artistic. It is the home of a man who wants to work. There is not a room in the place that is not characteristic of the man who uses it. The studios are sensible painters' workshops. The drawing-room suggests excellent company and merry entertainment, while the dining-room has a distinctly



From a photo. by]

THE STUDIO.

[Elliott & Fry

family air about it. Mr. Marks has not obtained his present position—and who does not know him as the most brilliant painter of bird life we have?—without many a struggle. Probably his own kind disposition to listen to the young aspirant seeking after glories with brush and palette has been wrought out of his own early troubles.

Mr. Marks has been referred to as the light comedian of the brush. He says himself that if he had not been an artist he would have been an actor. If you saw him holding forth in the studio occasionally, or heard him rattling off a good song, or telling an anecdote with all the point and crispness of experience, you would at once admit that the stage has lost a good man. However, our feathered friends have found a faithful chronicler of every feather they possess, from the tufts on their heads to the tips of their tails. Mr. Marks has promised me to unburden himself of his past life. He has got a diary upstairs, and a little account-book with the most curious little sketches one could possibly imagine—little sketches which have been made by the R.A. in embryo.

“You must not notice the carpet,” said Mr. Marks. “I told my wife that she ought to see that something smarter was put down this morning, because I was afraid that it was a lady who was coming to see me. However, come along.

“What is that? Oh, I have all those arranged near the door. They are my diplomas. You see the Royal Academy one is signed by the Queen. There is another there from Melbourne; another there signed by Leighton. You see, when the tradespeople catch sight of those things, when the door is open, it inspires their confidence. Not a bad idea, is it?”

Mr. Marks's weakness for birds is everywhere visible. He has painted storks over the opening of the letter-box; birds of beautiful plumage on the door-plates; and birds worthy of being honoured by a better position in all kinds of out-of-the-way places; some of them almost hidden from view.

The first room I looked into was a dressing-room—remarkable for its washstand. It is most curiously made, with fish painted at the back of it on fluted glass, which gives the idea that they are swimming about in water. The bowl is made of copper, and would hold several gallons of water; while, in order to match, the ewer is shaped like a huge measure similar to those used for measuring spirits. Here Mr. Marks comes every night for half an hour and reads before going to bed. His boys' bedroom is near; partly fitted up as a workshop, with a lathe and other things, for all his children have hobbies. Just outside this room is a little black frame containing six very realistic sketches by Mr. Marks done at an early age. Even then he had a weakness for birds—a weakness which was to become his very strength. Three of them were done as far back as fifty-four years ago, and portray various representatives of the feathered creation; while the other three are the bear-pit at the Zoo, with Bruin at the top of his ragged pole being fed by a keeper, to the great delight of the children gathered around; Mr. Pickwick on the

ice—which the young artist was conscientious enough to add was “After Phiz”; and a representation of a certain gentleman generally associated with the Fifth of November.

Passing downstairs again and walking along the entrance-hall in the direction of the dining-room, I noticed arranged along the walls reproductions in black and white of various pictures which have helped to make him famous. Here is “The Ornithologist”; here again that charming little work representing an old man with tape and skull in hand, taking a measurement of it, and called “Science is Measurement.” This latter he painted when he was made R.A., it being customary on such occasions to present a picture to the Academy worth not less than £100. Here again is a study of his mother’s head, and in close proximity a capital work entitled “An Episcopal Visitation,” which may be familiar to many.

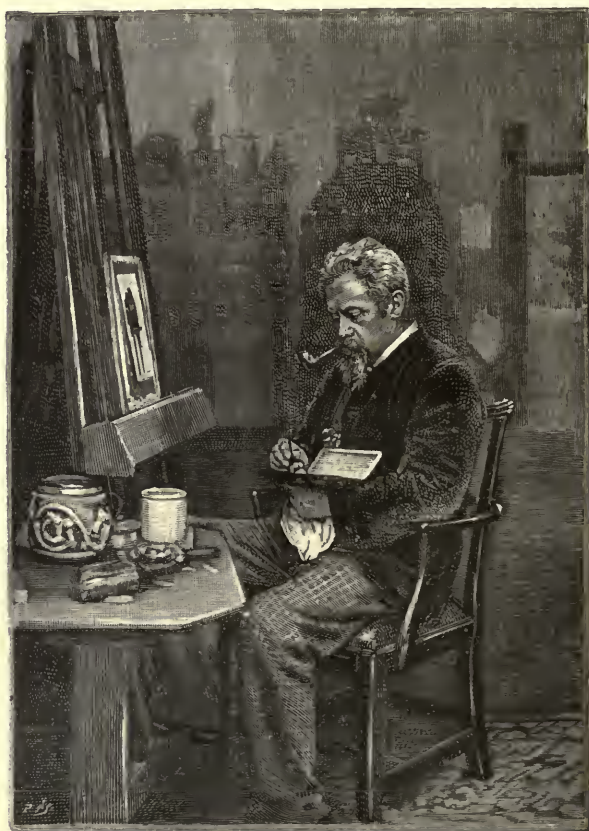
The dining-room is a sort of family portrait gallery. Over the chiffonnier is a portrait of Mr. Marks himself—probably the best one—painted by Oules. Also a pretty little picture of his eldest daughter when she was ten years old, painted by Calderon; and another—a highly-prized one—by the same artist, showing Mr. Marks in the blouse he wore in Paris when he was studying with Calderon in the gay city. In the window of the dining-room is an elegant aviary containing some delightful specimens of Java sparrows frisking about in company with bullfinches and canaries. Russ, the dog, named after Ruskin, is running about; and the smallest of monkeys, a marmoset, nicknamed Jack, is extra frisky this morning, and has just climbed up the lace curtains at the windows. Nothing will satisfy Jack until the artist has allowed him to perch for a few moments on his shoulder and put one of his arms around his neck.

In the morning-room are many artistic treasures. The furniture is all black, relieved with red, and there are some fine Chippendale chairs and an old Dutch cabinet; while in front of the fender is a huge Chinese umbrella, on which Mr. Marks has painted a number of great black fishes, apparently swimming round and round. The piano, too, is a curiosity, being beautifully painted by the artist to represent the orchestra of the Muses. The pictures here are exceed-



MR. MARKS AT 21.
After the Painting by P. H. Calderon, R.A.

ingly interesting. Here is a study of the back of Mr. Marks's head, done by his drawing-master in 1856. Here, too, is the only thing which the artist has ever had the luck to win in a raffle. It was in 1865, at which time a number of artists in St. John's Wood had formed themselves into a little society known as "The Gridiron," for the purpose of criticising one another's pictures. The little sketch—a pictorial skit—hits off very happily the members of the Gridiron Society. Mr. Fred Walker is taking a walk on a cliff, surrounded by



From a Photo by

AT WORK.

[Elliott & Fry.]

numbers of ghosts. Mr. Yeames, who had just got married, is shown with a wedding ring in his hand. Mr. J. E. Hodson, eminent for his Elizabethan pictures, is shown with a huge ruff around his neck; and Mr. Marks is with his old friend, Mr. Calderon, floating along together, each with a gridiron on his breast. The picture is signed "F. W., Torquay Asylum, 1865." It was raffled for at Mr. Walker's house, and Mr. Marks won the treasure.

There is just time to peep into the drawing-room, which is a very

artistic apartment. It opens out on to the garden, and the walls are painted a delicate sage green, with a pale warm blue dado. Water-colours are plentiful, and some exquisite Chippendale furniture adds to the beauty of the room. What strikes me as the curiosity of the room is a map worked on silk, showing the Eastern World and Africa, marked "Negroland." The artist frankly declared that he picked it up for five shillings in Wardour Street, though he believes it to be a hundred years old.

We are now in the principal studio—a fine, square, spacious room with three entrances. A bust of the artist by Ingram is over the mantel-board, while around the walls on great shelves are arranged many an artistic "prop" which has from time to time figured in his pictures—among them an old drum of a hundred years ago; lanterns, goblets, and many other things. On the mantelshef is a perpetual calendar, on the back of which is written, "This is the copy of one that belonged to Charles Kean." Here also is his wardrobe, contained within a fine bit of furniture of massive oak, which Mr. Marks was fortunate enough to pick up for three guineas whilst going his rounds in search of curios. The various drawers are labelled "Jingle," "Sheridan," "Footman," "Dr. Johnson," "Robespierre," "Stockings," "Collars," "Shirts," etc. There are also a number of stiletos and daggers, and an old umbrella, all huddled together. A ten-and-sixpenny old Dutch clock is in a corner, worth many pounds now, for the case has been decorated by Mr. Marks with many artistic designs. Stuffed birds, too, are hanging about. Here is one which Mr. Marks



From a Photo. by]

THE WARDROBE CABINET.

[Elliott & Fry.

takes from a little case. It is a specimen sent to him by Mr. Fred Barnard—a little sparrow, labelled "A Common Gutter-percher." Mr. Marks has also a fine collection of old watches; and amongst his curios is a brass tobacco-box, on putting a penny into which it opens, and you can take a pipeful of the weed. It is similar to one which has written on it :—

"A halfpenny drop into the till;
Turn the handle, you may fill;
When you have filled, without delay
Shut down the lid, or sixpence pay."

Not the least highly prized curio which the artist possesses is one stamped "J. R. to H. S. M., 1880." It is a little carving of a heron in opal intended for a breast-pin, given to him by Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Marks had it fitted up and placed in a little silver casket. He has also one of the tiniest paint-boxes in existence. There were only three made. One is in the possession of the Princess Louise; another is owned by Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I., who made them; and the third is this of Mr. Marks'. It is in the shape of a charm for a watch-chain, but, on opening it, it is found to contain all the necessary colours in miniature for painting a picture.

"Now sit down," said Mr. Marks, taking out a huge cherry-wood pipe, and commencing to light up. "Oh, yes, I am a big smoker, and generally enjoy the weed all the morning during painting. I have got quite a small collection of pipes. Now I will give you a few extracts from my diary."

While he is turning to the page I note down a little picture of himself.

He wears a brown velvet jacket; his hair is growing grey; he is stoutly built, full of energy, has a keen appreciation for a joke, and his eyes have ever a merry twinkle in them.

"Now are you ready?" said he. "Well, my father had a large carriage repository. It was on the site of the Langham Bazaar. He early set me my first lessons in drawing. You see, we needed to have a number of heraldic signs for the doors of the coaches. He would sketch these in a book, and give them to me to copy. I fear, however, I did not copy many in the book that he gave me. There's the book; just glance over it."

I did so, and found that he had copied a boar's head and a stag's head; a crown, and unicorn, and a lion; but the boar had a ring through the nose, which distinctly differed from his father's copy above. There were others which showed that the youthful artist had indulged his original fancy, for in turning over the pages I came across ships, fish, elephants, a dead donkey being carried home, and a horse of somewhat lively temperament kicking out at its master, who had fallen from its back, with the suggestive words underneath, "Woe! woe!" Even at that early date Mr. Marks had given a rough sketch of the building where he was afterwards to study, and which is labelled "Academy." There was also "John Gilpin on his ride to Edmonton," and a very fanciful idea of Sindbad the Sailor. The sea is shown, with

Sindbad's vessel above, floating on the water; while down below two or three men are walking about engaged in pushing a tremendously big whale five times the size of the vessel above. "Jim Crow's Palace" is a very neat little drawing. One of the Knights of France; with the word "Brave" scratched out, is a sketch of a man with small moustache, and a single small eyeball. Altogether, the book contains something like three hundred pencil sketches.

"Not bad, are they?" continued Mr. Marks. "Well, let me give you a few notes of my career. My mother was a great help to me in every way. She helped me to go to an evening school, to Leigh's Evening School of Art, although my father encouraged me very little. I remained there some time, going to the school before breakfast and again in the evening, filling up my time by making occasional diagrams for lectures and copying a picture now and again. In June, 1850, I was a rejected probationer at the Royal Academy. I was then twenty-one. My father offered to allow me fifty guineas to start on my own account, but somehow I did not get them. In the fall of the year I got into the Royal Academy School, and my father allowed me three days a week to draw. I worked and worked away with all my heart, and determined to succeed in the profession that I had chosen. I am afraid my father did not think much of my artistic capabilities, for he got me a position as check-taker to a panorama of the Ganges, painted by Dibdin, and exhibited in Regent Street. Dibdin is now over eighty years of age, and has lost his sight. It

was not very hard work—four hours a day—for which I was to receive thirty shillings per week. The engagement, however, proved a failure, for it ended in a week and I never got my wages.

"On the 30th January, 1852, at seven o'clock in the morning, I bade my mother good-bye, and Calderon and I started from London Bridge, bound for Paris. It was a bitterly cold morning; the wind was enough to cut you in two. At Paris we got a room together; slept, worked, ate, drank, and thought together. After six months we found our money had gone, so we returned to England. Then I found that my father had gone to Australia, so I joined the



SKETCH OF DOGBERRY EXAMINING CONRADE AND BORACHIO.
(Made specially for this article by Mr. Marks.)

School of Art again. Then my first bit of luck came. At the end of the year I finished a single figure of 'Dogberry Examining Conrade and Borachio.' This was accepted at the Academy in 1853. I have a very pretty story to tell you about this. I had made up my mind that, after all my mother had done for me, she should have the money that I realized for my first picture. I had an offer of £10 for my picture, but I wanted £25. My customer was willing to go as far as £15. I almost hesitated then, but I wanted the money, so I agreed to take it. I went off to Mr. Christie, stockbroker, of Copthall Chambers, drew the cheque, and got it cashed. He took me to lunch with him, afterwards to the Victoria Theatre, and then to supper at a well-known house. On reaching home that night I did not hesitate what to do. Although I could have managed with the money very well, I slipped quietly into a room where I knew my mother would come, and, taking the fifteen golden sovereigns out of my pocket, I laid them on the edge of the table in such a position that when she entered the room she could not fail to see them. I never enjoyed a sale so much.

"I got married in 1856 on the strength of my picture, 'Toothache in the Middle Ages,' which, I suppose, was the first one which



FIRST EARNINGS.

brought me into anything like notoriety. It was bought by Mr. Mudie, the librarian, who died recently, and who was a good friend to me. Landseer noticed this picture. I have a very funny anecdote to tell you about this. While I was painting this work in a small room, there was a dentist living a few doors off, who had outside his shop a head which used to open and shut and show teeth and no teeth. Well, I received a letter, purporting to come from him, saying that he had heard that I was painting a picture which he thought was an exceedingly witty idea; he wanted it and would pay for it. But I should have to paint a companion picture to it, entitled 'No Toothache Since M. Andrew Fresco Has Lived in Modern Times.' He would sit as the model. This letter was dated April 1. I replied that I was exceedingly flattered by his kind offer, but before sending in the picture, as it was nearly finished, I should like him to call and see it. To this I got a reply containing the simple words: 'M. Andrew Fresco knows nothing at all about the matter.' The whole thing was the hoax of a young cousin of mine, and, since he perpetrated it, I will give his name to the world. It was Dr. D. Buchanan.

"In 1859 I was doing a good bit of work on wood blocks, and also stained glass. It was in this year that I sold a picture for 150 guineas, 'Dogberry's Charge to the Watch'; I also decorated a church at Halifax. In 1860 Mr. Mudie took me and another artist for a trip up the Rhine. What I then saw of the glorious scenery settled my mind altogether. I would give up all the other odd work I was doing, and devote my whole time to painting; nothing but starvation should stop it. That same year I painted a monk carving a model, which was accepted in 1861; and that marked an epoch in my life. This was a commission from Colonel Akroyd, and I asked 300 guineas. He said: 'Send it to the Academy, and I will be there at the private view and see what it is like.' He was there, but it was bought during the first hour, previous to his arrival, for 300 guineas, by Mr. Agnew. With that money I opened an account at the London and Westminster Bank, Bloomsbury, and I have kept it there to this date.

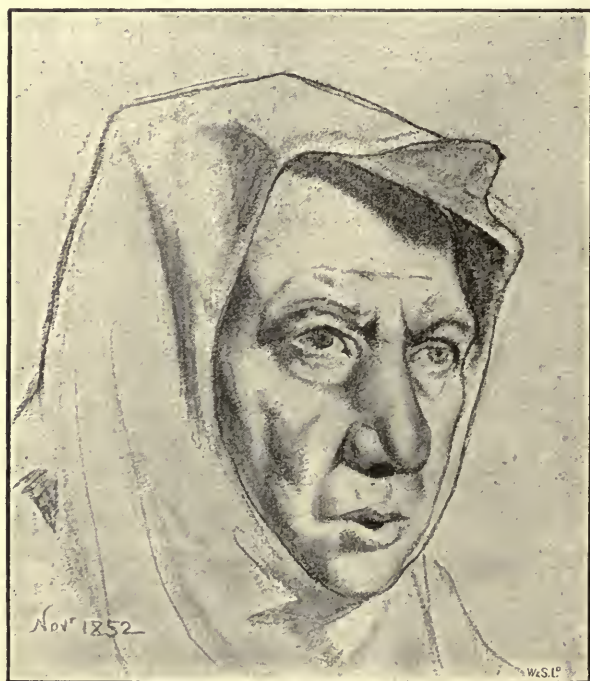
"I was elected A.R.A. in 1871. I think that was principally owing to the painting of my picture, 'St. Francis Preaching to the Birds.' I got £450 for that work; it was accepted in 1870. Exactly ten years before I had asked Mr. Knight, the secretary, to put down my name; so that I had waited ten years. On December 19, 1878, I was elected a full-blown R.A. in place of Sir Francis Grant, and I was the first Royal Academician made under the presidency of Sir Frederick Leighton. I have only been absent from the walls of the Royal Academy two years since 1853.

"I must tell you a little anecdote about my 'St. Francis.' It was sold some time afterwards for £1,155. I used to borrow from an old gentleman a number of stuffed birds. Soon after the sale he came to me, and I said to him, 'I want some bird skins, if you have got any.' And he said, 'Yes, I can let you have some. How many do

you want? I suppose you want them for a picture.' I said, 'Yes, I do.' He said, 'I hope those I sent you for your last picture suited you?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'splendidly. It sold the other day for £1,155.' 'Good gracious!' he said. 'You might have come up to my place, and had the whole lot in my shop for a couple of hundred.'

"I do not know if I have anything more to say about myself," continued Mr. Marks; "but anything you say about me as to my personal weaknesses must include that I am a great lover of books. I make all my own book-marks, design them myself, and I do a little poetry. Years ago I used to be a Volunteer. There is something interesting about that, perhaps. I joined the Artists in 1862, and I did not leave until I had a son in the corps. On June 7, 1879, there was an inspection at the Horse Guards, and the remarkable sight was presented, which has probably never been seen before, of an R.A. as a full private in the ranks, and his son as his rear rank man. After that I resigned.

"Models? Oh, yes, I have had some strange things in models—all sorts and conditions of models. There was a model whom we used to call Cumming. He was extraordinarily slight and thin. All my costumes were too long for him; all the pairs of tights I had were 'a world too wide for his shrunk shanks.' I am afraid I chaffed him unmercifully about his spareness. I remember showing him once



ORIGINAL STUDY OF HEAD OF DOGBERRY.
(Reduced fac-simile.)

some of my children's garments, and asking him, 'Do you think these would fit you?' He used to say he had been an officer in a cavalry regiment; but this assertion, I found out afterwards, had no foundation in fact. One day, when sitting to a friend of mine, he was asked to go out and fetch some beer—not a very uncommon request among struggling artists. This he was nothing loth to do, but quickly accomplished his task, and placing the foaming pot of stout on the table, said, 'Things have come to a pretty pass when an ex-officer of the 14th Light Dragoons has to fetch his own beer.' But the most unconsciously humorous and characteristic model I ever employed was one Campbell, whom I more than once painted as Dogberry. He had been a shoemaker. Almost the first occasion he came to me he told me the following story:—

"I took home a picture to the Dook of Wellington one day, and, as I was taking it up in the hall, he comes by, and says, 'Oh, you comes from Messrs. Bennett?' "Yes, sir," I says. With that he passes on, and out comes at the front door a man dressed all in black, and comes up to me—his butler, I suppose. He says, "Do you know who you were a-talking to just now?" "Yes, sir," I says, "Arthur Wellesley, better known as Dook of Wellington." "Then, why don't you say 'Your Grace' to him?" "Grace?" says I; "why should I say grace for? there's no meat here. Where's the viands? Why, I said 'sir' to him—a common title of respect between man and man." "Well," says he, "you are a rum sort of customer, you are. What do you call the Duke?" "What do I call him?" I says; "a wholesale carcass butcher! Look at his career. He begins by going to France to learn the art of war, and then he goes to India and kills thousands of natives who were only defending their own country, and at last turns his arms against the country where he first learned the art of war, and murders thousands more. A wholesale carcass butcher; that's what I call him."

"This man was a great poet, too," continued Mr. Marks. "Sometimes when I was giving him a little rest, he would say, 'Would you like a little verse or two, sir?' I often used to humour him, and he would recite some really good verses. Here is a specimen:—

'To grin at our snug little island of fame,
The despot of France when to Calais he came,
His glass from his pocket beginning to draw,
Was struck with amaze when old England he saw.
Britannia she sat on the white rocks herself,
But she needed no spy-glass to look at that elf.
"I wonder," she said, "what that simpleton's doing."
Replied Liberty, "Sister, he's plotting your ruin."
"Is he so?" said Britannia; "then let him plot on,
I am more than a match for that desperate don.
Let him come, if he likes, I will never deceive him.
If he tries to get near, we will warmly receive him.
Let him talk as he likes; for his boasting who cares?
Ere he gives us the skins, he must slaughter the bears.'

"A good many models are addicted to drink, and, after sitting a while, will suddenly go to sleep. Then I have had what I call the

'super' model. You know the sort of man; he goes in for theatrical effect; always has an expression of 'Ha! ha! more blood I see wanted,' and that sort of thing."

Mr. Marks then puts on his hat, and we pass through a smaller studio and glass-house, the former containing a very curious cabinet, which he painted some years ago, depicting a nursery tale, "Sing a



From a Photo. by!

THE SMALL STUDIO.

[Elliott & Fry.]

Song of Sixpence"; and there is the King counting out his money, and the blackbird descending and pecking off the maid's nose, the Queen eating honey, the pie open before the King with the twenty-four blackbirds. This goes round the four sides of the cabinet, which is used for brushes, colours, varnishes, etc. Passing into the garden there is the pet jay, in his cage by the tree; the fountain is playing; and Tommy, the tortoise, is crawling quietly round the banks of a small lake in which gold-fish are disporting themselves. In our illustration Jack, the marmoset, is to be seen sunning himself upon his master's shoulder.

We are now on our way to the Zoo, as Mr. Marks has promised to spend the remainder of the afternoon with me at a spot where he probably knows every bird in the place, and where many of them know him. As soon as we arrived there the artist took me into one of the houses where is a beautiful mynah, from Northern India. It seems that this bird has been here since 1883. Some time ago the keeper had a bad cough, and found that the bird imitated him. This gave him the idea of teaching it to talk; it will now say almost anything. A good story is told of an old gentleman who went up to the bird, and, quite innocently, said, "What a pretty bird!" "I should think I was," it replied. "Ha, ha!" laughed the old man. "Ha, ha!" laughed the bird in response, and there were the two laughing at one another for quite five minutes. The bird has been painted twice by



Mr. Marks, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying sketch and verse.

Then Mr. Marks proceeded to point

From a Photo. by]

IN THE GARDEN.

[Elliott & Fry.

out his favourites ; the vultures just getting their summer plumage, the cockatoos and parrots ; and he showed me nearly all the parrots that had posed as models for his great picture in this year's Royal Academy, the "Select Committee," which may be considered one of the most brilliant bird studies the artist has done. The chairman of the committee, by a long way the most important looking bird, has a beautiful blue plumage ; and the artist spent some two or three months painting it. Then the military macaw, so called because of its tuft, is there, and at the word of command



THE MYNAH.

(Drawn specially for this article by Mr. Marks.)

will bite his leg, and if you get too near will pull off your cap. Inside the parrot house is a glorious clock-bird, with its tail like a pendulum; the blue-eyed cockatoo which is in the picture, and the little green parrakeet which says, "Pretty Poll! steady!" Then here is a big grey parrot, once the best talker of all, but who was so crushed by the continual noise of the others that she never speaks now.

The two cockatoos in white are familiar friends of the artist. Mr. Marks kneels down for a moment, and pretends to draw, and one of the cockatoos comes down and looks over his paper. Whatever part of the cage he goes to, they will follow him round. The eagles are just the same. When we reached the eagle cages the tawny eagle was attracted by the drawing-paper and pencil Mr. Marks carried, and came down to watch. One day the artist put his water bottle too near the cage, and the bird came down and knocked it over.

Then Mr. Marks sees a little ground penguin from New Zealand, which has not been there long. It is hard to get him away from this, but he departs at last, saying, "I must come again and make a sketch of him."

"Yes," said Mr. Marks, "I love the Zoo and the inhabitants thereof; some of my happiest hours have been spent here. I feel at home with the birds, and I am led to believe they feel at home with me. Sketching in the Zoo is very difficult. You start here at nine in the morning, and you can sketch up to eleven quite free from visitors. Then, I can tell you, I *do* have to pass through something. All the people get round and watch you. For some time past I have tried to assume the character of the testy old gentleman, but it has been a failure. I had one man ask me once whether I hypnotized the birds; and a very inquisitive little girl who had bothered me for some days once approached me and asked, 'Do they always keep



IN THE ZOO.

still?' That inquisitive little girl, I am afraid, was rather crushed when I turned to her and said, 'Do *you* always keep still?'"

Just then we got to the gates, and I was bidding good-bye to Mr. Marks, when he said, "I had a very nasty knock given me one morning in the Zoo. I must not mention in which house it was, as the old keeper is there still. I had been sketching there one Saturday, and was just packing up my various things thinking of going, when he turned to me, and said, 'You are not going to wait to do any more, then, sir?' I said, 'No, I am going to town this afternoon, just for a little trip, you know!' 'Oh, yes, sir, of course. I have heard as most tradespeople like to take their half-holiday on Saturday!'"



MR MARKS' BOOKPLATE.

XV.

THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.



From a Photo. by]

THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

[Elliott & Fry.]

IT was a long, cold journey to Ripon. When I reached the Palace the time of five o'clock tea had long since passed—it only wanted half an hour to the first dinner bell. But a cup of deliciously warming tea was ready for me. This kindly thoughtfulness seemed to break down every barrier calculated to make one feel anything but perfectly “at home.” Then, when the Bishop returned from a long day’s work, the impressions gathered over the refreshing cup with his wife became a reality. It may at once be said that there is very little difference between him who preaches from the pulpit and him who sits down and talks with you in his own house.

The Bishop of Ripon is acknowledged to be one of the most eloquent preachers of the day. He is as gentle in his manner as he is convincing in his utterances. He is utterly free from anything suggestive of an over-estimated "I." He seems always to speak from his heart, and continually with the single thought of never giving a hurtful word. In truth, he is as impressive in the home as in the cathedral. Yet, when he is at home, there are his children, young and old. He is heart and soul with them in their play. Little Beatrice—whose pet name is Daisy—and five-year-old Douglas—familiarly known as Chappie—already know that there are merry games to be enjoyed in which their father watches over both.

We spent the evening after dinner in going through the house. The Palace, Ripon, is a semi-modern building, having been built some fifty years ago. The first stone was laid on Monday, 1st October, 1838, by Bishop Longley, and its correct entire cost was £14,059 1s. 8d. Its rooms are large and handsome. The entrance-hall abounds in flowers and ferns, and contains at least two valuable

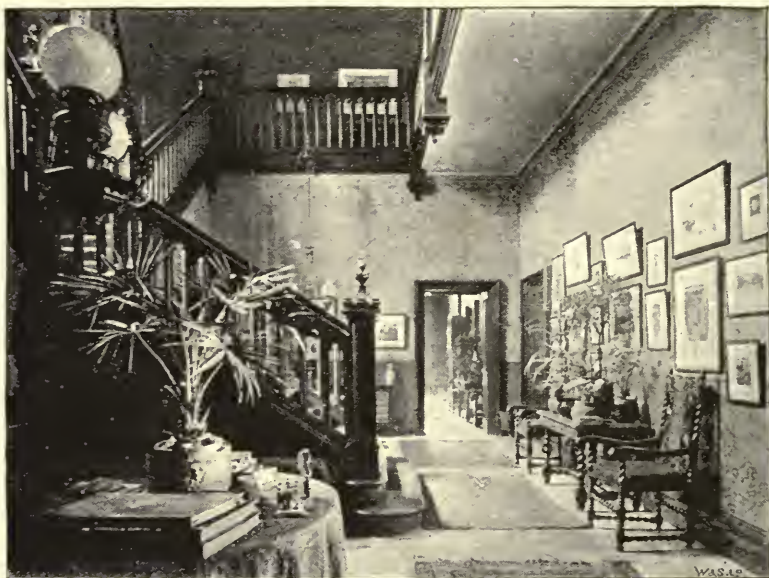


From a Photo. by]

THE ENTRANCE-HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

canvases. One is a life-size picture by Grant of Archbishop Longley—the first Bishop—the other, by Watts, is that of Bishop Bickersteth, the second Bishop. Both of these are heir-looms of the See of Ripon. Just beyond is a second hall, where is the great oak staircase leading to the rooms above. This corner is rich in etchings and engravings. Paul Sandby, R.A., is well represented with his "Windsor"; works by Aumonier, Fred Slocombe, Charles Murray, David Law, Joseph Knight, Meissonier, and a striking etching of Napoleon, by Ruet, are noticeable. There are many quaint old views



From a Photo. by]

THE INNER HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

of "Ripon Minster," a Soudanese sword which one of the Bishop's sons brought from Egypt, whilst on a table is a very clever model of the Bishop's father's church at Liverpool. It was made by an invalid lady, and her ingenious fingers have handled the cardboard and gum most artistically.

Immediately opposite to the hall is the Holden Library. A



From a Photo. by]

THE HOLDEN LIBRARY.

[Elliott & Fry.

picture of the Rev. J. Holden, who not only founded it, but left a small endowment to keep it in good order, hangs over the fireplace. Here the clergy of the diocese may come and consult the volumes. It is a fine room, and its outlook upon the rising ground of the garden is pleasantness itself.

We were just leaving the library when a soft pit-pat, pit-pat at our heels caused me to turn. The quiet, disturbing footfalls were made by a beautiful blue Angora cat, which was accompanied by George, the pug, who had made his presence known at the dinner table. Both Sultan, the cat, and George proved to be the most



From a Photo. by]

"GEORGE" AND "SULTAN."

[Elliott & Fry.]

interesting of animals imaginable. Sultan's kittens are sold for charitable purposes, and a little litter realized £10 for the Wakefield Bishopric Fund. George used to worry the sheep—he was the death of seven. He saw a St. Bernard causing trouble amongst the universal providers of lamb and mutton, and he could not resist the temptation to imitate his bigger brother. But he has long since been forgiven.

"Sultan and George," said the Bishop, "were the greatest of rivals when they first came here—now they are the best of friends. One bitter cold night George set up a terrible barking. I left my room and went downstairs—nothing apparently the matter. But George would not let me go. He barked and ran to the door. Then I heard a low, piteous cry. I opened the door, and in walked Sultan from the snow-covered step, perished with cold!"

I gave George a pat on the head—I fancy he knew what we had been talking about. Away he cantered with Sultan, and we went into the drawing-room. There are two such apartments at the Palace, each leading into the other. Both look out upon the grounds, the trees in which now bear the golden-tinted reminders of autumn upon their branches, and the grass is plentifully strewn with the chestnuts blown down by the wind. The smaller of the two rooms abounds with dainty water-colours—light, bright, and tiny paintings of sea-side views and flowers—numberless portraits, and photographic

reminiscences of travel. The curiosity, however, of this apartment is a replica of the bust of Dante at Naples. The Bishop of Ripon is a very earnest and enthusiastic student of the great philosophical poet. Pictures of Dante, indeed, abound throughout the house, and in the study—to be visited later—are to be found many rare and valuable editions of him who conceived the never-to-be-excelled "Inferno," including Lord Vernon's, the Landino editions of 1481, and the Nidobeato of 1478.

The large drawing-room affords a distant and picturesque view of the great square tower of the cathedral. The Palace is really on



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

a level with it, so great is the rise in the ground. This apartment, like all the rooms indeed, is richly perfumed by flowers; exquisite china and silver knick-knacks are everywhere, and the Bishop evidently does not believe in the untold troubles associated with the presence of peacocks' feathers. There are several fans made from the "unlucky" stalks. One table seems given up to the congregating of tiny china animals—the most diminutive of pigs, kangaroos, rabbits, dogs, and ducks. The pictures are mostly marine subjects: two fine dockyard scenes are by Charles Dixon. Dixon—whose father, it will be remembered, painted "The Pride of Battery B"—was only sixteen when he painted them. A grand skin from a St. Bernard dog has its story to tell. The Bishop had two such dogs. His lordship changed his coachman and groom. Together with his family the Bishop left the Palace for a time, and the dog pined away. His skin now lies by the window. Alas! his more callous wife is still alive in the



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

stable. Two of its offspring are in the safe keeping of a well-known clergyman, who, being in doubt as to what name he should bestow upon his newly-purchased pups, out of gratitude for the invigorating influence of the Harrogate waters determined to call them Sulphur and Magnesia!

The dining-room need be of goodly size—frequently some thirty or forty people sit down at its tables. There are many fine oil-paintings here. Two bear the initials “A. S.” “A. S.” was Arthur Stocks. When the Bishop of Ripon was vicar of St. James’s, Holloway, Arthur Stocks was a superintendent in the Sunday-school. He used to travel backwards and forwards twice every Sabbath to the school, and when he died he left a wish that his quondam vicar should have one of his works. It has the best place in the room, though there are several valuable works of the Titian School, and a striking canvas, believed to be a Mazzoni, which was picked up in a general shop in a western town.

A long corridor runs level with the dining-room outside. Its walls are lined with pictures and photographs, all reviving pleasant memories. A dual picture of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stanley is autographed by nearly all who signed the register on the occasion of their marriage—such names as W. E. Gladstone, Sir Frederick Leighton, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. It was the Bishop of Ripon who officiated at the ceremony—probably the first and only Bishop who has conducted a wedding service the whole of which was “received” into phonographs placed in the Abbey. There are excellent portraits of Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor; whilst Archbishop Longley—

who surely occupied more ecclesiastical Sees than any previous prelate—has signed himself as Ripon, Durham, York, and Canterbury to a striking portrait of himself. Henry Irving is not forgotten; but



From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

perhaps the most striking sketch is that of General Gordon—just by the side of a map of Khartoum. The inscription reads: "General C. E. Gordon, from an hour's sketch I made of him on 21st December, 1882.—Ed. Clifford." Mr. Clifford was the only English artist the Hero of Khartoum ever sat to. Above the frame is a *facsimile* of his last message: "I am quite happy, thank God; and, like Lawrence, I have *tried* to do my duty."

A photographic group of his lordship's working men's committee hangs near—their willing and kindly work is much valued. The Bishop is a purely practical prelate. This working men's committee has been formed with the aid of the clergy in Leeds. Leeds has some fifty parishes, and five working men are chosen out of each—giving a body of 250 strong. They help chiefly at special services such as those held on Good Fridays.

As we were discussing the peculiar advantages of soliciting the services of the working man to meet his brother workman, the distant sound of the chapel organ was heard. Its echo came very sweetly through the corridor. It was the time of evening service. The dim glow from the lamps lent an air of solemnity to the little chapel, and when the service was over we remained behind for a few moments. I could just distinguish the altar steps of white, black, and red—the Dante combination of colours—and the peaceful light from the moon streamed through the stained-glass windows on to the oaken stalls,

showing faintly the outlines of apostles and saints. One of these was put up in 1852, in remembrance of the Rev. Charles Dodgson, examining chaplain to Bishop Longley, and the father of the author of "Alice in Wonderland." It was here in the morning that I witnessed the gathering together of twenty or thirty clerics, who were licensed to new curacies and livings. We left the chapel, and ascending the great oaken staircase entered the study. This is essentially a room for work. The bookshelves contain some thousands of volumes—the only photo. about the place is that of a family group. In one corner of the room stands a tin box, in which are three volumes of autographs, and the pages of these valuable volumes may be gone through, and the autographs of nearly all the Archbishops and Bishops of England for the last 200 years may be seen, including Juxon, Bishop of London, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold. A book containing photographs of the churches in the diocese reveals that Bishop Longley was of a distinctly practical character. He started this ingenious index to the state of his churches. As soon as any alteration is made in a place of worship it is photographed. This shows the Bishop at a glance exactly how his churches are progressing from an architectural point of view.

The Bishop sat down, and it was whilst listening to much of the deepest interest regarding his work that I noticed the prelate more closely. He is a trifle below the medium height, slightly whiskered, with iron-grey hair curled all about his head and brow. His face is intensely kind, and his every word and action suggestive of true and unaffected humility. Indeed, it is this very humility that has prevented his work becoming wider known. He is remarkably simple in his dress. Bishops, we know, have opportunity of seeing the sad, and indeed the seamy, side of clerical life. If a man is a Bishop, he can still remain a brother. The putting on of the lawn lessens not his love for, and interest in, the young curate who only wears the linen surplice. He lives a quiet, homely, simple life, though always hospitable to others. How could he do otherwise, when he hears of cases like that of the poor cleric with a wife and eight children, who, after preaching his Sunday sermon, returns home to a meal of oat-meal gruel, and that meal would have been wanting had not a kindly farmer given it to his shepherd?

The Bishop of Ripon has a diocese extending over a million acres and numbering a million people. Between seventy and a hundred changes take place annually. He travels much. He estimates he covers between 10,000 and 12,000 miles every year.

We spoke about preaching. On this subject the Bishop believes that each man must use the method best suited to himself. There have been effective preachers both of written and extempore sermons.

The question of memory came up, and the Bishop said: "I learnt something of this from the biography of Chancellor Bird, of Lincoln, who said, 'The memory is very sensitive of distrust; if you trust it, it seldom fails you.' I have tested this more than once. On one

occasion I was preaching at St. Paul's. When I got into the pulpit I thought I could not remember the number of the verse of my text. I knew the chapter, and opened my Bible there, but could not see it. People began to move about, but I hazarded a guess, and fortunately it was right."

I learnt yet another example of this whilst in Ripon, though not from the Bishop. He was preaching at Bradford one Sunday morning two years ago. One of his many dramatic movements knocked his book from the pulpit cushion. It was just in the middle of the sermon. He never so much as glanced at the fallen volume, and my informant said he had never heard the Bishop more eloquent.

"You ask me if I advocate the preaching of other men's sermons," said his lordship, repeating my question. "There is one thing about



From a Photo. by]

THE CORRIDOR.

[Elliott & Fry.

it. It behoves every man to advocate the simplest honesty. If any cleric exchange his sermon with another, let him say from the pulpit, 'I'm going to give you So-and-so's sermon to-day.'"

We talked on, being joined by Mr. Harry Carpenter—the Bishop's eldest son—who frankly declared himself to be a happy, recently-called barrister, and just now lecturing for the University extension movement. We said "Good-night."

When I reached my room I sat down by the fire and remembered that the Bishop was fond of his joke. He has a name—William Boyd Carpenter—the latter of which is capable of a very merry conversion. The story is told how, before being appointed to the See

of Ripon, he once married a young couple with the assurance that he was not only a Carpenter but a Joiner. Only a few months ago he was about to lay the foundation stone of a new vicarage. The architect handed him the trowel, etc., inviting him to become "an operative mason for a few moments."

"I would rather remain a working Carpenter," was the witty reply.

I stirred my fire, and amongst the flickering embers I could almost see the faces of a happy pair at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. The Bishop was officiating. The charming though nervous bride experienced some difficulty in taking off her glove at the right moment to receive the wedding ring.

And a very soft whisper of kindly assurance came from the clergyman's lips.

"Don't be flurried," he said, *sotto voce*; "there's plenty of time, and they are bound to wait for us!"

When I awoke in the morning I looked from my window. It was very early, and the sun was lighting up the tower of Ripon Cathedral as it rose above the tree tops. It was a fair scene. You could count a dozen rabbits hopping about on the grassy lawn leading down to the tennis court, and sitting nervously for a few moments, and glancing anxiously this way, that way, and every way in expectancy of a disturbing footstep. And as I looked out upon the beautiful scene of autumn-tinted trees and grassy mounds, with just a last rose of summer here and there, I could almost distinguish those little Arabs from the by-streets and slums of Leeds. They were running about in tatters, shouting themselves hoarse with delight, and turning unlimited catharine-wheels in their happy delirium. I could hear them distinctly clapping their hands; I could not hear the patter of their feet, though—the poor little fellows were bootless. Then they ceased their play for a moment. Somebody was beckoning to them to follow him. He quietly led them beneath the branches of the very biggest tree in the garden. He pointed his finger upwards. It was a very short sermon—a sermon from a text set up by Nature, which the tiniest mite amongst this tattered congregation could understand.

"Little children," he said, "I want you to grow up like this tree—with nothing between you and Heaven, nothing save the branches which you must shoot out—branches of help to others."

And the children went to play again.

Then I spied from my window a fine piece of level ground. The railway men were playing cricket there. How they seemed to enjoy the huge plum-puddings after throwing down their bats and leaving the wickets! The toothsome puddings had been contributed by the ladies of the city, and made hot and steaming in the great copper of the Palace kitchen.

After breakfast, the Bishop and I went for a long walk around the grounds—there are sixty or seventy acres of land here, and a small home farm. The Palace—which I now saw properly for the first time—is built of stone, the monotony of which is relieved by many a climb-

ing nasturtium and cluster of ivy leaves. The chapel stands at right angles to the house. It was added later, and is the gift of the late Archbishop Vernon Harcourt to the See of Ripon.

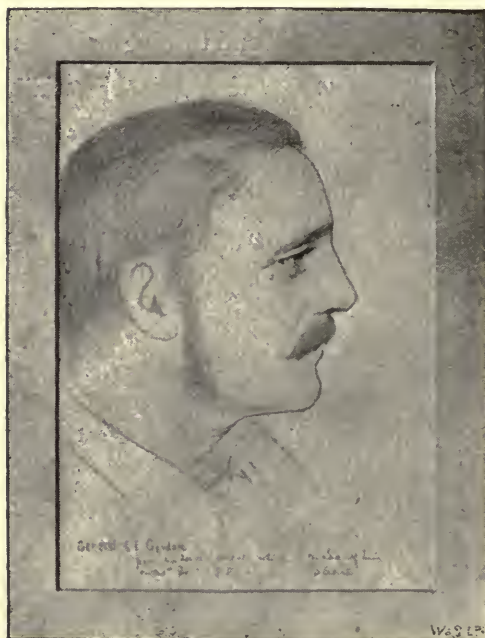
There is rather a curious thing about some of the decorative work on the exterior of the Palace. An episcopal diary started by Bishop Longley, and preserved at the Palace, mentions that amongst many carved "heads" on the chapel was that of a Bishop. A strong gust of wind blew it down : all the others, which were decidedly unclerical, remained ! But the most amusing entry in this book refers to two figures of angels at the south-east and south-west corners. Seeing that the Queen and Prince Consort had only been married a few months when the Palace was built, instructions were given to imitate in the carving of the angels the features of Her Majesty and her Consort. But the stone-mason, being possessed of a certain prosaic mind, was not content with the attempt to give the features of the Prince, but represented him as an angel arrayed in a field-marshal's uniform and wearing the ribbon of the Garter ! Of course, it was altered at once.

We had walked on and stood still for a moment at the end of a long avenue carpeted with fallen leaves.

"Now you can see Norton Conyers ! It is about four miles from here," said the Bishop. "Charlotte Brontë once had a holiday engagement as governess there, and a room is still shown where it is said the mad woman was confined whose story the gifted authoress told in the pages of 'Jane Eyre.'"

Then as we wended our way across to the farm, down paths lined with hedgerows, and through many wicket gates, we paused at times as the Bishop looked back upon his quiet though useful life.

The Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter was born at Liverpool on March 26th, 1841. His father was vicar of St. Michael's there for twenty-seven years. His first schooling was obtained under Dr. Dawson Turner, at the Royal Institution School, and amongst famous boys of the Royal Institution were Bishop Lightfoot, Canon Duckworth, Professor Warr, and Mr. Crosse.



From a Drawing by] GENERAL GORDON.

[E. Clifforl.

"Dr. Dawson Turner," said the Bishop, "was a sort of cosmopolitan—he tried to teach a little of everything. He was a good-hearted man. He loved to give threepenny-pieces to the boys who pleased him. I well remember one day during prayers—we were all assembled in the big hall—and the head master was reading them. Suddenly the door opened and a big boy, very nervous and conscience-stricken, who thought he ought to be at prayers, crept quietly in. Dr. Turner looked up and said, in the same tone as he was reading, 'Go out—go out! Somebody put that idiot out!' Then he went on with his reading exactly in the same voice.

"The man I learned most from was Albert Glyn, our mathematical master—one of the best teachers that ever breathed. He would never let you pass a thing unless you thoroughly understood it. It was he who made mathematics an interesting and fascinating study to me."

We spoke of the time when the Crimean War broke out, when



From a Photo. by

THE PRIVATE CHAPEL.

[Elliott & Fry.

the Bishop was full of the boyish ardour of thirteen years of age. His schoolmaster would not give him a holiday to see the troops going off, but his father did. It was a sight to be remembered when the troops embarked during the war. The news was watched for eagerly, and talked over nightly. The Bishop's family, like so many others, had relatives in the war. Captain John Boyd, the Bishop's uncle, who was in command of the *Royal George*, planted the only shot in Cronstadt. Later he lost his life in attempting to rescue the crew of a small brig off Kingstown Harbour. His monument is in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

At this point of our conversation the Bishop alluded to a well-known story and epigram.

The story on which the epigram is founded is of two Irishmen, one of whom challenged the other to a duel. But when the eventful hour arrived one sat down and wrote that, were it only his honour at stake he would meet his opponent, but his wife depended on him, so he begged to decline. The other individual sent a message to say that if honour were the only consideration he would come, but he had a daughter and, therefore, prayed to be excused. So the epigram read :—

Two brave sons of Erin, intent upon slaughter,
Improved on the Hebrew's command :
One honoured his wife and the other his daughter,
That their days might be long in the land.

"This clever epigram," said the Bishop, "is popularly said to have been written by Flood, but I have always understood that it was written by my mother's mother."

That the Bishop's pen is occasionally employed in throwing off



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

these epigrams is shown by the following. It will be remembered that at the time of the great storm at Samoa, Captain Kane, with a pluck and judgment which evoked the applause of the American and German crews in the harbour, took his vessel out to sea and so saved her. When questions were asked in Parliament as to what honour would be conferred on Captain Kane in recognition of his services, the First Lord of the Admiralty replied "that Kane had

only done his duty, and if he had lost his ship he would have been court-martialled." So the Bishop wrote :—

What shall be done for Kane?
 Who brought his vessel safe through wave
 With skilful hand and heart as brave ;
 What shall be done for Kane?
 What shall he have ? " We solve the knot,"
 Cries the First Lord, impartial ;
 " If Kane had failed, he would have got
 Our pickle rod—court-martial."
 Then talk no more of praise or gain,
 Our English principle is plain :
 When storm winds rise to hurricane,
 If Kane escape he 'scapes the cane !

Here is another example :—

With regard to the recent conference at Grindelwald, which the Bishop had hoped to attend, it would not, it appears, have been his first visit, for at the request of the Bishop of London he acted as his deputy in opening the new English church destroyed in the recent fire. This church was built by the Brothers Boss, who with their family, to the number of seven, keep the adjacent hotel, called " The Bear." The following lines were written by the Bishop in their visitors' book :—

A sign upon the earth, behold !
 Competes with one in Heaven,
 The Bear above, the " Bear " below,
 The stars that form them, seven.
 But when these signs comparéd are,
 Judge then the heavenly losses ;
 For all declare the earthly stars
 Most surely are the Bosses !

He won an open scholarship at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and remained there until he took his degree in 1864. The late Attorney-General was the representative of Cambridge in sports in those days. The late Mr. Parnell was at Cambridge at the same time, and Lord Carrington and Mr. F. C. Burnand were among the most important members of the Cambridge A.D.C., as it was called. The acting in those days was of a very high order. The Bishop was cox of his college boat ; not a very enviable position—"you've got all the responsibility and none of the kudos." A cox is like a bishop : he can only guide, he cannot give strength.

His lordship referred to the great improvement in University life to-day compared with thirty years ago. Much less wine is consumed now, and a man can go through the 'Varsity as a teetotaler without any inconvenience. At college the young man began a practical training for the ministry—giving lectures, attending district meetings, and teaching in the Sunday-school.

The Bishop's first curacy was at Maidstone, and, strangely enough, he was ordained by Bishop Longley. My visit to the Palace was in the full tide of the cholera scare, and the Bishop referred to his experiences of it at Maidstone.

"I was working there," he said, "when the cholera broke out in 1866. My vicar was away. I assisted a little, more especially at a rookery called Pad's Hole, then a den of thieves—now a low-lying little spot. I well remember the first case I visited. It was a poor fellow who was a very regular attendant at church. I went in at half-past ten to see him. I went again at half-past one. As I walked up the hill a woman met me and cried, 'He's gone!' He had been carried off in four hours. The truth is the people were taken by



From a Photo. by]

THE CHOIR, RIPON CATHEDRAL.

[Elliott & Fry.

surprise, and few precautions were taken—there was no organized system of nurses then. The women who were sent to attend the cholera-stricken people knew nothing about nursing. They drank the brandy intended for the relief of the sufferers. I went into one house to see a woman. The nurse was intoxicated. Shortly after the poor woman died. At the graveside stood the nurse, still suffering from the effects of drink.

"Whenever I walk along here I feel indebted to Longley for one great thing," continued the Bishop. "You see these trees?" pointing to a magnificent belt of trees immediately in front of us. "They keep away the cutting Yorkshire winds. Longley planted these." Some idea of the power of the winds may be gathered from a note in Bishop Longley's diary already referred to. It was on the nights of the 6th and 7th of January, 1839, and all the north of England was affected by the storm. The Earl of Lonsdale lost 70,000 trees in his young plantation, and the magnificent avenue at Castle Howard was almost destroyed. The whole of the kitchen garden wall was blown

down at the Palace. Bishop Longley very wisely put up that grand screen of trees.

His lordship entertains grateful recollections of his days at Maidstone under his vicar, the Rev. David Dale Stewart. He remained there two years, afterwards holding curacies at Clapham, and Lee in Kent. From Lee he went to St. James's, Holloway, to assist the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie.

"Mr. Mackenzie," said the Bishop, "was a remarkable man; his power in church and pulpit was singularly great. He only had one curacy and one incumbency. I succeeded him as vicar, remaining there from 1870 to 1880. There was no choir there—the congregation was the choir. Here, in Yorkshire, choirs are invaluable. The people enjoy it—they will have a choir."

I asked the Bishop if he thought well of the introduction of orchestras into our churches. His reply was thoroughly frank and real.

"In the old days," he said, "men used to play in the churches, and never expected to be paid. The condition of life since then has very much changed. If every man will bring his instrument to church as a personal act of homage to the glory of his Maker, by all means let us have it. We are in danger of forgetting that if our acts are not the personal homage of our hearts, such are not acceptable service. I am a little afraid that we are just now passing through such days of activity as will possibly cause us to forget the reality of things. We want, as Lord Mount-Temple said, the Deep Church as well as the High and Low. Yes, let us have orchestras in churches if you will, but I don't want the man to go into a place of worship with his fiddle-case under his arm and the idea in



From a Photo. by

RIPON CATHEDRAL.

[Elliott & Fry.]

his mind that he is going to take part in a mere performance!"

At Holloway he founded many excellent institutions—classes for French, German, shorthand, etc. The young men had their House of Commons, with their vicar as Speaker. Many of the "M.P.'s" who belonged to the Highbury Parliament have since turned out admirable speakers and useful citizens.

After leaving St. James's, the Bishop became vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. He was Select Preacher at Cambridge in 1875 and 1877; Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, 1878; Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, 1878; Select Preacher at Oxford in 1882, when he was also appointed to a vacant canonry at Windsor; Bampton Lecturer, 1887; and in 1889 he received an honorary D.C.L. from the University of Oxford.



From a Photo. by]

RIPON CATHEDRAL.

[Elliott & Fry.

On the death of the late Dr. Bickersteth, in 1884, he was consecrated Bishop of Ripon. His duties at the House of Lords consist of a fortnight or three weeks in each year, for the purpose of reading prayers. This duty, which once devolved entirely upon the junior Bishop, is now undertaken in turns, with the exception of the seniors in rank.

It was market-day when we took our way through the streets and great square which forms the market-place of the more than a thousand-year-old city. It still keeps up the old-fashioned custom of the blowing of a horn at morning and night near the Mayor's house.

On the north side of the Cathedral stands the Deanery. The Dean of Ripon, who is eighty-four, was cox in the Oxford crew of the first 'Varsity race, and he acted as page at the coronation of William IV. His picturesque and venerable figure is one of the best



THE PALACE, RIPON.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

known in Ripon. Dean Fremantle has made Ripon his home in the truest sense, ever since his appointment to the Deanery, now sixteen years ago. He has thrown himself with vigour and devotion into every good work in the city and neighbourhood. In the Millenary year he presented a magnificent silver-mounted horn to the Mayor and Corporation, as guardians of the city. More recently he presented a pleasant bathing shed and offices to the neighbourhood. He believes in the healthy exercise of swimming and boating and cricket. He still preaches with energy and impressiveness, and large congregations gather at the nave services in the Cathedral, where his voice is heard throughout the building. It is said that his portrait is to be hung up among the city worthies in the Town Hall. His sterling goodness, his generosity, his unfailing courtesy and kindness have endeared him to everyone; and all would readily allow that he is the best loved citizen of the comely little Yorkshire town.

The near view of Ripon Cathedral is not particularly striking; its beauty is more impressive at a distance. Inside, however, though at first appearance somewhat bare-looking, there is much that is beautiful in architectural design. One is struck with its really magnificent width particularly, and the curious and sudden breaking up of the Norman arch, near the nave, by a Gothic pillar. The carving, however, of the stalls is very fine, and in many instances of great rarity. Beneath the stalls are many quaint specimens of the carver's handiwork. Beneath the Bishop's throne are the two spies of Joshua carrying the grapes, and a couple of giants are represented on either side, one all head and no body, the other all body with his head in the middle. Another stall shows Jonah being thrown overboard, with a whale waiting with open mouth to receive him, and near at

hand is a carving of Pontius Pilate wheeling away Judas in a wheelbarrow with his bag of silver.

Yet amongst all that is interesting in and about the cathedral nothing is more so than the Saxon chapel under the crypt. It is the earliest known place of worship in the kingdom, its architecture being about the seventh century. We light our candles and follow the verger down the stone steps. The descent is a trifle treacherous. There are little niches in the wall where candles are placed. Then we enter the chapel. It is perfectly dark, and smells very earthy. A hole in one side of the wall is pointed out. Tradition says that in the old days, when people had anything suspicious against them, they were brought to this spot. If they succeeded in crawling through to the other side they were blameless; if they could not they were unquestionably guilty. It is also said that the young damsel who creeps through is sure to get married within the year. Be this as it may, I was assured that very recently a Yorkshire farmer brought his three daughters and sought permission for them to crawl through the lucky hole. Another daughter who had been through succeeded in getting married, and the father of the remaining trio was anxious for them to see whether a journey through the wall might not help him to more readily dispose of his daughters!



From a Photo. by THE DEAN OF RIPON. *[Elliott & Fry.]*

XVI.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D.



From a Photo. by]

DR. RUSSELL. [Diaz Spencer & Co., Valparaiso.



It may be fairly said that Dr. Russell is the accredited father of a professional family which, though necessarily limited in the number of its sons, possesses the world as its debtors. The dodging of bullets and shells, the cornering of ourselves in some haven of refuge from the ferocious charging of maddened horses and men—in short, the participation in all “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” is not run after by the average man. Dr. Russell was the first of our known war correspondents. The remembrance of this—as I ascended in the lift which delivered me at the door of his flat in

Victoria Street—was suggestive of the probable unfolding of a life of the deepest interest. Nor was I disappointed. I spent some hours with Dr. Russell, and when it came to "Good-bye," he asked: "Have you got what you want?"

I was in earnest when I asked him if he could cut out ten or twenty years of his life, for my load of delightful information was so great that I feared the space at my disposal could not hold it all. His reply was: "Ah! willingly, willingly—if I could. The burden of my years is heavier than the load of incidents you are carrying away with you."

Dr. Russell is of medium height, strongly built, wearing a white moustache, and possessing a head of wavy, silver hair. He is now lame from injuries received by his horse falling on him in the Transvaal. He took me from room to room, and as he narrated the little incidents associated with his treasures, it was all done quietly, impressively free from any boastfulness. For he wished me to understand that though his life had often been in danger, in scenes where men won great names for heroic deeds and gave up their lives for their country, he was only a camp follower and nothing more in the nine campaigns which he has seen—he chronicled history, he did not make it. I hope this little article will prove a courteous contradiction to this.

You pass by many articles of rarity in the corridor on your way to the dining-room—cabinets of battle-field relics, jade bowls, Indian and Egyptian ware, a great Hindu deity, once the property of Baine Mahdo, the Oude Tlookdar, an Indian chief; recreation and sport are represented by gun-cases and a huge bundle of fishing rods in the corner.



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry

Here on a table are half-a-dozen cigar cases, one of which, with silver clasps, is from the Prince of Wales, as a souvenir of the visit to India in 1875-6, in which Dr. Russell acted as Honorary Private Secretary to H.R.H.; some exquisite cups and bowls of bedree work from Lucknow; and over one of the doors is Landseer's "Horseman and Hounds," which, curiously enough, was reproduced in an article I wrote for THE STRAND MAGAZINE entitled "Pictures with Histories," in April, 1891. The cosy, small dining-room overlooks Victoria Street, and contains some excellent pictures—one of Dr. Russell's mother, another of the artist, J. G. Russell, A.R.A., who also painted the portrait of Mr. Russell's paternal grandfather opposite that of his uncle, and several depicting scenes in the hunting-field.



[from a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

Two big canvases, however, are particularly interesting. One dated Lucknow, March, 1858, is "The Death of Cleopatra," painted by Beechey.

"Beechey visited India long before the Mutiny, and was entertained by the King of Oude," explained Dr. Russell. "He painted this portrait, probably of a Circassian, for the King. During the looting of the Kaiserbagh of Lucknow at the time of the Indian Mutiny, when we were leaving the palace, I remarked to an officer that it was a pity to leave it hanging there.

"'Cut it out of the frame,' was his advice. I did so, and a soldier wrapped it round his rifle barrel, and so we got it away."

The other canvas, painted by a native artist, is of the King of

Oude himself, surrounded by his Court and attired in all his Oriental splendour.

"That was one of Thackeray's favourite pictures," said Dr. Russell. "He would look at it for an hour at a time, saying softly, 'Poor old thing! poor old dear! how fine and how silly he looks.' Dear Thackeray!—he was one of my dearest and warmest friends. He lived in Onslow Square, very near to my house in Sumner Place, for several years. He was very fond of my wife, and I well remember how, when she was laid low with a serious illness and was not expected to live, Thackeray would stand every morning opposite my house, waiting for me to appear at the window. If I nodded, it was a sign that my wife was a little better, and he came in for a few words; if I shook my head, he went quietly and dolefully away. We often dined at the Garrick Club. One night I met him in Pall Mall on my way home to dinner.

"Let us dine at the Garrick to-night," he said.

"I told him I could not, as I had promised to dine at home.

"Oh!" said he, 'I'll write to Mrs. Russell, and I know she will excuse you. It is important, you know.'

"I consented. I sent a messenger home with the letter of excuse and a request for the latch-key. It came, with this little note in my wife's handwriting attached to it: 'Go it, my boy! you are killing poor Thackeray and Johnny Deane!' Thackeray was delighted and put the note in his pocket. Deane was a neighbour of ours."

You may count the ink-pots and paper-weights made out of shells and bullets on the tables by the score. But examine these two great boards or shields, covered with red cloth, on either side of the fine sideboard. Picturesquely arranged are muskets from the Crimean battle-fields, Alma, Inkerman, etc., matchlocks and tulwars from India, spears, Zulu assegais, swords, fencing foils, revolvers, and old-fashioned pistols. Here is a beautiful dagger from the Rajah of Mundi, near it is the key of one of the magazines of the Great Redan at Sebastopol, which the present owner took out himself on 9th September, 1855, the day of the fall of the place. Handle this remnant of a scabbard thoughtfully: it once belonged to a poor fellow in the Crimea—the remainder of it was driven by a shell splinter into his side. Examine this curious old blunderbuss, and listen to its story.

"It comes from India," said Dr. Russell. "A pile of arms were brought in to headquarters at Lucknow to be surrendered. I was examining this article when Lord Clyde—who was standing by my side—asked: 'Is it loaded?'

"No," I answered, immediately pulling the trigger. But it was! The charge tore up the ground at Lord Clyde's feet, and his escape was miraculous. His anger was considerable. No wonder I did not know it was loaded, for the steel ramrod hopped up when I tried it, but the piece was fully charged with telegraph wire cut into small pieces!"

The drawing-room contains objects of great interest. An autographed picture of the Princess of Wales fondling a kitten rests on the



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry

mantel-board with other souvenirs. Just near the piano—which is covered with some fine Japanese tapestry—is Meissonier's "1807." This beautiful plateau and coffee set of Sèvres was bought at Versailles in 1871, when the people were starving, for a trifle. A tiger's skin—a trophy from India—lies in front of a shelf over which rises a fine mirror. The knick-knacks are countless. This exquisite jade vase—once studded with rubies—was given to its possessor by the Maharajah of Puttiala. It is one of many here. The medals, one "in memoriam" of the coronation of the Czar at Moscow, 1856, and silver trinkets are numerous—an immense "turnip" watch, the property of a great-great-grandfather, was said to be 150 years old when he first had it.

An idol from a Japanese temple, and a chobdar of rare beauty, composed of various stones of different lengths, all with some mystic meaning, are here. A hundred photographs of celebrities are set out on a screen near the door—Sir Collingwood Dixon amongst them.

"The bravest and coolest man I ever knew," said Dr. Russell. "He practically won the battle of Inkerman with his two eighteen-pounders."

The portrait of Dr. Russell's second son—now Vice-Consul at the Dardanelles—reminds him to tell me that he is now the only survivor of the original party who went with Gordon up to Khartoum when he was first appointed Governor. Gordon made him Governor of Farschodah—a bad place for a white man at present.

"I can see Gordon now," Dr. Russell said, quietly, "fighting in the trenches at Sebastopol. I can just recall a very striking incident I heard one night. There was a sortie, and the Russians got into our

parallel. The trench guards were encouraged to drive them out by Gordon, who stood on the parapet, in imminent danger of his life, prepared to meet death with nothing save his stick in his hand.

"'Gordon—Gordon! come down! you'll be killed,' they cried. But he paid no heed to them.

"A soldier said, 'He's all right. He don't mind being killed. *He's one of those blessed Christians!*'"

A large portrait of Dr. Russell is on the wall amongst others, taken in Chili, in all his medals and decorations. These are many, for he is a Knight of the Iron Cross, an Officer of the Legion of Honour, has the Turkish War Medal of 1854-6, the Indian War Medal of 1857-8, with the clasp for Lucknow, the South African War Medal of 1879, the Medjidieh (3rd and 4th class), the Osmanieh (3rd and 4th class), the St. Sauveur of Greece. He is a Chevalier of the Order of Franz Josef of Austria—the Redeemer of Portugal—etc.

We looked through a book of literary and pictorial reminiscences of the Crimea. Many of the sketches, the majority by Colonel Colville, now Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh, are highly humorous. The gallant colonel has certainly depicted the chroniclers of war's alarms under very trying circumstances, and Captain Swaebey of the 41st, who was killed at Inkerman, presents the landing of the famous war correspondent and the total annihilation of the rival pressmen of the *Invalide Russe* and the *Soldaten Freund* in a boldly dramatic way. Here is a photograph by Robertson. It shows Balaclava—"The Valley of Death." On the opposite page is a cartoon from *Punch*. A mother and her children are sitting with open ears and excited, tearful faces listening to Paterfamilias by the fireplace, reading a description of the cavalry fight of Balaclava from the *Times*, and flourishing a poker over his head. That account was written by Dr. Russell, and there is little reason to doubt that the word picture penned by him inspired Lord Tennyson to write the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

We turn over the pages of the album. This slip of blue paper is a delivery note from the Quartermaster-General for a box from England, which Dr. Russell got up with great difficulty at Balaclava. It created great joy, as the label on it of "Medical Comforts" suggested to the hungry warriors something good from the old country. They gathered round in anxious expectation. Alas! the box contained wooden legs, splints, and such useful supports in life! The letters from generals commanding are numerous—a passport to the interior after the war, a portrait of Catharine of Russia, and one of the Czar Nicholas, torn down from a wall at Buljanak, and many other mementos. The reading of a letter from the famous French *chef* Soyer reminds Dr. Russell of an anecdote.

Soyer was arrested one night in the Crimea as a spy.

"Who and what are you?" asked the officer into whose presence he was brought.

"I am an officer," was the reply.

"What rank?"

I am chief of a battery."

"Of what battery?"

"Of the Batterie de Cuisine de l'Armée Anglaise, monsieur!" was the witty answer.

"M. Soyer," continued Dr. Russell, "was very eccentric, but very original—as a cook, supreme. He erected a handsome monument to his wife's memory at Kensal Green, and was on the look-out for an inscription. At last he made known his wish to Lord Palmerston.

"'Well,' said the great statesman, 'I don't think you can do better than put on it: *Soyez tranquille!*'"

From the drawing-room, the carpet of which was a wedding present from the suite of the Prince of Wales on Dr. Russell's marriage to Countess Malvezzi in 1884, we went into the study, the writing table in which was a personal present from the Prince of Wales on the same occasion. Boxes, full to their lids with diaries and papers, are scattered about; the portraits on the walls are mostly family ones, though here and there hang a few outside the immediate family circle. Dickens and Thackeray are not forgotten; and the head of a little dog is here, under which Landseer has written "Brutus." It was his own dog.

"The most faithful friend I ever had," the great artist said, as he put the picture in Dr. Russell's hands one day.

Over the mantel-board is a picture of the *Serapis*, the vessel in which Dr. Russell accompanied the Prince to India, and photos of the Prince's parties in India and Turkey. A huge paper-weight and an inkstand are not without a history. The inkstand is formed from a



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

piece of a shell which is embedded in a stone from the Palais de St. Cloud. It was fired by the French from Valérien at their own palace the day it was burned, just as General, then Colonel, Fraser arrived from Versailles. The paper-weight is also a very formidable bit of a shell which was fired from Vanvres at the staff of the Crown Prince on the 19th September, when they obtained their first view of Paris from the heights of Châtillon after the battle of that day. A very few inches nearer, and the probability is that Dr. Russell would not have been sitting in his chair in the cosy study at Victoria Street.

William Howard Russell was born at Lilyvale, co. Dublin, on March 28th, 1821. He really belongs to a Limerick family, and to this day there is just the faintest and happiest tinge of the dear old brogue on the tip of his tongue. He exemplifies in a way the "distractions" of the "distressful country" in politics and religion, for he had a great-grand-uncle hanged on Wexford Bridge in 1798, as a rebel during the war; whilst his grandfather was engaged on the side of Government, and was a valiant member of a Yeomanry corps. He went to the Rev. Dr. Wall's, who used to flog severely, and to the Rev. Dr. Geoghegan's, where he was a "day boy" for six or seven years. Amongst his schoolfellows were General Waddy (Alma, Inkerman, etc.), R. V. Boyle—who defended Arrah in the Mutiny—General Sir Henry de Bathe, Colonel Willans, and Dion Boucicault, who was then called Boursiquot.

"Boucicault was a very cantankerous boy," said Dr. Russell, "though unquestionably plucky. I remember he fought a big fellow named Barton—who, by-the-bye, became a famous advocate in India, and died not long ago a J.P. in Essex—with one arm tied behind his back, and took a licking gallantly. He was always considered a clever fellow; but, oh! how he used to romance! St. Stephen's Green was the great battle-field of the schools—Wall's, Huddart's, Geoghegan's, etc.—in those days. Black eyes were as plentiful as blackberries, and I had my share. I was always very fond of soldiering, and used to get up early and set off from our house in Baggot Street to watch the drills in the mornings at the Biggar's Bush Barracks. I used to get cartridges from the soldiers, which caused my people much annoyance. Yet not so much as they did the old watchman in his box at the corner of Baggot Street. We found him asleep one night, discharged a shot or two inside, and pitched him and his box over into the canal. He escaped, but we did not, for we caught it severely, and deserved it. When the Spanish Legion was raised I made frantic appeals to join—officer, private, anything—and was only prevented from running away with De Lacy Evans' heroes by the strong arm of authority.

"I entered Trinity College in 1838 at seventeen. Only the other day I was present at the tercentenary, and found myself in the identical place I used to occupy at examinations when a student. There I again met an old class-fellow—Rawdon Macnamara, President of the College of Physicians, Dublin. There were glorious doings during election times, when the Trinity College students—who were

mostly Orangemen—met the Roman Catholics and engaged them in battle; but, alas! they were tyrannous and strong. The coal porters were there—‘the descendants of the Irish Kings from the coal quay,’ as Dan O’Connell called them, and sometimes we had to seek safety at the college gates. Sometimes we had it all our own way, and made the most of it. Away we would go to King William’s statue on College Green, shouting, ‘Down with the Pope! Down with the Pope!’ During one election there was an exhibition in the arcade of the ‘wonderful spotted lady’ and ‘the Hungarian giant.’ We made a charge, overturned the pay box, dismissed the proprietor, made ‘the Hungarian giant’ run for his life, to say nothing of seeing ‘the spotted lady’ going off into hysterics. The Dublin coal porters used to be called in to disperse us. We frequently parted with broken heads. We were often triumphant, though.”

Dr. Russell left college for a couple of years, during part of which he was mathematical master at Kensington Grammar School. He returned to Trinity, and with the elections of 1841 came his first real literary effort, though he is very proud of a sketch and account

PASS FOR THE BRITISH TRENCHES, ~~FOR THIS DAY~~

June 4 1863

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
HEAD QUARTERS

W H Russell Esq

J H Swinson

Has permission to pass through the Trenches.

of an *alauda cristata*, or crested lark, which appeared in the *Dublin Penny Journal* when he was fifteen years of age—the bird was of his own shooting. A cousin, Mr. R. Russell, employed on the *Times*, came over to “do” the elections, and suggested the earning of a few guineas to the young collegian by going to the Longford election and writing an account of it. He accepted the suggestion, and not only penned a vivid description of the scene in the hospital where the wounded voters lay with bruised bodies and cracked craniums, but entered heartily into the political campaign, and spoke and fought in it *con amore*. His description delighted the *Times* people. He received bank-notes and praise, both acceptable and novel; he continued to write more descriptive accounts of the meetings of the day, and Delane, the editor, told him to expect constant employment.

O’Connell? Dr. Russell knew him well. No orator has impressed him more, before or since.

“O’Connell was really an uncrowned king,” he said. “He wore a green velvet cap with a gold band round it, and a green coat with brass buttons. Still, we had a crossing of swords occasionally. The

Times commissioner, Campbell Foster, characterized a village on O'Connell's estate, at Derrynane, in a letter on the state of Ireland, as a squalid, miserable settlement of cabins, not possessing a pane of glass in any of the houses. O'Connell declared this to be a lie. I was requested by the *Times* to repair to the spot with Maurice O'Connell to see for myself, and to deny or corroborate Foster's assertion. I could not but corroborate it. On entering a crowded meeting one night at Conciliation Hall, O'Connell rose up and shouted; 'So this contemptible Russell says there is not a pane of glass in Derrynane! I wish he had as many pains in his stomach!'

"Yet O'Connell was always personally kind to me. Once my carriage broke down on the road to Dublin from a monster meeting. O'Connell's was passing at the time. He turned out poor Tom Steele, gave me his place, and a good dinner into the bargain. 'Honest Tom Steele,' as they all called him. He was devoted to O'Connell, and after his death became disconsolate, and eventually threw himself off Waterloo Bridge."

It was just before the arrest of O'Connell that Dr. Russell saw Lord Cardigan for the first time. He was with his regiment of hussars, near Clontarf, where there was a great display of the military who had been sent to prevent the great agitator from holding a meeting, which had been declared illegal by proclamation. Cardigan was quite magnificent. The next time Dr. Russell met him was in a transport going to Varna. The third time he saw him crestfallen and wounded not quite in front after Balaclava. But O'Connell and the head pacificator, Tom Steele, wore great bunches of shamrock in their coats, and a great posse of priests begged the people to disperse quietly. Then commenced the memorable Irish State trials.

"Both the *Times*—for which I wrote the descriptive portion of the trials—and the *Morning Herald* had chartered special steamers to carry the news and the results of the Government prosecutions to London," said Dr. Russell. "The great day came. The trial of O'Connell and the traversers lasted long, but at last it was over. It was very late on a Saturday night when the jury retired; the judge waited in court for some time, but went away after an hour's expectancy, and the other newspaper correspondents left to get refreshments. I was sitting outside the court, wondering whether I should go to bed. Suddenly my boy rushed up to me.

"'Jury just coming in,' he said.

"And they brought in a verdict of guilty. The moment I heard it I flew from the court, jumped on a car—drove to the station, where I had ordered a special train to be in readiness—got to Kingston—hailed the *Iron Duke*, the steamer chartered by the *Times*—got up steam in half an hour, and left with the consolation that the steamer of the *Morning Herald* was lying peacefully in harbour! Arrived at Holyhead—sped away—special to London—tried to sleep, couldn't—tight boots—took them off. Reached Euston, man waiting with cab, struggled to get on boots, only managed the left foot, and when I reached the *Times* office it was with one boot under my arm.

"As I got out of the cab in Printing House Square, a man in shirt-sleeves—whom I took to be a printer—came up to me.

" 'So glad to see you safe over, sir!' he cried. 'So they've found him guilty?'

" 'Yes—guilty, my friend,' I replied.

"The *Morning Herald* came out next day with the news of the fact—the bare fact—as well as the *Times*! The gentleman in the shirt-sleeves was an emissary from their office!"

In 1846 Dr. Russell married the daughter of Mr. Peter Burrowes, and severed, for a short period, his connection with the *Times*, in the same year becoming "Potato Rot Commissioner," as it was termed, to the *Morning Chronicle*, for which he wrote letters from the famine-stricken districts in the West of Ireland. In 1848 he was special constable on the occasion of Fergus O'Connor's abortive Chartist demonstration at Kennington, and in 1849 he accompanied the Queen's flotilla on a visit to Ireland. He also described for the *Times* the first review at Spithead by the Queen, as well as the first review of the French fleet at Cherbourg by Napoleon, after the *coup d'état*. He was summoned home from Switzerland in the same year to attend the



From a]

BALACLAVA.

[Photograph.

Duke of Wellington's funeral. At this ceremony Dr. Russell saw the late Cardinal Howard, then a cornet, riding at the head of a detachment of the Life Guards.

"I was at his funeral only a week or two ago, at Arundel," he said. "A Roman Catholic bishop spoke to me at the Castle, after the ceremony was over. Did I remember him? No, I did not. He introduced himself as Dr. Butt, Bishop of Southwark, who, thirty-six years ago, was Catholic chaplain in the Crimea, and presently I met his venerable colleague, Bishop Virtue, who had also been a chaplain in the army before Sebastopol. I had not seen either of them since. At lunch I sat next Father Bowden, chief of the Brompton Oratory, who had been in the Guards, and who was a fellow-member of the Garrick Club."

He hurried over events. The first battle he saw was that between the Danes and Prussians at Idstedt in 1852, where he was put in a place of safety, which half an hour afterwards became the centre of action! He was wounded under the arm by a bullet. In February, 1854, he went to Malta with the advanced guard of the army. He scarcely wanted to go. He pleaded his business at the Bar, and other matters, to the editor of the *Times*; besides, how could he leave his young wife and two little ones?

"Nonsense!" said Delane. "It'll be a pleasant excursion. When the Guards get to Malta, and the Czar hears of it, he won't be mad enough to continue his adventure. You'll be back before Easter term begins, depend on it"; for Dr. Russell at this time was in practice in election and Parliamentary cases, having been called to the Bar in 1850.

"Well," added Dr. Russell, smilingly, "I got back in 1856!"

His descriptive writing from the Crimea of the dreadful winter roused England and turned out the Government.

What terrible pictures his pen was forced to paint! It was one long story of suffering, from the beginning to the end. The war correspondent paid £5 for a ham, 15s. for a small tin of meat, 5s. for a little pot of marmalade, £6 for a pair of common seaman's boots, and £5 for a turkey; and he fattened up that turkey for days. The turkey was kept under a gabion. It wanted three days to Christmas. Dr. Russell, accompanied by a friend, went forth to look at the bird that was to be killed for the banquet. They looked through the wickerwork and could see the feathers, but the bird did not move. They raised the gabion. Alas! some villain had stolen the turkey, leaving nothing but the claws, head, and wings!

"That was a very miserable Christmas Day," added Dr. Russell. "Inkerman had just been fought, the army was practically dying out. Then consider the terrible knowledge we possessed. We spent that Christmas Day knowing that there was no hope of entering Sebastopol for weeks to come."

Dr. Russell wrote his account of the battle of the Alma in the leaves of a dead Russian's note-book upon a plank laid across a couple of barrels, under a scorching sun.

Dr. Russell put a little brass eagle in my hand.

"That is from the shako of a Russian soldier," he said. "I never saw such gallantry. The fellow rushed out of the column that came down on the Light Division, and which had thrown the Scots Fusiliers into confusion, and made straight for the standard of the Guards. He clutched the staff—swords and bayonets cut and pierced him, but he fought on; and Lindsay and others had to fight for it too. At last he dropped, and I brought this brass eagle, which Norcott's sergeant gave me, as a memento of one of the most persistent examples of hopeless bravery I ever witnessed."

When peace was declared he returned to England in the spring



RETURNING FROM PICKET.
(*Sketched by Col. Colville.*)

of 1856. He reached home late at night, and his wife led him quietly upstairs to a bedroom. She opened the door, and there stood his little ones in their night-gowns at the foot of the bed, singing: "Oh! Willie, we have miss'd you, Welcome! welcome home!"

"I had never heard the song before," said Dr. Russell, "and I thought it was some little ditty of their mother's teaching for my welcome. Imagine my disgust next morning, when sitting at breakfast, to hear a band of Ethiopian melodists strike up—'Oh! Willie, we have miss'd you!'"

Now, Dr. Russell's baptismal appellation is William.

He had not long been home ere he was asked to go out again to Russia to describe the coronation of the Czar, the account of which he considers his best bit of writing.

"Whilst at one of the receptions at Moscow," he said, "I met a Russian officer, who spoke excellent English, who had been at Balaclava, and was much interested in the details of the day. In the course of conversation he said :—

"‘I laid the first gun of my battery against a troop of your artillery so true, that when the shell burst, it blew the officer, who was riding in front, into pieces.’

"‘Pardon me! You are mistaken,’ I said. ‘Permit me to tell you that Captain Maude, who was the officer who rode in front of that troop, is now standing close behind you!’ Major, now General, Maude was, indeed, badly wounded by that shell, but he is now alive and well, I hope, and at the head of the Queen’s stable.

"Returning home again, Thackeray and others suggested that I should lecture on the war. I did so, with Willert Beale as my impre-



*Sampling of our own I.C. and destruction of the Correspondents
of the Invisible Russia & Soldiers Friend*

(A Sketch by the late Captain Swaeby.)

sario. I used to rehearse my lecture before a select audience—Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, John Leech, Thackeray, Delane, Douglas Jerrold, and half the Garrick Club, who used to introduce ‘Hear! hear! cheers and laughter’ at appropriate places. At last the eventful night of the *début* as lecturer came. The scene was Willis’s Rooms. I peeped into the vast room. Great heavens! The hall was filled with Crimean officers. I recognised Lord Lucan, Lord Rokeby, Airey, etc., etc., all grimly expectant in front, and many familiar faces behind.

"‘I can’t go on,’ I said.

"‘Nonsense,’ said Thackeray. ‘I’ve lectured, so can you.’

"‘I can’t do it, I tell you—go on, somebody, and say I’m ill. The money will be returned!’

"‘Just then Deane came up with a bumper of champagne. I couldn’t drink it. I peeped through the doorway again, when sud-

denly I was seized and run on to the platform by Thackeray and Co. So I unwillingly made my first appearance as a lecturer in rather an undignified manner.

"I visited many towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and made money by my tour, but it was distasteful to me; I was glad when my engagements were over, and have never lectured since, though often asked to do so. When the Indian Mutiny broke out I was abroad, but I was sent for, and after a short holiday, I was asked by Delane very urgently to go out and join the army preparing to relieve Lucknow, under Colin Campbell. That was in 1857. The very day I arrived at Calcutta, the news came that Havelock was dead, and that Colin Campbell had got the garrison and the women and children out of Lucknow, but that he was unable to take the place. I went up country to join Sir Colin Campbell's headquarters at Cawnpore, with Pat Stewart.

"Sir Colin said to me: 'Now, Mr. Russell, you're welcome. You have seen something of war. I am going to tell you everything. But only on one condition. That when dining with headquarters mess you don't blab what you hear. There are native servants behind every chair watching, and what is said inside the tent is known outside five minutes afterwards. I want to show you my plans for attack on Lucknow. Go with Colonel Napier. He will let you see what we are going to do.' The officer to whom Sir Colin introduced me, afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, took me across to his tent. 'Now,' said he, 'here are our plans—ask me anything you please. Mind! You must keep my purdah down.'

"Now, though I had not been long in India, I knew that a 'purdah' meant a curtain. I rose and let down the flap over the entrance of the tent, shutting out all the light.

"Napier smiled.

"'No, no,' he cried; 'what I mean is, you must keep my plans to yourself!'"

Dr. Russell was present at the siege of Lucknow, and also served in the campaigns of Oude, Rohilcund, etc. Whilst on one of the many night marches Sir Colin made in India, he received a kick from a horse which nearly led to the loss of his life.

"A horse broke loose and commenced to attack my little stallion," he said. "I went to its assistance, when the brute, which belonged to Donald Stewart, an Indian officer on the staff, let fly at me, catching me on my right thigh. The kick bent the scabbard of a sword I was wearing, and fairly drove it into my right thigh. We were just on the move, hoping to come into action with some Oude rebels, and I was in agony—unable to move a step—so I was placed in a litter and carried along with the sick of the headquarters' staff into Rohilcund. Small-pox broke out at Lucknow, and clung to us on the march, and among the sick were Sir W. Peel (he died at Cawnpore), Sir David Baird, and Major Alison. On the 25th March, 1858, the battle of Bareilly was fought. Our coolie bearers had carried the sick litters into a shady top or grove of trees—the sun was fierce. There I lay, help-

less, listening to the sound of battle close at hand. My only clothing consisted of a shirt. Suddenly a cry burst from the camp followers :—

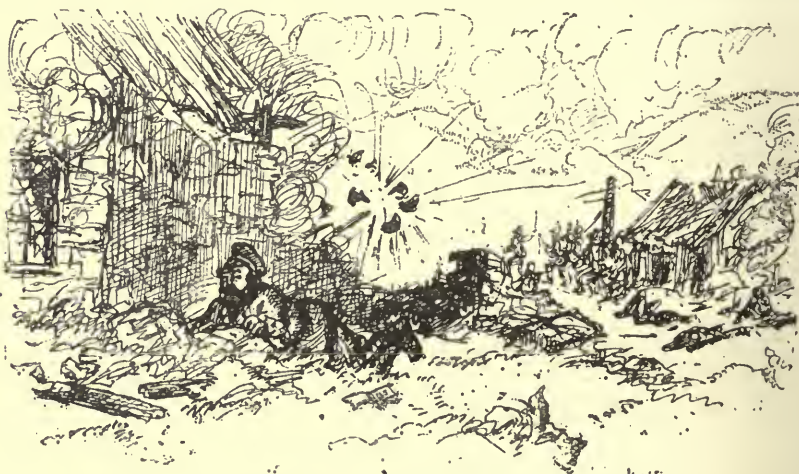
“ ‘The Sowars are coming! The Sowars are coming!’ ”

“Our Syces ran up with the chargers. How I did it, I do not know. But I hopped out of my litter and scrambled up into the saddle—the flaps felt like molten iron, and the blister on my leg rolled up against the leather roasted by the sun outside the tope—on my horse. My servant—a very brave fellow—held on by the stirrup leather, flogging the horse, for I had only bare feet and bare legs. Suddenly he let go. He saw a Sowar making for us, and he released his hold so as not to impede my flight. He was cut down, I presume, for I never saw him again—and his wages were due. I struggled on, but the sun was more powerful than I. I had only proceeded a few yards when I fell off my horse insensible—with sunstroke.

“Then I heard a voice.

“‘Look—a white man!’ ”

“It was some of our people, thank God! They thought I had been killed, and that the Sowars had stripped off my clothing, for I



DR. RUSSELL : OR, THE TROUBLES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.
(A Sketch by Col. Colville.)

was naked, all save my shirt, and it was bloody. They bent over me. ‘He’s warm,’ cried one of the men—it was Tomb’s battery that had come up. I got back to camp, but I was very near the point of death ; and, indeed, I had the unique and unpleasant trial of listening to my good friends and physicians, Tice and Mackinnon, discussing the question of my burial at the foot of the charpoy, on which I was stretched, apparently dead.”

Such is one of the experiences of Dr. Russell during the Indian Mutiny.

Yet another Christmas Day (1858) was spent in India on the borders of Nepaul. The day dawned upon an anxious people, but it

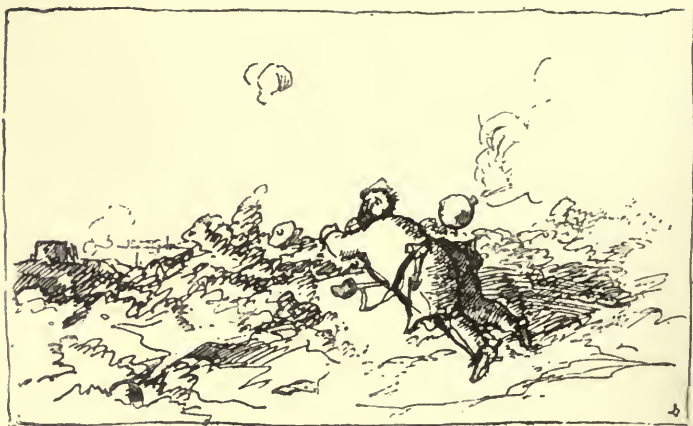
was Christmas, and the war correspondent, with a party of friends, meant to keep it up. They gathered for dinner in a large mess tent, from the ridge pole of which hung a huge lamp. A well-known Scotch enthusiast's presence suggested a Highland fling as an appropriate finish. The gallant Highlander got on the table, and his tripping was so vigorous that it shook down the lamp. In two minutes the tent was in flames. So ended another Christmas Day.

In 1859 Dr. Russell returned to England, and received the Indian War Medal with the Lucknow clasp. In 1860 he started the *Army and Navy Gazette*, of which he is still part proprietor and editor, and in 1861 went to the United States in time to hear Mr. Lincoln deliver the Inaugural Address at Washington, which was accepted as a proclamation of war against their "domestic institutions" by the Southern States. He was exceedingly well received, and sat down at Lincoln's first official dinner in the White House, being the only person there who was not a Cabinet Minister. He was unfortunately present at the first battle of Bull Run. Dr. Russell gave it as his opinion that McDowell, the general commander of the Federal troops, may have lost that battle through eating too much water-melon. He was a confirmed vegetarian, and ate too much of that fruit the morning of the action. At all events, brave and capable as he was, McDowell was beaten. The Federals fled in disorder from the field, and Dr. Russell had to describe the fight, which was to him personally a most disagreeable experience. The North, angry and frightened, could not forgive; and when his account of the battle—which the leading journal of New York declared was awaited with as much anxiety as a Presidential message—arrived, the vials of wrath were poured out upon him. Dr. Russell was not altogether popular in America. The man who does not fear to speak and write the truth is not always a popular personage. He wrote facts, hard-hitting facts, and the Press nicknamed him "Bull Run Russell," as if he caused the disaster. However, newspaper abuse did not deprive him of the necessary breath to reach Eng'land.

In 1866 he joined the Austrian army under Benedek, and again, at Königgrätz, had to fly before a victorious enemy; but he visited Kuhn's headquarters, Custozza, etc., remaining in Vienna some time after as the *Times* correspondent.

Now comes a memorable year, 1870, which brought the declaration of war between France and Germany. He asked to join the French headquarters, but the Emperor said: "I should be happy to see Mr. Russell at my headquarters, but nothing shall induce me to receive a correspondent of a paper which has shown itself so hostile to me as the *Times*." The French Government would not allow the presence of any correspondents. Dr. Russell heaped coals of fire on their heads, so to speak, when, after the battle of Wörth, a little later on he assisted in securing the release of two correspondents of the Paris Press from captivity, who had sought refuge in the clock tower of a church.

Dr. Russell proceeded to Berlin and joined the staff of the



MORE TROUBLE.
(A Sketch by Col. Colville.)

Crown Prince. Colonel Pemberton, of the Grenadier Guards—a valued friend—burning with a desire to see service, joined him, as did also Lord Ronald Gower, who—when his mother was Mistress of the Robes—had been much with the Queen’s children, and who was sure of a warm welcome from the Crown Princess.

“Our reception,” said Dr. Russell, “at the New Palace, Potsdam, was most gracious, but the Crown Princess was in tears. She said: ‘You have arrived at a dreadful moment. My husband and his father start for the scene of carnage immediately. You have traversed the Palatinate, and you have seen the peaceful towns and villages which will soon be heaps of ashes, and the harvest ripening in the fields will soon be soaked with blood; but I feel assured we shall conquer in the end.’

“In the midst of the preparations for war, I was bidden to the christening of a little princess at the Palace. I was presented to the Emperor by Lord Augustus Loftus, our Ambassador, on the occasion. His Majesty made a very kindly speech and said, ‘The Press is a new power, and I accept you as its ambassador.’

“The day of my arrival at Berlin, Count Bismarck sent to say that he would like to see me early next morning (*Morgen früh*) at the Foreign Office—what ‘early’ meant I knew not. I was in the Wilhelmstrasse before the doorkeeper was awake. It was long after eight o’clock before I was introduced to the Great Chancellor, who offered me a cigar, and as soon as I was seated launched into serious business. I was much impressed with his estimate of the Emperor of the French. ‘He is a dreamer—a mere dreamer,’ he said. ‘I went to see him at Biarritz in order to come to some understanding about our relations, and, if possible, to clear the sky. I had practical questions to propose and settle, but I could not get him to grapple with a single one. He wished to entertain me with his theories for the removal of the causes of poverty, and for meeting the dangers of

an educated proletariat. I was only anxious to lay the way for peace; but, no! he would have none of it. Now see what we have come to!

"My interview with Count Bismarck lasted two hours, during which he spoke almost uninterruptedly, with great vivacity, generally in French, frequently breaking out into English, and he quoted Shakespeare at least twice.

"At the close of the interview I asked him to procure me a Legitimation, without which I could not accompany the army. 'I am not the man for that. General von Roon is your man.' 'But I do not know him, sir.' 'Well, perhaps he will do it for me—we will see.'

"The Legitimation business detained us several days in Berlin. In the meanwhile, the mobilization of the army was rapidly going on. It was almost impossible to obtain horses, and we could get no vehicles. I will tell you how we managed to get one. One day we saw a Berlin egg-cart, a sort of flat van on wheels. An idea struck us. Why not buy an egg-cart, get a light frame to go over the top, and cover it with canvas? Excellent. So we bought a cart and rigged it up. But how to distinguish it? Another happy thought. My crest is a goat, so we painted a big black goat on the canvas. All through the campaign vulgar boys and people would point at it and cry—'Ba-a-a! Ba-a-a!' to the great annoyance of my servant. One curious thing occurred in connection with my waggon. An English officer attached to the French army as one of the Geneva Cross Association saw this cart in the French lines, and inferred that the German Army had been defeated and my cart captured. I lost my egg-cart on the march to Versailles."

At last Dr. Russell got away from Berlin with Lord R. Gower and Colonel Pemberton. His military railway ticket—the number of the train and the time-table of the stations were printed on it—was dated some time before war was declared! At Worms they left the train and took a carriage for Landau. Their coachman was not a man to be sought after. At one spot he refused to go any farther with the pair of horses, which had been obtained after much trouble, and they only got to Wissembourg the night after the battle, in rear of the Crown Prince's staff. The result was that Dr. Russell and Lord Ronald Gower were arrested as spies, and sentries placed over them, with orders to shoot them if they stirred.

"A false alarm roused the sentries," the old war correspondent explained. "They left us. We made good our escape into the inn, where a good Samaritan gave us some delicious hot coffee. Years afterwards I came across the landlord's son who had so befriended us, as a waiter at the Salthill Hotel, Dublin."

Dr. Russell was at the battle of Wörth. The Crown Prince's dinner was very simple, consisting of soup served in metal cups, and boiled ration-meat, bread, cheese, and beer. There was silver on the table, however. It belonged to the camp equipment of Frederick the Great, and was, and is always, carried at the Royal headquarters in

war time. He spoke of the great anguish of the Crown Prince as he read the names of his fallen officers.

Dr. Russell was at the siege and fall of Paris, which he entered with the Crown Prince, and took a cartload of fresh meat and vegetables over the bridge into Paris, the first day it opened, to the British Embassy. There he found Sir Richard Wallace in his shirt-sleeves, serving out horse-flesh to the starving English grooms, tutors, and governesses. He remained in Paris till the massacre by the Communists in the Place Vendôme, and returned the night after the Commune expired in ashes and blood. He looked on at the gay city in flames.

"As I watched millions of fiery tongues leaping towards the sky," continued Dr. Russell, "my mind went back to the extravagant splendour of the year in which the Great Exhibition was held, when I served on the jury in the arms department. There, on the grandstand of the racecourse, I saw the Emperor. With him were two Emperors and several Kings. He was reviewing part of the great army which in a few years was to be swept into captivity. What an inconceivable change! I stood behind the Emperor of Germany on the same grand-stand from which he reviewed the German army previous to its triumphant march into Paris. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses when I rode under the Arc de Triomphe in the train of the conqueror down the Avenue of the Champs Elysées. That afternoon, after incurring many dangers—indeed, imminent peril—I managed to get from the Prussian lines, and make my way to the railway station. There a special train arranged to take me to Calais, whence I sent my account to the *Times* of the entry of the German army into Paris."

Dr. Russell took from one of his great despatch boxes a number of volumes. Among them were the diaries of his trip to India when he accompanied the Prince of Wales as honorary



(A Sketch by Col. Colville.)

private secretary. The *Times* asked Dr. Russell to act as their correspondent. Then trouble arose. Other correspondents wanted to go in the *Serapis*, but this was objected to. At last a compromise was arrived at.

"It was," said Dr. Russell, "to the effect that I could not write letters from the *Serapis* as the *Times* correspondent, and that the other newspaper correspondents might go to India on their own responsibility. Still, letters *did* appear in the columns of the *Times* during the voyage out. I used to write to the editor personally, and he would put in my communication with the heading: 'We have received the following from a friend on board the *Serapis*.' It is impossible to describe all the rejoicings and festivities. I saw in Nepaul an army of 900 elephants for the hunting party, arranged by Jung Bahadur—surely the biggest elephantine gathering on record! And such sport as there was. The Prince is a very steady rifle shot," and together we looked through the record of a day's shooting as chronicled in the diary:—

"H.R.H. Prince of Wales: One tiger, 7ft. 6in.; one pig, two hares, one partridge.

"Lord Suffield: One tiger, 7ft. 9in.; one tiger's cub, three cheetahs.

"Prince Louis of Battenberg: One cheetah.

"Captain Rose: One tiger, 9ft. 6in.; which charged the Prince of Wales, wounding his elephant.

"Russell: One cheetah.

"Col. Fitz-George: One pig."

And so forth. "Ellis, Prinsep, Sam Browne, Fayrer, various heads."

"One day we killed six tigers," said Dr. Russell, "of which the Prince shot five. The best work in this direction on the part of the Prince was a couple of tigers shot in an hour—one was killed with the first shot, the other creature took a long time to come out of its lair. We threw every soda-water bottle we had got with us at him, until he was roused by one thrown by Jung Bahadur, which burst on a stone near his head. We left Bombay in the March of 1876, bringing home a grand menagerie and an infinite wealth of presents for the Prince. We arrived at Portsmouth on the 11th of May—after visiting many of the principal cities homewards—and the following day made a State entry into London."

Dr. Russell's last campaigning experience was in 1879, when he accompanied Lord Wolseley to South Africa, and was at the taking of Sekukuni's stronghold. The close of the pleasant hours spent with the famous war correspondent was nearing, and lighting up our cigars, he looked back upon that well-remembered day when he met with the regrettable accident which resulted in his lameness.

"We had arrived within ten or twelve miles of Pretoria," he said, "and halted for the day. I said I would go on to Pretoria and get my despatches off. I left the camp alone. Sir Baker Russell suggested my taking an orderly. But I wouldn't. Whenever I meet Sir Baker now he always says: 'Ah! you should have taken that orderly.' I

rode six miles from the camp over a sprint, reaching a road which led down a steep hill to a ford. The threatening sky told me to look out for a Cape storm. They rush down upon you with scarcely a warning. I knew the river at the bottom of the road would swell rapidly, so I urged my horse forward down the hill. I got into the middle of the ford just as the storm burst on us in all its fury. A flash of lightning struck the water, my horse reared violently, lost his footing, threw me over his shoulder, and I fell under him. My right leg was caught by the stirrup; my left leg was under the horse's shoulder; his neck lay over my chest, preventing me from rising. There was I on my back, with my head just up, supporting myself with my right hand on the bottom of the river, and with my left jogging the reins to make the poor beast rise—the water slowly rising with the pouring torrents—I was drowning. I could feel the water getting higher and higher—it reached my neck, my chin—when, with almost a dying effort, as my horse struggled up a little, I made an attempt to move my leg, but down he went again. However, the strap of my spur gave way—my right leg was liberated—I was able to raise myself on it and to pull at the horse's head. My horse got up; I managed to lean on him, and he just carried me to the bank. I tried to get on his back, and down he went again, so with my leg doubled under me I put one hand on his shoulder, and so I crawled on to the house of an old Scotch farmer named Gray. He put me into bed, and rubbed me with 'Cape smoke,' and I found that I had not only lost my helmet, note-books and despatches, but that my leg was useless, with a chance of being lame for the remainder of my days.

"In the morning the headquarters staff rode across the ford, amongst them Lord Wolseley. He called at the farm; Gray told him of my plight, and he came to my side.

"'I thought my last day had come, and that my body would never be found,' I said to him.

"'My dear fellow,' was his characteristic reply, 'I would never have left the country until I had found you, and I would have given you a jolly good burial!'"

I knocked the ash off my cigar and rose to go.

"But what, Dr. Russell," I asked, "do you consider the most unenviable position in which you were ever placed—in what battle?"

"It wasn't in a battle," he answered, merrily, and laughing happily. "Oh, no! it wasn't in a battle. It was in a bed! When I was accompanying the Prince to India, we stayed at the Palace at Athens. One night the King said to me, 'Do you get up early, Mr. Russell?'"

"'Yes, sir,' I replied; 'I generally rise at six o'clock.'

"'Very well, we'll say half-past six to-morrow morning. I want to walk with you in the garden and talk over one or two things.'

"I went upstairs to bed. I couldn't sleep. The mosquitoes bit me to their hearts' content, particularly about the hands and arms. I

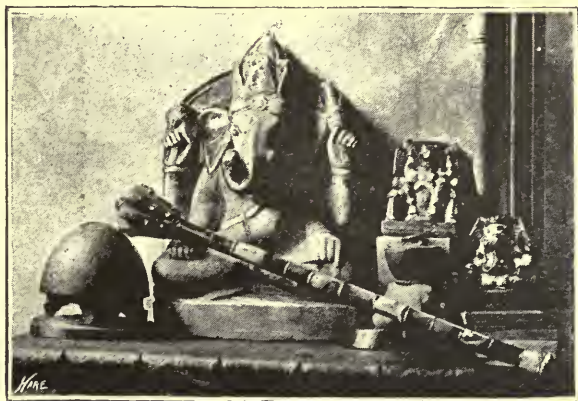
happened to have a pair of long white kid gloves in my bag. I got up and put them on.

"I awoke in the morning with the knowledge of having somebody by my bedside. It was the King, accompanied by his big dog. It was half-past six! I sat up in bed.

"'In half an hour, Mr. Russell,' said the King, smiling, as he left the room, 'I shall come back for you.'

'At breakfast that morning, during a moment of silence, the King, addressing the Queen, with a sly glance in my direction, said:—

"'Well, I've met a great many dandies in my time, but Mr. Russell beats them all. He actually sleeps in white kid gloves!'"



From a Photo. by]

A HINDU DEITY.

[Elliott & Fry.

XVII.
MR. HARRY FURNISS.



"INTERVIEWED!"

IT is the proud boast of every married man, and more particularly so when his quiver is fairly full, that he presides over the happiest home in the land. But there is a corner of Regent's Park where stands a house whose four walls contain an amount of fun and unadulterated merriment, happiness, and downright pleasure that would want a lot of beating. The fact is that Mr. Harry Furniss is not alone a merry man with his pencil. Humour with him may mean a very profitable thing—it unquestionably does; fun and frolic as depicted on paper by "Lika Joko" brings in, as Digby Grant would put it, many "a little cheque." But I venture to think that the clever caricaturist would not have half as many merry ideas running from the mind to the pencil if he sold all his humour outside and forgot to scatter a goodly proportion of it amongst his quartette of children.

I had not been in the house five minutes before they made their presence known. I had not been there a quarter of an hour before the discovery was made that they were small but impressive editions of their father. Have you heard of Harry Furniss's little model—"My Little Model"? She is Dorothy, who sits for all the little girls



"MY LITTLE MODEL."

in her father's pictures. A clever, bright young woman of thirteen, with glorious auburn tresses. For two or three years past she has not forgotten to write her father a story, illustrated it herself, and duly presented it on his birthday. "Buzzy," for that is her pet name, is retained as a model at a modest honorarium per sitting. Should she be indisposed, she must find a substitute! Then there is Frank, the eldest, home for his holidays just now from Cheltenham; young Lawrence, who also draws capitally; and little Guy, the youngest, who creeps into the pictures occasionally. Guy is a very fidgety model. "I have drawn him in twenty different moves, when trying to bribe him with a penny to sit!" said Mr. Furniss. And it seemed to me—and one had an excellent opportunity of judging during a too-quickly-passed day spent at Regent's Park—that not a small amount of Mr. Furniss's humour was caught from the children. He has brought them up to live a laughing life, he ignores the standing-in-the-corner theory, and believes that a penny discreetly bestowed on a youngster during a troubled moment will teach him a better lesson than a shilling's worth of stick. It is also evident that the brightness and jollity of the children are inherited, not only from the father, but mother as well; and it was easy to discern, from the remarks that fell from the subject of my interview, that the touches of artistic taste to be seen about the place were due to the "best of wives and mothers"—immaculate housewife and capital hostess—Mrs. Furniss. And, as Mr. Furniss himself acknowledges, half the battle is overcome for a hard-worked professional man by the possession of a sympathetic and careful wife.

Just run through this budget of letters from father to children. When I arrived at Regent's Park—ten minutes before my time, by-the-bye—Mr. Furniss was out riding, a very favourite exercise



"LITTLE GUY—OR, A FIDGETY MODEL."

with him. "Buzzy" and Frank and Lawrence and Guy brought out their treasured missives. When "Lika Joko" gets a pen or pencil in his hand he can't help caricaturing. These juvenile missives were decorated with sketches in every corner. Here is a particularly merry one. Frank writes from Cheltenham for some fretwork patterns. Patterns are sent by return of post—the whole family is sent in fretwork. Mr. Furniss goes away to Hastings, suffering from overwork. He has to diet himself. Then comes a letter illustrated at the top with a certain gentleman greatly reduced in face and figure through following Dr. Robson Roose's admirable advice. There are scores of them—all neatly and carefully kept with their envelopes in scrap-books.

Some few days afterwards I discovered that Mr. Furniss delights in "illustrating" his letters to others besides his children. My photo was needed by Mr. Furniss for the purpose of making a sketch. I

7. Carlise Parade
Hastings
March 28th
1892



My dear Fretwork Frank
Here are Patterns for
you! nothing could be
better to follow. But I
send you the Catalogue I

sold him a recent one. He wanted a "profile" too. The "profile" was taken when I was sadly in need of the application of the scissors of the tonsorial artist. I posted the "profile" with a request that perhaps Mr. Furniss would kindly apply his artistic shears and cut off a little of the surplus hair. By return comes an illustrated missive. I am sitting in a barber's chair, cloth round neck; the artist is behind

me with the customary weapon, and laying low the locks. The whole thing probably only took a minute or two to do, but it is a capital little bit of drawing. It is reproduced at the end of this article.

This quarter of an hour spent with the youngsters over their



We have become great ramblers
 here. playing cards, quite
 new for me. here you have
 us three - which you see is
 poetry - Charlie fat
 Mama lean
 I am just halfway between

paternal letters was not lost. It prepared me for the man himself, it gave me the true clue to his character, and when he rushed into the house—riding boots and whip included—it was just the one the

children had unanimously realized for me. A jolly, hearty, "give us your hand" sort of individual, somewhat below the medium height, with a face as merry as one of his own pages in *Punch*. He is restless—he must be always at it. He thinks and talks rapidly: there is no hesitation about him. He gets a happy thought. Out it comes—unique and original in its unvarnished state. He is as good and thorough a specimen of an Englishman as one would meet—frank and straight-spoken, says what he thinks and thinks what he means. An Englishman, notwithstanding the fact that he was born in Ireland, his mother was a Scotchwoman, and he married a lady of Welsh descent! But, then, his father was a Yorkshireman! So much for the man—and much more. Of his talents we will speak later.

We all sat down to lunch, and the children simply did for me what I could not have done for myself. Frank ran his father on funny stories. Then it all came out. Mr. Furniss is an excellent actor—had he not been a caricaturist he must have been a comedian. His powers of imitation are unlimited. He will give you an Irish jarvey one moment and Henry Irving the next, and the children led him on. But it all at once dawned upon Mr. Furniss that it was interfering with the proper play of knife and fork, so we dispensed with the mimicry and went on with the mutton.

"Lika Joko" is suggested at once on entering the hall. Here are a quartette of quaint Japanese heads, which their owner calls his "Fore Fathers!" His Fellowship of the Zoo is typified by pictures of various animals. A fine etching of St. Mark's, at Venice, is also noticeable, the only two portraits being a Rembrandt and Maroni's "Tailor."

"I always hold that up as the best portrait he ever painted," said Mr. Furniss, as he glances at Maroni's masterpiece.

In the dining-room Landseer, Herkomer, Alma Tadema, and Burton Barber are represented—little Lawrence was the original study for the child in the latter artist's "Bethgelert." Fred Barnard's work is here, and some quaint old original designs on wood by Boyd Haughton are pointed out as curios. *Punch* is to the front, notably in Du Maurier, by himself, which cost its possessor thirty guineas; a portrait group of the staff up the river, some delicate water-colours by C. H. Bennett, and a fine bit of work by Mr. Furniss of the jubilee dinner of the threepenny comic at the Ship Hotel, Greenwich. Upstairs the children's portraits, and pictures likely to please the youngsters, reappear. The nursery is full of them, though perhaps the most interesting apartment in this part of the house is the principal bedroom. It is full of the original caricatures of M.P.'s and other notabilities, and the occupant of the bed has Bradlaugh and the Baron de Worms on either side of him, whilst from a corner the piercing eye of Mr. George Lewis is constantly on the watch.

A striking portrait of Mr. F. C. Burnand recalls to Mr. Furniss the first time he sketched him.

"I was making a chalk drawing of him," said the caricaturist. "He sat with his back to me for half-an-hour writing, and suddenly



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

turned round and wanted to know if I had finished! Perceiving a piece of bread for rubbing-out purposes in my hand, he objected to my having lunch there! And finally, when I induced him to turn his head my way and I finished the sketch, he looked at it critically and cried out, 'Splendid likeness, remarkable features, fine head, striking forehead, characteristic eyebrows, splendid likeness; somebody I know, but I can't remember who!' Encouraging, wasn't it?

"But I remembered it. Some years after I gave a dinner at the Garrick Club to the *Punch* staff and some friends. Burnand sat at the head of a long table. It was understood that there was to be no speaking. Suddenly I saw the editorial eyebrows wriggling. I knew what it meant—Burnand was going to make a speech. I hurriedly got about a dozen sheets of note-paper, and tore them in bits. I jumped up very nervous, produced 'notes'; terrible anxiety on part of diners—suppressed groans. I spoke, got fearfully muddled, constantly losing notes, etc. 'Art amongst the Greeks,' I said—notes; 'yes, your sculptors of Athens were, unquestionably'—notes again. 'And what of it? *Punch* is a—*Punch* is a—well, you all know *what Punch* is!' Then it began to dawn upon them that this was a little lark. So I hurriedly threw notes under the table and suggested that on an occasion like the present it was our duty to first propose the health of the Queen! We did. Then the Prince of Wales, the Army and Navy, the Reserve Forces, the Bishops and Magistrates. All these were replied to, and Burnand didn't get a chance!"

There are many delightful water-colours in the drawing-room, bronzes and quaint Japanese ivories. The first meet of the "Two Pins Club" at Richmond, June 8th, 1890, gives excellent back views of Sir Charles Russell, F. C. Burnand, Frank Lockwood, Q.C.,



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

Linley Sambourne, Chas. Matthews, Q.C., and the caricaturist himself. The "Two Pins" is a riding club named after Dick Tur-pin and Johnny Gil-pin. Works by Goodall and Rowlandson are here, a fine Albert Dürer, and a most ingenious bit of painting by a man who never had a chance to get to the front—he has used his brush with excellent effect on the back of an old band-box. Mary Anderson has written on the back of a photo, "Better late than never," for the picture was a long time coming; another excellent example of photographic work being a large head of Mr. Irving as *Becket*, bearing his autograph. In a corner is a queer-looking wax model of Daniel O'Connell addressing the crowd, and amongst a hundred little odds and ends spring flowers are peeping out. Mr. Furniss finds little time now to use his paint-box. The example—an early one, by-the-bye—he has contributed to this apartment is by no means prophetic. It is a trifle in water-colours—a graveyard of a church with countless tombstones! Now, who would associate the caricaturist with tombstones?

Passing down a glass corridor—from the roof of which the grapes hang in great and luscious clusters in the autumn—you reach the studio. It is a big, square room. Run your eyes round the walls, try



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDIO.

[Elliott & Fry.

to take in its thousand and one quaint treasures. You can see humour in every one of them—merriment oozes out of every single item. Stand before this almost colossal statue of Venus. She of the almost faultless waist and fashion-plate divine rests on a coal-box. Sit down on the sofa. It is the stuffed lid of another receptacle for fuel. Golf is one of the artist's hobbies, and he invariably plays with clergymen—excellent thing for the character. We light our cigars from a capital little match-stand modelled out of a golf-ball, and the next instant "Lika Joko" is juggling with three or four balls. A clever juggler, forsooth! And the battledore and shuttlecock? Excellent exercise. After a long spell of work, the battledore is seized and the shuttlecock bounces up to the glass roof. It went through the other day, hence play has been postponed owing to the numerous engagements of the local glazier. Fencing foils are in a corner; a quaint arrangement of helmets, masks, and huge weapons *à la* Waterloo suggests "scalping trophies." The china is curious—there is even an empty ginger jar—picked up in country places, of a rare and valuable old-fashioned type. He has the finest collection of old tinsel pictures of the Richard III. and Dick Turpin order in the kingdom, and values an old book full of tinsel patterns of the most exquisite design and workmanship. Old glass pictures are scattered about, "Lord Nelson's Funeral Car," and Joey Grimaldi grins at you from the far corner of the room.

All this and much more is characteristic of the humour of the famous caricaturist. We look at "Lika Joko's" skits and laugh; we take a delight in picking out from his ingenious pictorial mazes our

own particular politician or favourite actor ; we roar at " Lika Joko's " comicality, and only know him as a caricaturist. But there is another side to this studio picture—Mr. Harry Furniss's pencil is such that it can make you weep ; so realistic, indeed, that when in his early days he was sent to sketch scenes of distress and misery, they were so terribly real and dramatic that the paper in question dared not publish them. No artist appreciates a " situation " better than he. I looked through portfolio after portfolio, drawer after drawer—full of character studies and work of a serious character done in all parts of the world. These have never been given to the public. Should they ever be published, Mr. Harry Furniss will at once be voted as serious and dramatic an artist as he is an eminently refined yet outrageously humorous caricaturist. He is a great reader—he once collected first



From a Photo. by]

SCALPING TROPHIES.

[Elliott & Fry.

editions. We begin to talk seriously, when he suddenly closes the portfolio with a bang, shuts up once more his hidden and unknown talents, and hastens to inform you that he is a member of the Thirteen Club—Irving and he were elected together—and believes in helping other people to salt, dining thirteen on the thirteenth, with thirteen courses, etc. Always passes under ladders, and swears by peacocks' feathers.

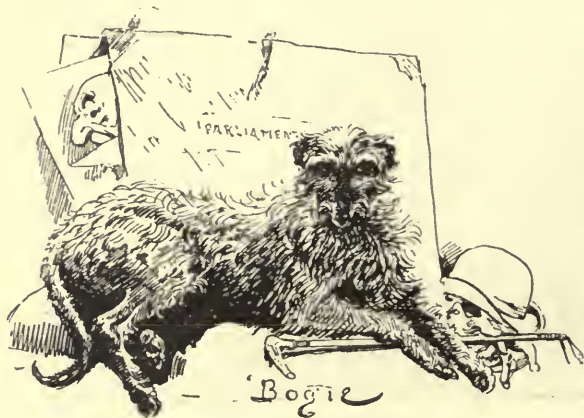
We stand before the great easel in the middle of the room—though not much work is done there. He prefers to work standing at a desk. He draws all his pictures very large ; they are studies from life. It prevents the work from getting cramped. The same model has stood for all his principal people for the last ten years, and he has

a wardrobe of artistic "props" big enough to fit out every member of the House of Commons. He is a perfect business man. His ledger is a model book. Every one of his pictures is numbered. In this book spaces are ruled off for—Subject, Publisher, When delivered, Published, Price, When paid, When drawing returned, Price of original, and What came of it. Humour by no means knocks system out of a man. Look at the score of pigeon-holes round the studio. As we are talking together now his secretary is "typing off" his illustrated weekly letter which finds a place in the *St. James's Budget*, *New York World*, *Weekly Scotsman*, *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, *Liverpool Weekly Post*, *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, *South Wales Daily News*, *East Anglian Times*, and in Australia, India, the Cape, etc. He writes children's books and illustrates them. His impressions of America are in course of preparation. There is his weekly *Punch* work; he is dodging about all over the country giving his unique "Humours of Parliament" entertainment, and he found time to make some special sketches for this little article.

We sat down. Tea was brought in—he believes in two big breakfast cups every afternoon—and with "Bogie," the Irish deer-

hound — so called owing to his very solemn-looking countenance—close by, Mr. Furniss went back as far as he could possibly remember, to March 26th, 1854. That is the date of his birthday.

"I am always taken for an Irishman," said Mr. Furniss. "Nothing of the kind. My father was a Yorkshireman. He was



From a Drawing by Mr. Furniss.

in Ireland with my mother, and I believe I arrived at an unexpected moment. Possibly my artistic inclinations came through my mother. Her father was Æneas Mackenzie, a well-known literary man of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and proprietor of several newspapers. He founded the Newcastle School of Politics, and Mr. Joseph Cowen—as a boy—got his first tuition in politics from sitting at the knee of my grandfather. A bust of him is in the Mechanics' Institute—which he founded.

Little Harry was brought up in Wexford. He remembers being held up in his nurse's arms to see the *Great Eastern* pass on its first voyage, whilst an incident associated with the marriage of the Prince of Wales is vividly impressed upon his mind. He was struck on the

top of his hat by a "fizzing devil" made out of moist powder, which burnt a hole through it. He says that he would rather have this recollection on his mind now, than the "fizzer" on his head at the time. The young artist in embryo was a rare young pugilist at school. He was forced to use his fists, as friction was strong between the Irish and English lads at the school he went to. But he did well in athletic sports, and was never beaten in a hundred yards race. He firmly believes that this early athletic training is responsible for the rapid way in which he does everything to-day—be it walking or talking, eating or working, all is done on the hundred yards principle—to get there first.

He was a spoilt boy—first of all because he was sent to a girls' school, but mainly from a very significant incident which happened at the Wesleyan College School in Dublin—a collegiate establishment from which pupils (not necessarily Wesleyans, for Mr. Furniss is not of that sect) passed to Trinity College—where he obtained all his education. He was not a studious lad. He found the editing, writing, illustrating, publishing, and entire bringing-out of a small journal he founded far more agreeable to his taste than Latin verbs and algebraical problems.

"I was in knickerbockers at the time," he said, "and introduced to the schoolboy public—*The Schoolboy's Punch*. It sounds strangely prophetic as I think of it now. The entire make-up of it was *à la Punch*, and it had its cartoon every week. At that time the Davenport Cabinet Trick was all the rage, and the very first cartoon I drew was founded on that. Here is the picture: myself—as a schoolboy—being tied up with ropes depictive of Greek, Latin, Euclid, and other



From a Photo. by]

"AT WORK."

[Elliott & Fry.

cutting and disagreeable items. I am placed in the cabinet—the school. The head-master, whom I flattered very much in the drawing, opens another cabinet, and out steps the young student covered with glory and scholastic honours thick upon him! From that moment my school-master spoiled me. I left school and started work. I got a pound for my first drawing. A. M. Sullivan started a paper in Ireland on very similar lines to *Punch*. There was a wave in Ireland of better-class journalism at that time which had never existed before or since. I slipped in. For some years I drew on wood and engraved my own work. I was given to understand that all black and white men engraved their own efforts, so I offered myself as an apprentice to an engraver.

"He said: 'Don't come as an apprentice. If you will undertake to look after my office, I'll teach you the art of engraving.'"

It meant a hard struggle for young Furniss. He was loaded down with clerical work, but in his own little room, when the day's labours were done, he would sit up till two and three in the morning. There was no quenching his earnestness. Work then with him was a real desire. It is so to-day. To rest is obnoxious to him.

He worked away. The feeling in Ireland against Englishmen at that time was very strong. Tom Taylor, then the editor of *Punch*, saw some of his sketches in Dublin, and advised him to go to the West of Ireland to make studies of character. He was in Galway, and he had persuaded a number of Irishmen who were breaking stones to pause in their work and let him sketch them. They consented. The overseer came up.

"What d'yer mane," he cried, "allowing this hathen Saxon to draw yer?"

"I've never been out of Ireland in my life," said the artist; but the overseer had seized him, and but for the intervention of the men, whom he had paid liberally for the "sitting," he would have thrown him into the river.

Then a great trouble came.



STUDY OF AN IRISHMAN.

His father was stricken with blindness. The young man came to London, but with something more than the proverbial half-crown in his pocket. He was nineteen years of age when he hurried out of Euston Station one morning and stood for a moment thinking—for he did not know a soul in the Metropolis. But he soon found an opportunity.

"My first work was on *London Society*, for Florence Marryat," he said; "then for the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. The *Illustrated London News* employed me. I did such things as the Boat Race, Eton and Harrow cricket match, and similar subjects—all from a humorous point of view. I have had as many as three full pages in



From a Photo. by]

MR. FURNISS ON "RHODA."

[Elliott & Fry.

one number. Then came that terrible distress in the mining districts. I was married that year. I was sent away to 'do' the Black Country, and well remember eating the first Christmas dinner of my married life alone in a Sheffield hotel.

"Those sketches were never published. They were too terribly real. The people dying in rooms with scarcely a stick of furniture, the children opening the cupboards and showing them bare, appealed to me, and my pencil refused to depict anything else. It was the same kind of thing that was afterwards made notorious by Sims and Barnard in 'How the Poor Live.' I came back and was selected to do some

electioneering work for the same paper. This necessitated the putting off of a little dinner party to some friends, and I wired one of the invited to that effect. When I was starting, imagine my surprise to meet a *Graphic* artist on the platform, and to hear that my friend had unwisely given away the contents of my telegram! However, we chummed up. He stayed with friends—I at an hotel. I sat up all that night working after attending the meetings. At four o'clock I heard a knock at the door. A journalist. I was just about to put into my picture the large figures. I made him very much at home, and told him I would give him any information I knew as to the previous night's proceedings if he would act as my model. He did. We worked on till breakfast time, and we sat down together. I sent off my page—it was in a week before the *Graphic*! It was a good return. I had started on the Tuesday, got home on the Thursday, and never had my boots off the whole time! I'd rather keep my boots on for a week than disappoint an editor."

Punch!

I asked Mr. Furniss if Tom Taylor helped him to any considerable extent. Oh! dear, no. Tom Taylor wrote a terrible fist, spattered the page all over with ink, and invariably replied on the back of the letter sent him. At least, it was so in Mr. Furniss's case. He would send sketches to *Punch*; they were acknowledged as "unsuitable." They invariably turned up a week or so later—the idea re-drawn by a member of the staff! He began to despair. But that first cartoon in the schoolboy's periodical was always before him.

"When Mr. Burnand became editor," continued Mr. Furniss, "I was working on the *Illustrated London News*. He saw one of the sketches and asked me to call—the result was that I have worked for them ever since. I started at very small things; my first was a small drawing of Temple Bar. Then, when Parliament opened, Mr. H. W. Lucy commenced *Toby*—by-the-bye, Lucy and I both joined the *Punch* table, the weekly dinner, together—and I worked with him. I have special permission at the House; as a matter of fact, I have the sanction of the Lord Great Chamberlain to sketch anywhere in the precincts of Westminster. My right there is an individual one."

"But, supposing, Mr. Furniss," I said, "they put a stop to you and your pencil entering?"

"I'd go into Parliament!" came the ready reply. And, indeed, he has been approached on this subject by constituencies two or three times.

We spoke of some of the eminent statesmen and others Mr. Furniss has caricatured. Mr. John Morley is the most difficult. He is not what an artist would call a black and white man. You must suggest the familiar red tie in your picture, and then you have "caught" him.

"I have seen Mr. Morley look a boy, a young man, and an old man—and all in an hour," said Mr. Furniss. "Mr. Asquith is difficult, too. But I don't think I have ever missed him, as there's a Penley look about his face and a decided low comedian's mouth that help

you immensely. Sir Richard Temple is the easiest. Many members have some characteristic action which assists you materially. For instance, Mr. Joseph Arch always wipes his hands down his coat before shaking hands with you, whilst Mr. Goschen delights to play with his eye-glass when speaking. Lord Randolph Churchill likes to indulge in a little acrobatic exercise and balance himself on one foot, whilst Mr. Balfour hangs on persistently to the lapel of his coat when talking. All these little things help to 'mark' the man for the caricaturist. I invented Gladstone's collar and made Churchill small. Not because he is small, but because I think it is the caricaturist's art not so much to give an absolutely correct likeness, but rather to convey the character and value of the man through the lines you draw. Gladstone! A wonderful man for the caricaturist, and one of the finest. I have sat and watched the rose in his coat droop and fade, his hair become dishevelled with excitement, and his tie get round to the back of his neck."

"And what do the wives of our estimable M.P.'s think of all this?" I hinted.

"Oh! I get most abusive letters from both sides. Wives of members write and ask me not to caricature their husbands. One lady wrote to me the other day, and said if I would persist in caricaturing her husband, would I put him in a more fashionable coat? Now, this particular member is noted for the old-fashioned cut of the coats he wears. Another asked me to make the sharer of her joys and sorrows better looking; whilst only last week a lady—the wife of a



From a Photo. by] THE FURNISS FAMILY.

[Elliott & Fry.

particularly well-known M.P.—addressed a most plaintive letter to me, saying that since some of the younger members of her family had contrived to see my pictures they had become quite rude to their papa!

"Why, members often *ask* me to caricature them. One member was very kindly disposed to me, and suggested that I should keep my eye on him. I did. Yet he cut me dead when he saw his picture! It's so discouraging, don't you know, when you are so anxious to oblige."

I asked Mr. Furniss if he thought there was anything suggestive of cruelty in caricature.

"Not in this country," he replied; "in Spain, Italy, and France—yes. Caricaturists there score off their cruelty. Listen to this. One night I was in the House. Mr. Gladstone rose to speak. He held his left hand up and referred to it as 'This old Parliamentary hand.' I noticed a fact—which men who had sat in that House for years had never seen. On that left hand Mr. Gladstone has only three fingers! Think of it—think of what your caricaturist with an inclination towards cruelty might have made of that fact, coupled with those significant words! I ask you again—think of it!"

He spoke in thorough earnestness. He told me that he looked

forward to the time when he should consign to the rag-basket the famous Gladstone collar and cease to play with Goschen's eye-glass. He is striving to accomplish something more—he would do it now, but it isn't marketable. Mr. Furniss is a sensible man. He caricatures to live; and, if the laughs follow, well, so much the better.

The afternoon passed rapidly, and the studio became darker and darker. Venus on the coal-box looked quite ghostly, and a lay figure in the far corner was not calculated to comfort the nervously-inclined when amongst the "props" of an artist's studio. "Buzzy" merrily rushed in and announced dinner, and "Bogie" jumped up



BALLYHOOLY, M.P., GETS EXCITED.

and barked his raptures at the word. "Bogie" knew it meant scraps. Mrs. Furniss and the children met us at the dining-room door. The youngsters' faces were as solemn as the Court of Queen's Bench. Little Lawrence looked up at me very demurely, the others waiting anxiously. "Please could you tell us what a spiral staircase is?" he asked.

A dead silence.

"Oh!" I answered, anxious to show a superior knowledge of these peculiarly constructed "ups and downs," "it's—it's—it's one of those twirley-whirley"—here I illustrated my meaning by twirling my finger round and round.

A shout of laughter went up. If the reader will try this little joke on a score of people, by the time the twentieth is arrived at he will then discover why the happiest quartette of youngsters in the immediate vicinity of Primrose Hill laughed so gaily.

Then we all went in to dinner. How well the shirt-cuff story went down with the soup.

"Pelligrini," said the artist, "used to remark somewhat sarcastically to his brother artists: 'Ah, you fellows are always making sketches. I carry all mine here—here in my brain!' Pelligrini wore very big cuffs. He made his sketches on them. Until this came out we thought his linen always dirty!"

Then Burnand came on with the beef. The two fellow-workers on *Punch*—Mr. Burnand and Mr. Furniss—run pretty level in their ideas. A happy thought is often suggested to both of them through reading the same paragraph in a newspaper, and they cross in the post. We spoke of *Punch's* Grand Old Man—John Tenniel—of clever E. J. Milliken, whose really wonderful work is yet but little known. Mr. Milliken wrote "Childe Chappie"—and is "'Arry." Of Linley Sambourne, whom Mr. Furniss once saw walking down Bond Street, and had the strange intuition that he was the artist, connecting his work, and walk, and bearing together. He had never seen or spoken to him before. Charles Keene's name was mentioned. It was always the hardest matter to get Keene to make a speech. He far preferred the famous stump of a pipe to spouting. Mr. Furniss hurt Keene's feelings once with the happiest and kindest of compliments. It was at a little dinner party, and Mr. Furniss linked Keene's name with that of Robert Hunter—who did so much to provide open spaces for the people. He referred to Keene as "the greatest provider of open spaces!" Keene said he was never so grossly insulted—he never forgave Mr. Furniss. He failed to see the truly charming inference to be drawn from this remark.

We went into the drawing-room, and together ran through the pages of a huge volume. It contained the facsimiles of the pictures which comprised one of Mr. Furniss's biggest hits—what was in reality an attack on the Royal Academy. His "Artistic Joke"—a sub-title given to this exhibition by the *Times* in a long preliminary notice—created a sensation six years ago. He attacked the Royal Academy in a good-natured way, because he was not himself a member of that influential body. But there was a more solid and serious reason. "I

saw how cruel they were to younger men," he said ; " the long odds against a painter getting his work exhibited, the indiscriminate selection of canvases."

This really great effort on the part of Mr. Furniss—this idea to caricature the style of the eminent artists of the day—kept him at work for more than two years. There were eighty-seven canvases in all. His friends came and went, but they saw nothing of the huge canvases hidden away in his studio. He worked at such a rate that he became nervous of himself. He would go to bed at night ; he would wake to find himself cutting the style of an R.A. to pieces in his studio at early morn—in a state of semi-somnambulism. He fired his " Artistic Joke " off, the shot went home, and the effect was a



DRAWING FROM "AN ARTISTIC JOKE."

startler for many people and in many places. It advanced Mr. Furniss in the world of art in a way he never expected, and did not a little for those he sought to benefit. One of these "jokes"—and a very dramatic one—is reproduced in these pages.

The hour or two passed in the little drawing-room after dinner was delightful. We had his unique platform entertainment. Mr. Furniss was induced by the Birmingham and Midland Institute to appear on the platform as a lecturer. This was followed by his lecturing for two seasons all over the country, but finding that the Institutes made huge profits out of his efforts, and that his anecdotes and mimicry were the parts most relished, he abandoned the rôle of lecturer for that of entertainer with "The Humours of Parliament." As soon as he had crushed the idea that it was a lecture, people flocked to hear his anecdotes and to watch his acting, the result of his first short tour resulting in a clear profit of over £2,000.

So it came about that young Frank closed his foreign stamp book, and "Buzzy" settled down in a corner by her mother's side and looked the little model she is. "Bogie" lay on the hearth-rug. Suddenly—we were all in "The House." We heard the young member make his maiden speech; we watched the mournful procession of the Speaker. Mr. Gladstone appeared upon the scene—he walked the room, and in a merry sort of way played with "Buzzy's" long curls—and took an intense interest in Frank's collection of foreign stamps. "Bogie" was evidently inclined to break out in a loud bark of presumable applause when the Irish member rose to his legs—the member for Ballyhooly—who had a question to ask the Chief Secretary for Ireland regarding an assassinated scarecrow! The reply did not satisfy him, and the Ballyhooly M.P. poured forth such a torrent of abuse upon the Chief Secretary's head that "Bogie's"



"THE ASSASSINATED SCARECROW, SOR!"

bark came forth in boisterous tones just as the Speaker called the Irish representative to order!

"What a hissing there was at one of my entertainments at Leicester," said the humorist-caricaturist, looking across at me with twinkling eyes. "A terrible hissing! I showed Mr. Gladstone on the sheet. Immediately it burst forth like a suddenly alarmed steam-engine. The audience rose in indignation—they tried to outdo it with



BALLYHOOLY, M.P., "WEEPS"!

frantic applause, but in spite of their lusty efforts it continued for several minutes.

"'Turn him out—turn him out!' they cried. But we couldn't find the party who was acting so rudely.

"Imagine my feelings next morning when I saw in the papers leading articles speaking in strong terms of this occurrence, which, one of them stated in bold type—'was a disgrace to the people of Leicester.'"

"Bogie" rose from the hearth-rug, wagged his tail, and made his exit.

"Good night, Buz."

"Good night, Frank."

"And did they ever discover this very unseemly person?" I asked Mr. Furniss when we were alone.

"Oh! I forgot to tell you," he said, "that it was the hissing of the lime in my magic lantern!"

LONDON, N.W., 21st April 1898



See Mr. How when I have cut your hair
I'll make interesting gyps of both of us & also
sketch - I return you sketch of "Bogil" altered
with hands. Ever yours sincerely
Harry Furniss



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